

BOUNDLESS LOVE

for SUNDAY SCHOOLS
and GOSPEL MEETINGS

J. LINCOLN HALL,
and IRVIN H. MACK.

HALL-MACK CO.

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Boundless Love

A Book of Songs prepared for use in

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES

....and....

YOUNG PEOPLES' MEETINGS

...By...

J. LINCOLN HALL and IRVIN H. MACK

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Preface.

BOUNDLESS LOVE is placed before the thousands of Christian worshipers, by its authors, with merely the statement, that they trust the songs, within its pages, may help in the service of God, and in the praise of the Lord, Jesus Christ.

The success of the various efforts of these authors, and the numerous inquiries for a book, have led them to the preparation of Boundless Love.

Great care has been exercised to secure compositions that are particularly adapted to use in Sunday Schools, Evangelistic Services and Young Peoples' Meetings.

J. LINCOLN HALL,
IRVIN H. MACK.

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Boundless Love.

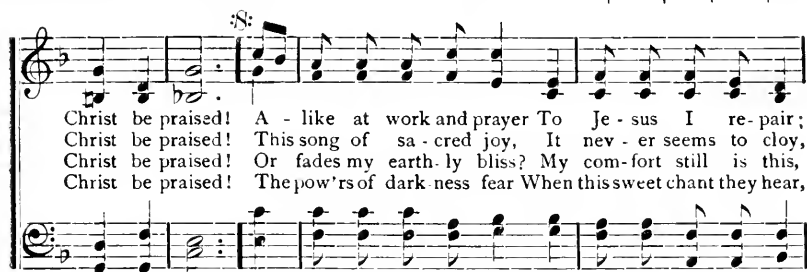
WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKY.

German, Tr. CASWELL.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



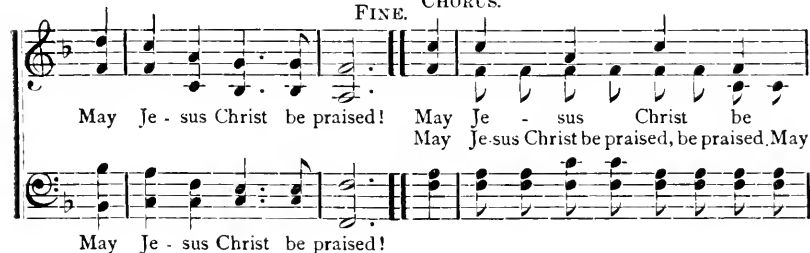
1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart, a-wak-ing, cries, May Je - sus
 2. To Thee, my God a - bove, I cry with glowing love, May Je - sus
 3. Does sad-ness fill my mind? A sol-ace here I find, May Je - sus
 4. When e - vil tho'ts mo - lest, With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus



Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer To Je - sus I re - pair;
 Christ be praised! This song of sa - cred joy, It nev - er seems to cloy,
 Christ be praised! Or fades my earth - ly bliss? My com - fort still is this,
 Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark - ness fear When this sweet chant they hear,

D.S.—A - like at work and prayer To Je - sus I re - pair;

FINE. CHORUS.



May Je - sus Christ be praised! May Je - sus Christ be
 May Je - sus Christ be praised, be praised, May
 May Je - sus Christ be praised!

D.S.



praised, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Jesus Christ be praised, May Jesus Christ be praised, be praised, May Jesus Christ be praised.

BOUNDLESS LOVE.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Bound-less as the might - y deep, Pow'r-ful, per-fect, pure,
 2. Sweet and low - ly in its might, Stoop-ing down to me.
 3. Now with-in my heart it dwells, Safe for-ev-er more,

Strong-er than the winds that sweep, Sav-iour, is Thy love,
 Reach-ing from the heav'n-ly height, Sav-iour, is Thy love,
 To my soul a spring-ing well, Sav-iour, is Thy love,

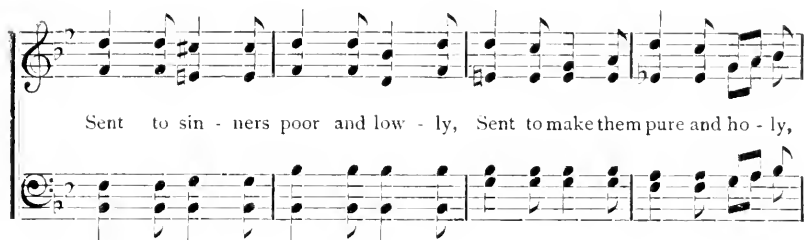
Great-er than all Knight-ly sway, Which bends the vas-sel's knee,
 Seek-ing those who dwell in sin, With plead-ings soft and sweet,
 Bound-less is my Lord's do-main, To me a guid-ing star,

Grand-er than the shin-ing day, Dear Sav-iour, is Thy love.
 Peace-ful midst a world-ly din, Dear Sav-iour, is Thy love.
 For a world of sin to claim, Dear Sav-iour, is Thy love.

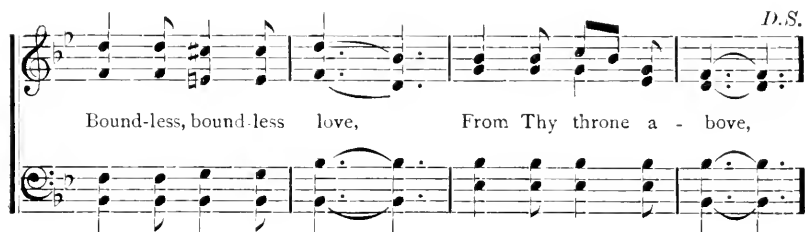
D.S.—Sent to sin-ners poor and low-ly, Bound-less, bound-less love.

CHORUS.

Bound-less, bound-less love, From Thy throne a-bove.



Sent to sin - ners poor and low - ly, Sent to make them pure and ho - ly,



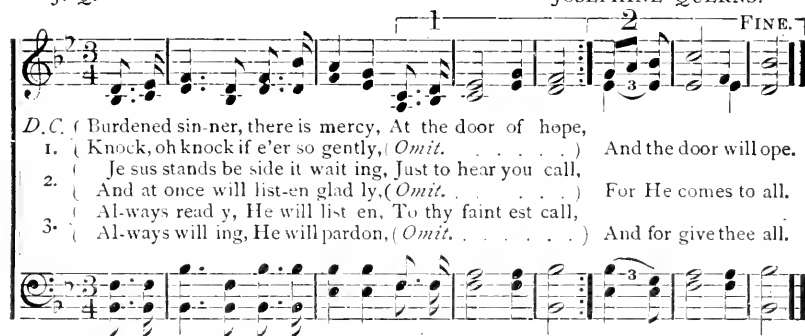
D.S.

Bound-less, bound-less love, From Thy throne a - bove,

LISTEN! LISTEN! HE IS CALLING.


J. Q.

JOSEPHINE QUERNS.



1 2 FINE.

D.C. (Burdened sin-ner, there is mercy, At the door of hope,
 1. Knock, oh knock if e'er so gently, (*Omit.*) And the door will ope.
 2. Je sus stands be side it wait ing, Just to hear you call,
 And at once will list-en glad ly, (*Omit.*) For He comes to all.
 3. Al-ways read y, He will list-en, To thy faint est call,
 Al-ways will ing, He will pardon, (*Omit.*) And for give thee all.



D.C. use 1st verse for Cho.

CHORUS.

(List-en! list-en! He is call-ing, Hear His lov-ing voice,
 Hear His spir-it gent ly plead ing, (*Omit.*) Make Him now your choice.

WE MARCH WITH GLAD DEVOTION.

J. LINCOLN, HALL.

1. We march with glad de - vo - tion, Where Je - sus leads the way,—
2. We march—where many dan - gers, And might-y foes ap - pear;

Our cloud - less light thro' dark - est night, Our shel - ter thro' the day.
Our on - ly sword our Sav - iour word, His cross our ban - ner dear.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is our un - fail - ing stay;
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God, our strength, is ev - er near;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is our un - fail - ing stay.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God, our strength, is ev - er near.

3 We march—where saintly heroes,
Have won their best renown,
And sword and flame their faith o'ercame,
To gain their martyr's crown.
||: Alleluia! Alleluia!
God will never fail His own. :||

4 We march—where the sweet music,
Of angels cheer us on,
Who guard our way by night and day,
Till all our foes are gone.
||: Alleluia! Alleluia!
God has our redemption won. :||

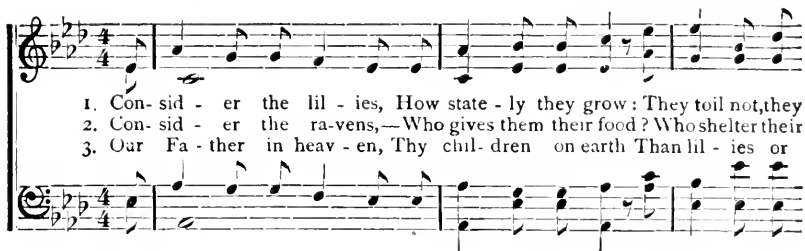
5 We march—where Jesus calls us
To Zion's radiant dome;
And soon or late within the gate,
His ransomed all will come.
||: Alleluia! Alleluia!
God will bring the children home.

6 We march—in hope rejoicing,
The war will soon be done, [bring,
And Christ, our King, the world will
To bow before His throne.
||: Alleluia! Alleluia!
God shall reign, and God alone. :||

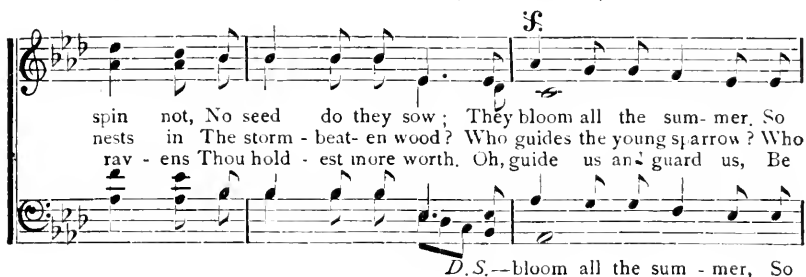
CONSIDER THE LILIES.

7

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Con - sid - er the lil - ies, How state - ly they grow : They toil not, they
 2. Con - sid - er the ra - vens, — Who gives them their food ? Who shelter their
 3. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, Thy chil - dren on earth Than lil - ies or



spin not, No seed do they sow ; They bloom all the sum - mer. So
 nests in The storm - beat - en wood ? Who guides the young spar - row ? Who
 rav - ens Thou hold - est more worth. Oh, guide us and guard us, Be
D.S. — bloom all the sum - mer, So



shin - ing and tall, — The Fa - ther, who loves them, Takes tho't for them all.
 watch - es its fall ? Their Fa - ther in heav - en Takes heed for them all.
 near when we call, Up - hold us, en - told us, — We thank Thee for all.
 shin - ing and tall, — The Fa - ther, who loves them, Takes tho't for them all.



CHORUS. *Echo. 8va.*
 Con - sid - er the lil - ies, Con - sid - er the lil - ies,



Echo. 8va. *D.S.*
 Con - sid - er the lil - ies, They

IN THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Adapted.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. In the jour ney of life, with its strug - gle and strife, And the
 2. Tho' the path - way be rough, and our strength not e - nough For the
 3. In the night, as the day, Christ our Guide knows the way, By the
 4. When the jour - ney is done, and the goal has been won, And our

per - ils that meet and o'er - take us, We must trust and not fear, for the
 jour - ney that still lies be - fore us, We shall yet reach the end, for we've
 hand He se - cure - ly will hold us; And when dangers af fright, will de -
 Home has been reached to leave nev - er; Then with new pow'rs endued, and with

Sav - iour is near, Who has pledged Himself ne'er to for - sake us.
 Christ for a Friend, And a Fa - ther in Heav'n to watch o'er us.
 fend with His might, Or with in His strong arms will en - fold us.
 old pow'rs re - newed, We will serve Thee, blest Sav - iour, for - ev - er.

D.S.—end - ed the strife, To the man sions a - bove He will lead us.

CHORUS.

Then de - spite ev - 'ry foe, let us cheer - ful - ly go, Wherev - er our

Sav - iour may need us; He'll pro - tect us through life, and when

'Twas Wondrous Love.

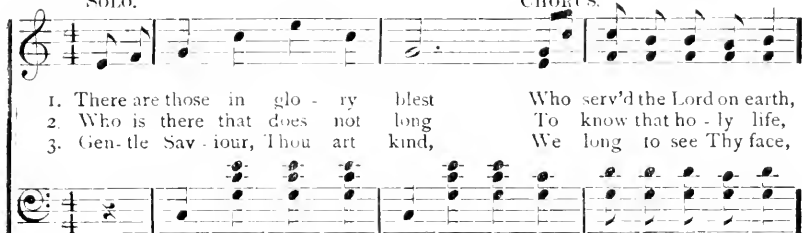
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IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

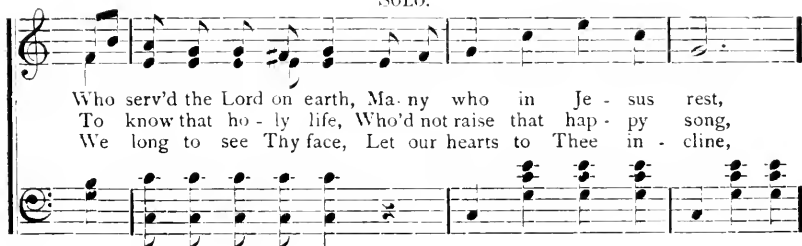
SOLO.

CHORUS.



1. There are those in glo - ry blest Who serv'd the Lord on earth,
 2. Who is there that does not long To know that ho - ly life,
 3. Gen - tle Sav - iour, Thou art kind, We long to see Thy face,

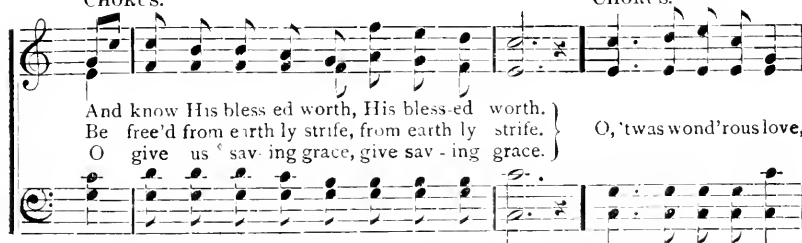
SOLO.



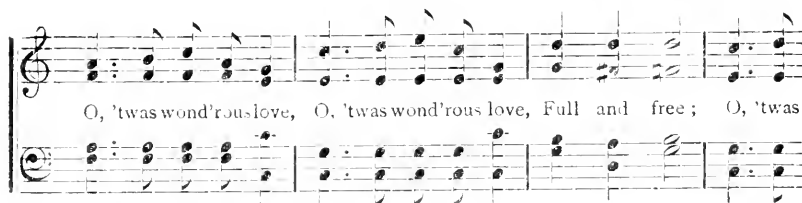
Who serv'd the Lord on earth, Ma - ny who in Je - sus rest,
 To know that ho - ly life, Who'd not raise that hap - py song,
 We long to see Thy face, Let our hearts to Thee in - cline,

CHORUS.

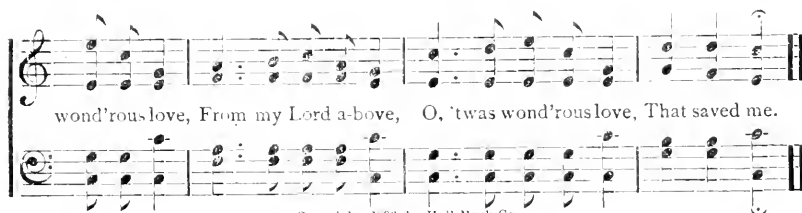
CHORUS.



And know His bless ed worth, His bless ed worth.
 Be free'd from earth ly strife, from earth ly strife. O, 'twas wond'rous love,
 O give us sav - ing grace, give sav - ing grace.



O, 'twas wond'rous love, O, 'twas wond'rous love, Full and free; O, 'twas



wond'rous love, From my Lord a - bove, O, 'twas wond'rous love, That saved me.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Stead - i - ly ad - vanc - ing, See the ban - ner wave,
 2. Stead - i - ly ad - vanc - ing, Join the bright ar - ray,
 3. Stead - i - ly ad - vanc - ing, Fight till all is o'er,

Je - sus is the lead - er, For - ward march the true and brave;
 Christ the Lord is call - ing, Let all come with - out de - lay;
 You will share the man - sions, Where you'll need to fight no more;

Naught can e'er de - ter them, All His lov - ing face would see,
 Do not fear the bat - tle, Let the Sav - iour's will be done,
 So while on your march - ing, Al - ways strive to do your best,

D.S.—Stead - i - ly ad - vanc - ing, Who will join the bright ar - ray?

FINE. CHORUS.

Fol - low His ex - am - ple, On to vic - to - ry.
 Fol low where He leads you, And the bat - tle's won, } Stead - i - ly ad - vanc ing,
 Soon you'll be with Je - sus, With the ransom'd blest. }


Follow Christ the lead - er, On to vic - to - ry.

D.S.

See the ban - ner wave, Stead - i - ly ad - vanc - ing, Forward march the true and brave,

Adapted.

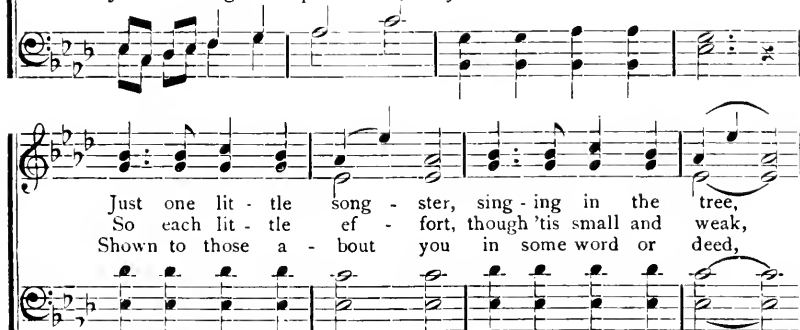
J. LINCOLN HALL.



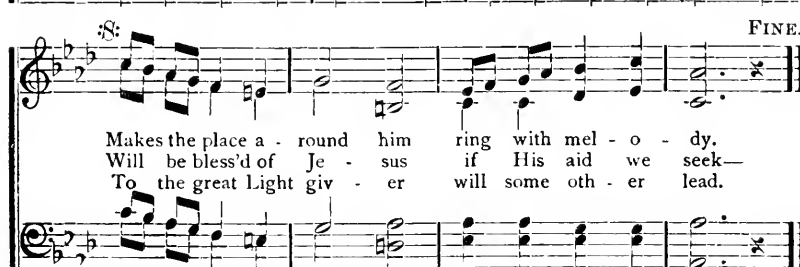
1. Just a lit - tle dew - drop bright - ens up the flow'r
 2. Just a lit - tle can - dle, shin - ing in the dark,
 3. Just one cup of wa - ter, giv - en in His name;



Grow - ing by the way - side or in shad - y bow'r;
 Drives a - way the shad - ows with each ti - ny spark.
 Just a song of prais - es, just a lit - tle flame,



Just one lit - tle song - ster, sing - ing in the tree,
 So each lit - tle ef - fort, though 'tis small and weak,
 Shown to those a - bout you in some word or deed,



Makes the place a - round him ring with mel - o - dy.
 Will be bless'd of Je - sus if His aid we seek—
 To the great Light giv - er will some oth - er lead.

FINE.

D.S.—Makes the place a - round us hap - py all the day.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Just a lit - tle sun - shine, Drives our care a - way,

FOLLOW THE MASTER.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Fol - low the Mas - ter where 'er He may lead, He will pro-vide you with
2. Though He may lead you thro' sorrow's dark night, Or in the path that is
3. Fol - low the Mas - ter with spir - it a - glow, Tell the sweet sto-ry wher-



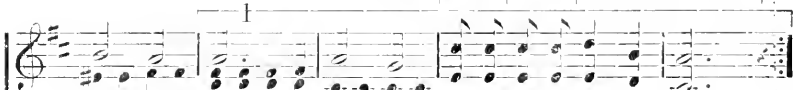
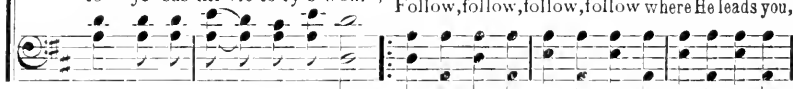
all that you need; Nev - er turn backward, but face ev - 'ry foe, Fill'd with Christ's
hap - py and bright; Thro' the still wa - ters in val - leys of peace, Strong is His
ev - er you go; Be ne'er discouraged, press cheerfully on, Look ev - er



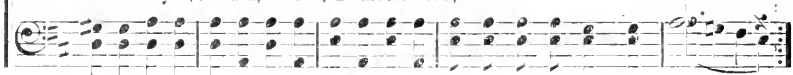
CHORUS.



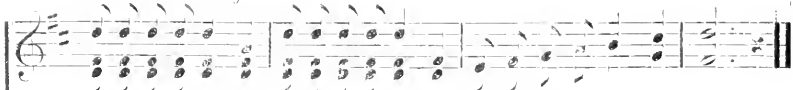
spir - it wher - ev - er you go, } Fol - low, fol - low where He
love and will nev - er decrease. }
to Je - sus till vic-to-ry's won. } Follow, follow, follow, follow where He leads you,



leads you, On - ward, on - ward at the Lord's commanding word,
where He leads you, Onward, onward, onward, onward,



All voices melody. 2



Tru - sting in the Master, Fear - ing no dis - as - ter, He will lead to vic - to - ry.

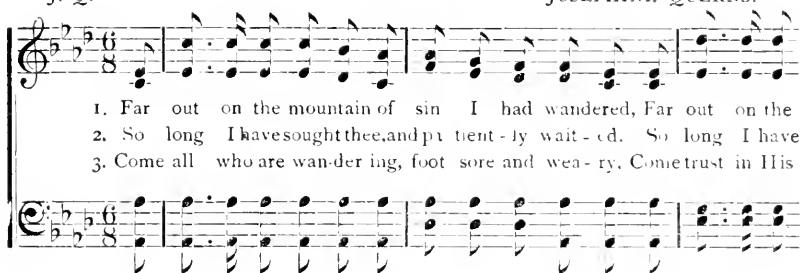


OUT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

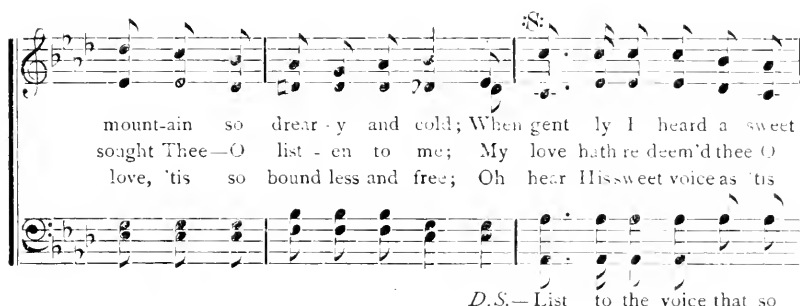
13

J. Q.

JOSEPHINE QUERNS.

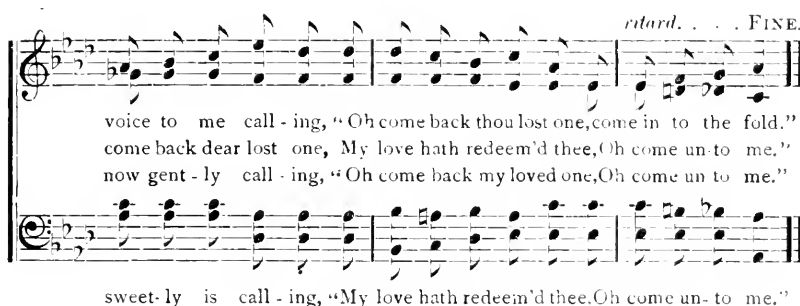


1. Far out on the mountain of sin I had wandered, Far out on the
 2. So long I have sought thee, and patient-ly wait-ed. So long I have
 3. Come all who are wan-der-ing, foot sore and wea-ry. Come trust in His



mount-ain so drear-y and cold; When gent-ly I heard a sweet
 sought Thee—O list-en to me; My love hath re-deem'd thee O
 love, 'tis so bound-less and free; Oh hear His sweet voice as 'tis

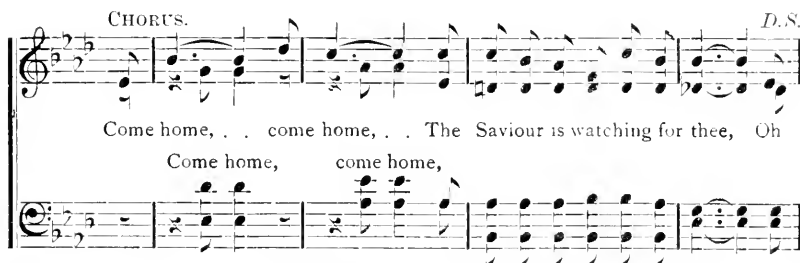
D.S.—List to the voice that so



ritard. . . . FINE.

voice to me call-ing, "Oh come back thou lost one, come in to the fold."
 come back dear lost one, My love hath redeem'd thee, Oh come un-to me."
 now gent-ly call-ing, "Oh come back my loved one, Oh come un-to me."

sweet-ly is call-ing, "My love hath redeem'd thee. Oh come un-to me."



CHORUS. *D.S.*

Come home, . . . come home, . . . The Saviour is watching for thee, Oh
 Come home, come home,

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, As you jour - ney through life ?
 2. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you striv - ing each day,
 3. What are you do - ing for Je - sus As the days go by?
 4. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Soon comes set - ting of sun;

Sow - ing the grain for the har - vest, Or scat - ter - ing seeds of strife ?
 By lit - tle acts of kind - ness, To bright - en some one's way ?
 Tell - ing the lone and the wea - ry, Of rest be - yond the sky?
 Hast - en and tell the glad tid - ings, Lest you leave some work un - done.

CHORUS.

What are you do - ing, Do -
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend? What are you
 ing for Je - sus? What are you
 do - ing for Je - sus to - day? What are you do - ing for
 do - ing, As the days go by?
 Je - sus your friend, As the days go by, days go by?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS? Concluded. 15

What are you do - ing? Do -

What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend? What are you

ing, for Je - sus? What are you

do - ing for Je - sus to - day? What are you do - ing for

do - ing, As the days go by?

Je - sus your friend, As the days go by, days go by?

GLORIA PATRI.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, ev - er shall be, World with out end. A - men!

CARRY THE MESSAGE.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Let us car - ry the mes - sage that Je - sus has giv'n; Un - to
 2. Let us car - ry the mes - sage that Je - sus has giv'n; Let us
 3. Let us car - ry the mes - sage that Je - sus has giv'n; Let us

all, His sal - va - tion is free. "Go ye forth, in the world, there my
 take it to men ev - 'ry - where. Send a broad the glad news un - to
 take it to wea - ry and sad, Lift ing men from their sins, to the

gos - pel to preach," He has spok - en to you and to me.
 ev - 'ry do - main, For the poor wea - ry sin - ner to share.
 path - way of heav'n, Ma - ny hearts we can sure - ly make glad.

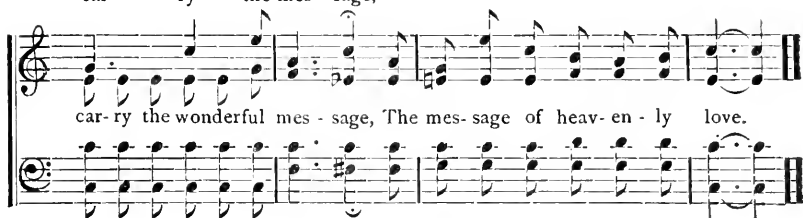
CHORUS.

Let us car - ry the mes - sage,

Let us car - ry the mes - sage, the won - der - ful mes - sage, The won der - ful,

won - der - ful mes - sage, The won - der - ful, won der - ful mes - sage, Let us

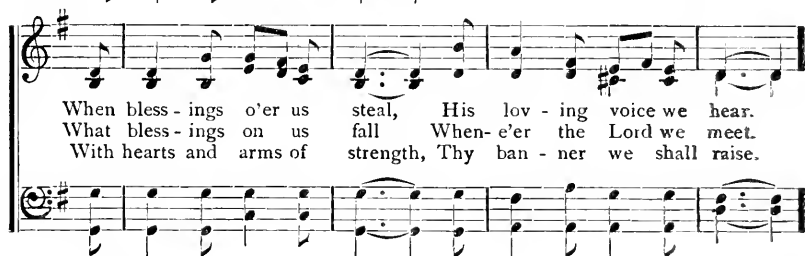
car - ry the mes - sage,



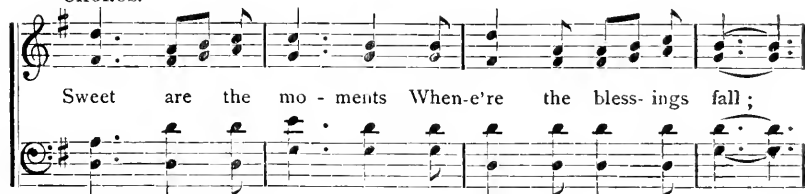
SWEET MOMENTS.

IRVIN H. MACK.

HOWARD CLARE.



CHORUS.



J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Wave the roy-al ban-ner! Raise the standard high! 'Tis the sign of
 2. He for our re- demption Came to earth and died, He is gone be-
 3. Let us ev-er on-ward; Nev-er let us fear,— Lift the standard

tri-umph, Pledge of vic-to-ry. We will glad-ly, sweet-ly sing, As we
 fore us As our Friend and Guide. Now is past the pain and shame, But His
 high-er, Vic-to-ry is near. We will glad-ly, sweet-ly sing, As we

fol-low Christ our King, Glad some off'rings to Him bring; Hal-le-lu - jah!
 love is still the same, Praise ye then His glorious name; Hal-le-lu - jah!
 fol-low Christ our King, Glad some off'rings to Him bring; Hal-le-lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Wave the roy-al ban-ner! Raise the standard high! 'Tis the sign of tri-umph,

Wave the stand-ard sign of

The pledge of vic-to-ry, 'Tis the sign of triumph, The pledge of victo-ry.

I WILL TRUST.

19

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

I. HICKMAN MEREDITH.



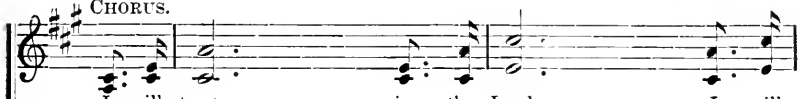
1. I will trust in the Lord my God, In af-flic-tion trust Him still;
2. I will trust in the Lord my God, Tho' the dark-ness cov-er me;
3. I will trust in the Lord my God, Trust and cling to His dear hand;



His prom - ise grand will sure - ly stand, Ev - ry word will He ful - fill.
No cloud shall dim my faith in Him, Till the bright - er way I see.
Trust day by day, trust all the way, To the shin - ing glo - ry land.



CHORUS.



I will trust I will trust in the Lord, in the Lord, I will



trust in the Lord my God, I will trust I will trust in the



Lord, in the Lord, I will trust in the Lord my God.



1. I was wan-der-ing and wea-ry, When my Sav-iour came un-to me;
 2. At first I would not heark-en, And put off un-til the mor-row;
 3. At last I stopped to lis-ten, His voice could not de-ceive me;

For the ways of sin grew drear-y, And the world has ceased to woo me:
 But life be-gan to dark-en, And I was sick with sor-row.
 I saw His kind eyes glis-ten, So anx-i-ous to re-lieve me,

Solo with much tenderness.

And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a-long His way,

REFRAIN.

"O wand'ring souls, come near Me; My sheep should nev-er fear Me; I

am the Shep-herd true, am the Shep-herd true!"

4 He took me, on His shoulder,
 And tenderly He kissed me,
 He bade my love be bolder,
 And said how He had missed me,
 And I'm sure I heard Him say,
 As he went along His way.

5 I thought His love would weaken,
 As more and more He knew me;
 But it burneth like a beacon,
 And its light and heat got thro' me,
 And I ever hear Him say,
 As He goes along His way.

WHO'LL BE ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

21

IRVIN H. MACK.

HARRY MACK.

1. In the day of the Lord, At the sound of the trump, We shall
2. To the ran-somed of sin, Who have served His good will, Shall the

stand at the judg - ment - seat, Tell me then shall He say, Come ye
joy of His home be giv'n; O the joy, O the peace! Whensuch

CHORUS. *Faster.*

bless'd of the Lord, Shall He you, 'mong the faithful greet?
souls He shall greet, Bids them come to His home in heav'n. } Who'll be on the

Lord's side, In that great day of days? Who'll accept the Sav - iour, And

fol-low in His ways? Who'll accept the Saviour, And fol-low in His ways.

SOME OF THESE DAYS.

(Duett and Quartette.)

F. L. S.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Some of these days all the skies will be bright-er— Some of these
 2. Some of these days, in the des - erts up - spring ing, Fount-ains shall
 3. Some of these days! let us bear with our sor - row; Faith in the

days all the bur - dens be light - er; Hearts will be hap - pi - er,
 flash, while the joy - bells are ring - ing, And all the world, with the
 fu - ture—its light we may bor - row; There will be joy in the

souls will be whit - er— } Some of these days, some of these days!
 birds, shall go sing - ing, }
 gold - en to - mor - row, } Some of these days, of these days!

CHORUS.

Some of these days, some of these days, Skies will be
 Some of these days, Some of these days will be

bright - er, Some of these days, days, Some of these days all the
bright - er, Some of these days, Some of these days all the

bur - dens be light - er, Some of these days, Some of these days!
bur - dens be light - er, Some of these days, of these days!

O FOR A NOBLER, BRIGHTER LIFE.

IRVIN H. MACK.

HOWARD CLARE.

1. O for a no - bler, bright - er life, Made pure by Je - sus' love,
2. O for a wil - ling heart and hand, In read - i - ness al - way,

O for a spir - it, meek and mild, Like un - to His a - bove;
To glad - ly do His bless - ed will, Thro' all the hap - py day;

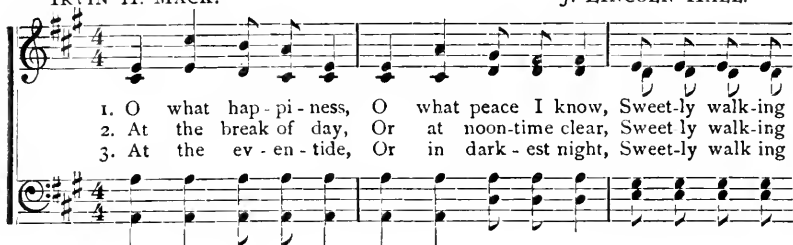
D.S.— { ev - 'ry dross re - fined and pure, A heart that Christ can fill.
for a faith - ful, fear - less stand, Al - ways, dear Lord, for Thee.

D.S.
O for a heart with long - ing filled, To do my Mas - ter's will, From
O for a mind in - tent on Christ, Wher - ev - er I may be, O

WALKING BY THE SAVIOUR'S SIDE.

IRVIN H. MACK.


J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. O what hap - pi - ness, O what peace I know, Sweet - ly walk - ing
 2. At the break of day, Or at noon - time clear, Sweet ly walk - ing
 3. At the ev - en - tide, Or in dark - est night, Sweet - ly walk - ing

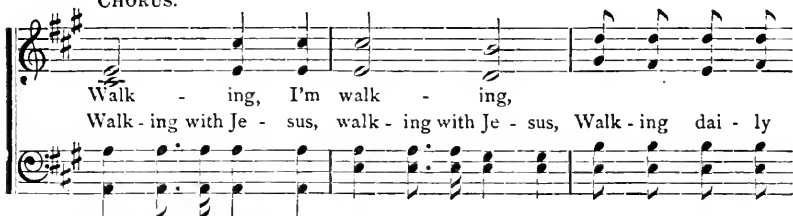


by my Sav - iour's side, In His love di - vine,
 by my Sav - iour's side, I find hap - pi - ness,
 by my Sav - iour's side, I have per - fect peace,

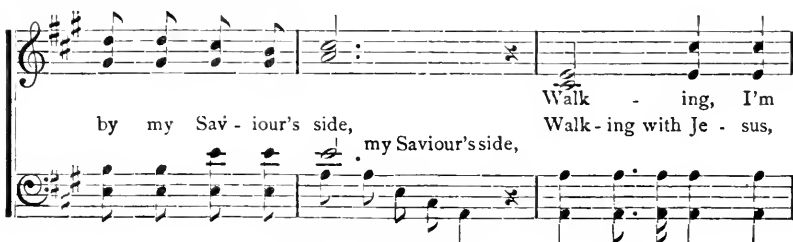


In His grace I grow, Sweet ly walk - ing by my Sav - iour's side.
 With my Lord so near, Sweet ly walk - ing by my Sav - iour's side.
 He's my life and light, Sweet - ly walk - ing by my Sav - iour's side.

CHORUS.



Walk - ing, I'm walk - ing,
 Walk - ing with Je - sus, walk - ing with Je - sus, Walk - ing dai - ly



by my Sav - iour's side, my Saviour's side,
 Walk - ing with Je - sus, Walk - ing with Je - sus,

walk - ing,
walk-ing with Je - sus, Walk-ing where no harm can e'er be - tide.

BLESSED SAVIOUR, LEAD US.

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Just to let the Sav- iour Lead us where He will, Tho' 'tis through the
2. Ev - er trust-ing Je - sus, Glad to do His will, E'en tho' thorns and
3. Nev - er shirk-ing du - ty, Tho' we're sore-ly pressed, Know-ing that He

CHORUS.

des - ert, Or by moss-y rill. } Bless - ed Sav- iour, lead us,
bri - ars Make the good seem ill. }
work-eth, All things for the best. } Bless - ed Sav- iour, lead us, lead us,

Dai - ly by the hand, Then we'll safely jour - ney To the promised land.

GIVE YOUR HEART UNTO JESUS.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Through a world base and crav - en, In sor - row, not song;
 2. For a heart sad and wea - ry, To Je - sus de - nied;
 3. In the day of the Fa - ther, The ran - som'd shall sing;

Down a path rough and thorn - y, We hur - ry a - long,
 For a mind that is care - less What e - vils be - tide,
 In the dark hour of dy - ing, O what can you bring

Through a life that is wea - ry With suff - ring and wrong, Down to
 For a soul that is pre - cious But can - not de - cide, The
 To the Lord, there in heav - en, That you may go in, To His

death comes the sin - ner, But hope there is none.
 dear lov - ing Je - sus Has bled and has died, } Give your heart un - to
 house there a - bid - ing, Al - ways free from sin. }

D.S.—sail you, A friend He will be.

D.S.

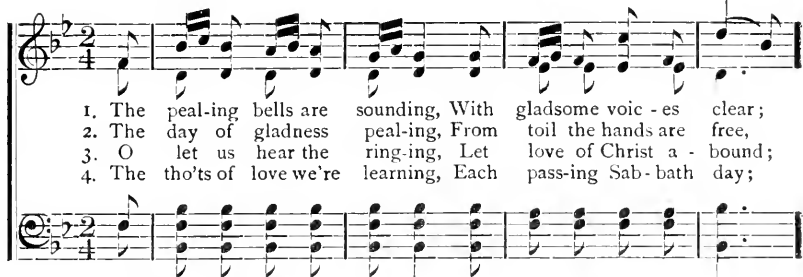
Je - sus, Give your heart un - to Je - sus, When temp - ta - tions as -

SABBATH BELLS.

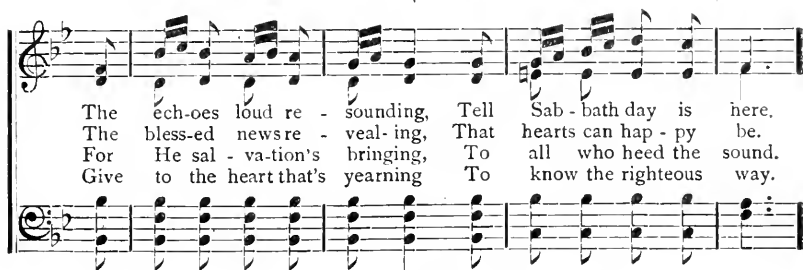
27

IRVIN H. MACK.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. The peal-ing bells are sound-ing, With glad-some voic-es clear;
 2. The day of glad-ness peal-ing, From toil the hands are free,
 3. O let us hear the ring-ing, Let love of Christ a-bound;
 4. The tho'ts of love we're learn-ing, Each pass-ing Sab-bath day;



The ech-oes loud re-sound-ing, Tell Sab-bath day is here,
 The bless-ed news re-veal-ing, That hearts can hap-py be,
 For He sal-va-tion's bring-ing, To all who heed the sound,
 Give to the heart that's yearning To know the righteous way.

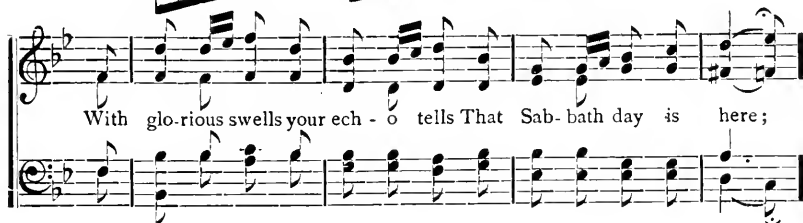
CHORUS.

Voices in Unison.

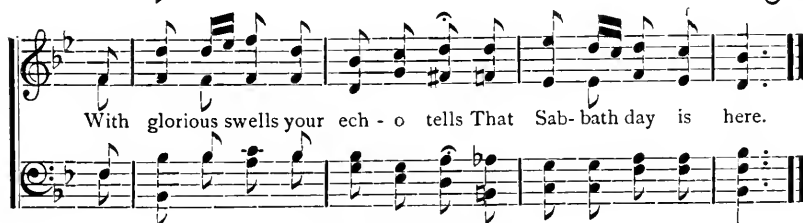
Voices in Harmony.



O ring ye bells, ye peal-ing bells, Ring our with voic-es clear;



With glo-rious swells your ech-o tells That Sab-bath day is here;

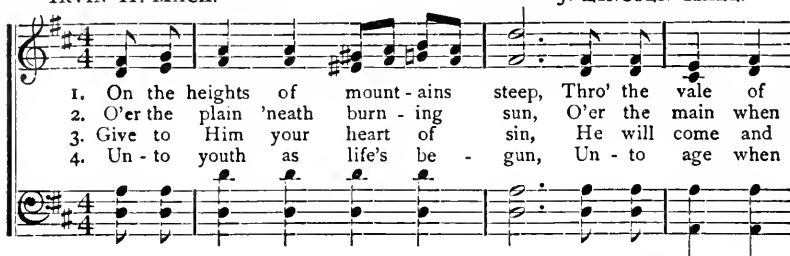


With glorious swells your ech-o tells That Sab-bath day is here.


CHRIST HAS COME TO ALL.

IRVIN H. MACK.

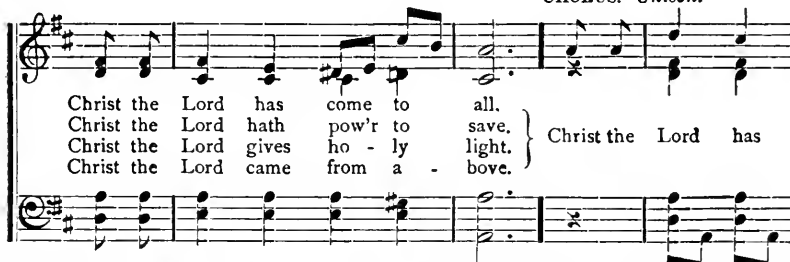
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. On the heights of mount - ains steep, Thro' the vale of
 2. O'er the plain 'neath burn - ing sun, O'er the main when
 3. Give to Him your heart of sin, He will come and
 4. Un - to youth as life's be - gun, Un - to age when



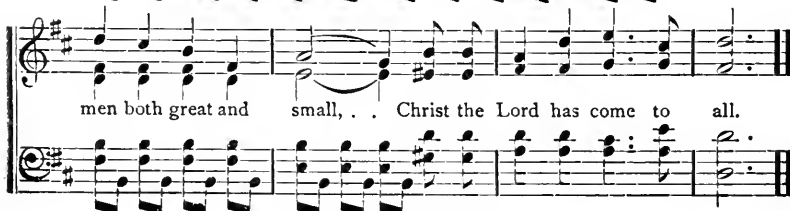
shad - ows deep, In the hearts of great and small,
 day is done; When the fu - rious tem - pests rave,
 dwell with - in; He will cleanse and make it white,
 life is done; Un - to all who seek His love,

CHORUS. *Unison.*


Christ the Lord has come to all.
 Christ the Lord hath pow'r to save.
 Christ the Lord gives ho - ly light.
 Christ the Lord came from a - bove. } Christ the Lord has



come to reign, . . Sound His praise o'er land and main, . . Tell to



men both great and small, . . Christ the Lord has come to all.

BROTHER, WHENCE ART THOU STEERING?

29

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Broth-er, whence art thou now steering? On to rocks and on to reefs?
 2. Take the Saviour as your pi - lot, He will guide you o'er the shoal,
 3. Storms may threaten oft to wreck you, And the port seem hid from view;



Or up to the port of glo - ry, There up - on the shore of peace?
 He will nev - er, never leave you, But will bring you to the goal.
 Put your trust in Christ our Saviour, He will nev - er prove un - true.



CHORUS.

Broth - er, whence art thou now steer - - ing?



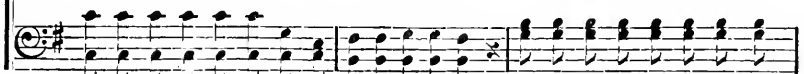
Broth - er, broth - er, whence art thou now steer - ing, art thou steer - ing?



T'ward the blest e - ter - nal shore? Take the Saviour as your



T'ward the blest, the blest eternal shore, eternal shore? Take the blessed Saviour as your



pi - lot, He will leave you nev - er more.



pi - lot, as your pi - lot, He will leave you, leave you nev - er more, oh never more.



ISAIAH TOY.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. A sin - ner though I am, Of dark - est, deep - est shade, A
 2. This love in - ef - fa - ble My heart hath pre - pos - sessed, And
 3. Well might ser - aph - ic tongues Be mute, with sa - cred awe; And
 4. Heav'n's un - ex - am - pled love To man, in Christ dis - played, Shall

righteousness I claim, My own thro' Je - sus made. Unnumber'd worlds could
 filled my fer - vid soul With wonder un - ex - press'd; For tho't or word seeks
 heav'n's sub - lim - est songs Suspend, while an - gels saw A glimpse of what could
 end - less won - der prove, Unfathomed, un - por - trayed. E - ter - nal love! The

not a - tone, But Je - sus bore my sins a - lone, But
 but in vain The ho - ly mys - t'ry to ex - plain, The
 not be told, Nor can e - ter - ni - ty un - fold, Nor
 Of - fended dies To bring the of - fender to the skies, To

CHORUS.

Saved,

Saved;

Je - sus bore my sins a - lone.
 ho - ly mys - t'ry to ex - plain.
 can e - ter - ni - ty un - fold.
 bring the offender to the skies.

Saved, O yes, I'm saved, Saved, O yes, I'm saved;

Thro' Je - sus' blood and righteousness, I now am saved: Saved, O yes, I'm saved,

Saved;

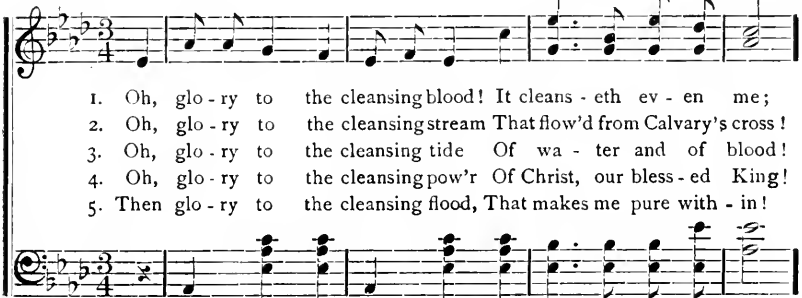


Saved, O yes, I'm saved; Thro' Jesus' blood and righteousness, I now am saved.

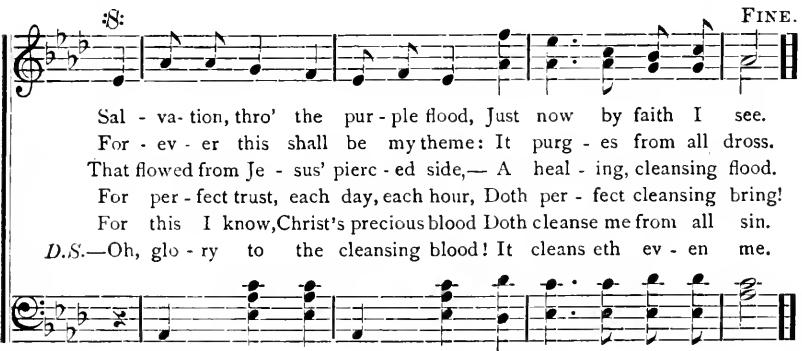
GLORY TO THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

VERA.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Oh, glo - ry to the cleansing blood! It cleans - eth ev - en me;
2. Oh, glo - ry to the cleansing stream That flow'd from Calvary's cross!
3. Oh, glo - ry to the cleansing tide Of wa - ter and of blood!
4. Oh, glo - ry to the cleansing pow'r Of Christ, our bless - ed King!
5. Then glo - ry to the cleansing flood, That makes me pure with - in!

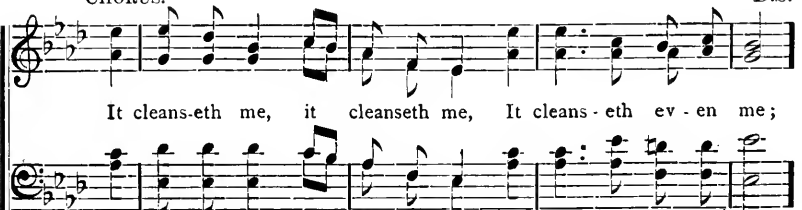


FINE.

Sal - va - tion, thro' the pur - ple flood, Just now by faith I see.
 For - ev - er this shall be my theme: It purg - es from all dross.
 That flowed from Je - sus' pierc - ed side,— A heal - ing, cleansing flood.
 For per - fect trust, each day, each hour, Doth per - fect cleansing bring!
 For this I know, Christ's precious blood Doth cleanse me from all sin.
D.S.—Oh, glo - ry to the cleansing blood! It cleans eth ev - en me.

CHORUS.

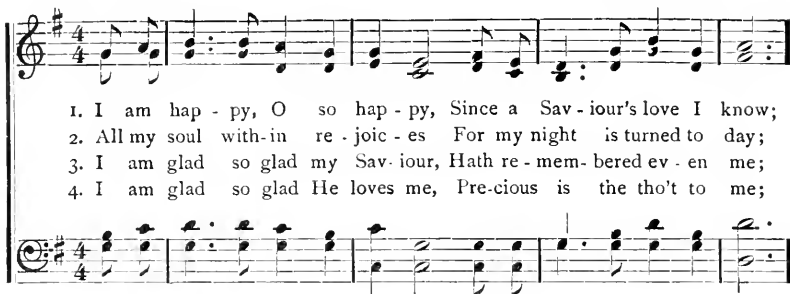
D.S.



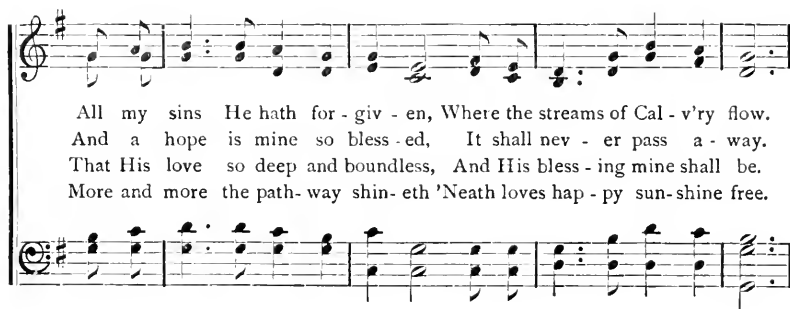
It cleans-eth me, it cleanseth me, It cleans - eth ev - en me;

IDA L. REED.

I. H. MEREDITH.

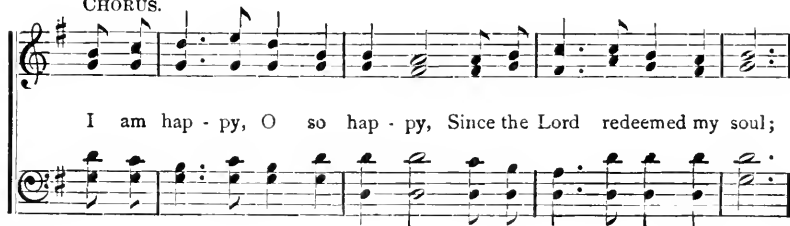


1. I am hap - py, O so hap - py, Since a Sav - iour's love I know;
 2. All my soul with-in re - joic - es For my night is turned to day;
 3. I am glad so glad my Sav - iour, Hath re - mem - bered ev - en me;
 4. I am glad so glad He loves me, Pre - cious is the tho't to me;

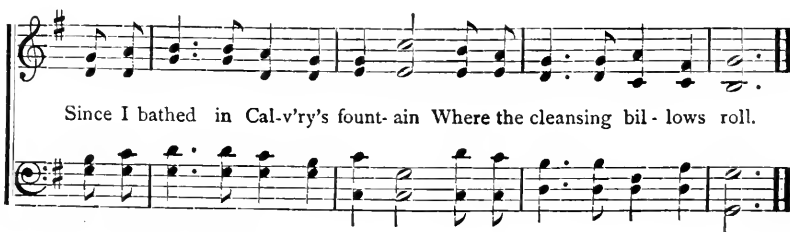


All my sins He hath for - giv - en, Where the streams of Cal - v'ry flow.
 And a hope is mine so bless - ed, It shall nev - er pass a - way.
 That His love so deep and boundless, And His bless - ing mine shall be.
 More and more the path - way shin - eth 'Neath loves hap - py sun - shine free.

CHORUS.



I am hap - py, O so hap - py, Since the Lord redeemed my soul;



Since I bathed in Cal - v'ry's fount - ain Where the cleansing bil - lows roll.

I AM CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

33

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



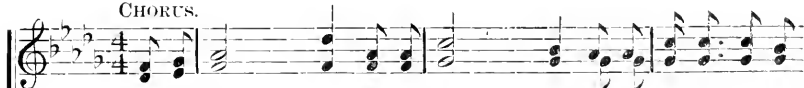
1. To the cross of Christ I cling, To a lov - ing, gen - tle friend,
2. With the weight of sin and shame, Bearing down the mind and heart,
3. Sin - ner dear, though short the time, Peace and joy for you is here,



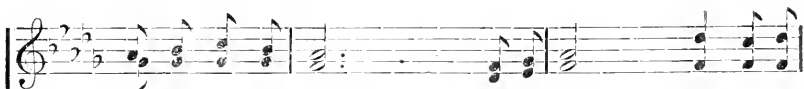
All my guilt and sin I bring, He will keep me to the end.
To the Lord, in pray'r I came, And He bade my guilt de - part.
Un - to God your heart in - cline, Come to Him, your pray'r He'll hear.



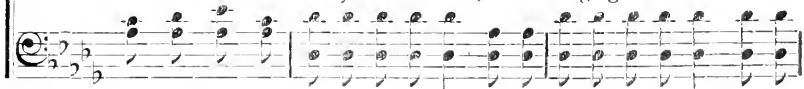
CHORUS.



I am cling - ing, I am cling - ing, I am clinging, I am
I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross,



cling ing to the cross; I am cling - ing, I am
yes to the cross, clinging to the cross,



cling - ing, I am clinging, I am clinging to the cross.
clinging, to the cross, to the cross.



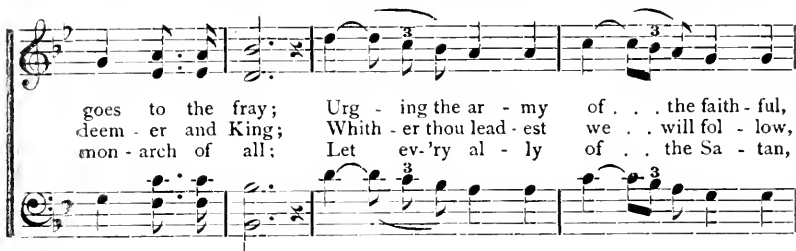
CONQUERING EVER.

Dr. HEINRICH BATSCHURE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

Voices in Unison.


1. Con - quer-ing ev - er, ev - er to con - quer, For-ward He
 2. Con - quer-ing ev - er, ev - er to con - quer, Gra-cious Re -
 3. Con - quer-ing ev - er, ev - er to con - quer, Je - sus is

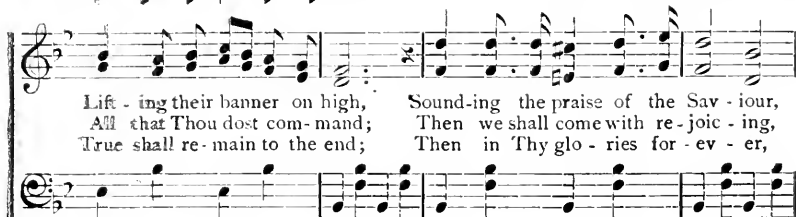


goes to the fray; Urg - ing the ar - my of . . . the faith - ful,
 deem - er and King; With - er thou lead - est we . . . will fol - low,
 mon - arch of all; Let ev-'ry al - ly of . . . the Sa - tan,

GIRLS.



With - ing them nev - er de - lay. Now they're advanc-ing with cour - age,
 While of Thy glo - ries we sing. We shall be faith - ful in do - ing
 With guilt - y heart quickly fall; But all the ar - my Thou lead - est



Lift - ing their banner on high, Sound-ing the praise of the Sav - iour,
 All that Thou dost com - mand; Then we shall come with re - joic - ing,
 True shall re - main to the end; Then in Thy glo - ries for - ev - er,

CHORUS.



Rais - ing the glo - ri - ous cry. . . }
 By Thy bright throne we shall stand. . . } Con - quer-ing ev - er,
 All com - ing a - ges they'll spend. . . }

ev - er to conquer, For-ward He goes to the fray; Urg-ing the ar-my
of . . . the faith - ful, Bid - ding them nev - er de - lay.

O LORD AT EVENTIDE.

Selected.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O Lord! at even-ing time Let there be light! And while in
2. The beau - ties of the day, O Lord! were Thine. The glo - ry
3. And dark - ness tells Thy love When day is done, For Thine, the
4. O Thou, who slumb'rest not, Thro' deepest night! When shad - ows

twi-light falls the day, And si - lence gath - ers o'er our way,
flashed on plain and hill, And spar - kled in the murm'ring rill,
sil - v'ry stars that keep Their watch up - on the roll - ing deep,
cloud the moon - lit shore, And still - ness wrap the lone - ly moor,

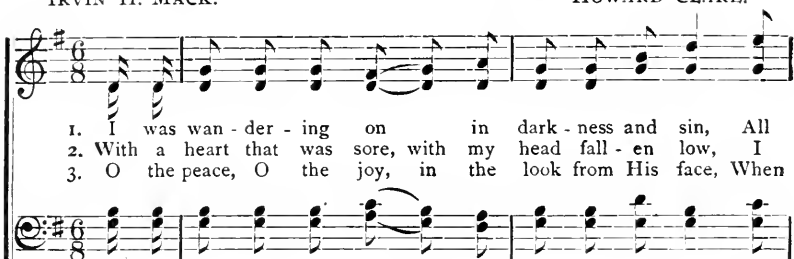
rit. p

O! bless all wea - ry ones, we pray, With rest this night!
And lit the wild-wood warm and still, With light di - vine!
Or guard the ham - let lock'd in sleep, 'Till night be gone.
And earth's brief hour of toil are o'er Let there be light!

A STREAM OF LIGHT CAME IN.

IRVIN H. MACK.

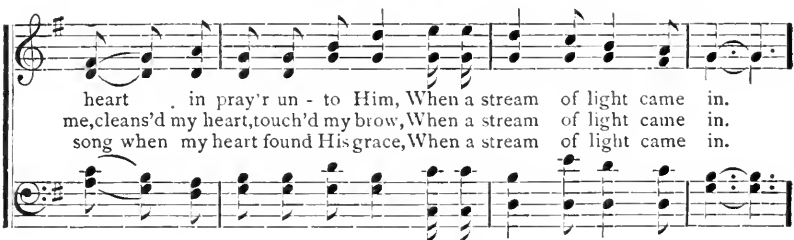
HOWARD CLARE.



1. I was wan - der - ing on in dark - ness and sin, All
 2. With a heart that was sore, with my head fall - en low, I
 3. O the peace, O the joy, in the look from His face, When



wea - ry with toil - ing a - lone, But I o - pened my
 came un - to Christ with my sins, And the Lord looked on
 seek - ing I came un - to Him, What a shout, what a

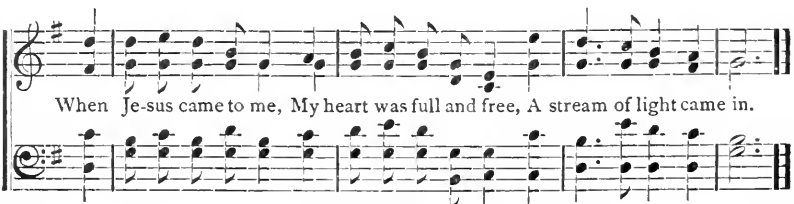


heart in pray'r un - to Him, When a stream of light came in.
 me, cleans'd my heart, touch'd my brow, When a stream of light came in.
 song when my heart found His grace, When a stream of light came in.

CHORUS.



O, a stream of light came in, came in, O, a stream of light came in, came in,



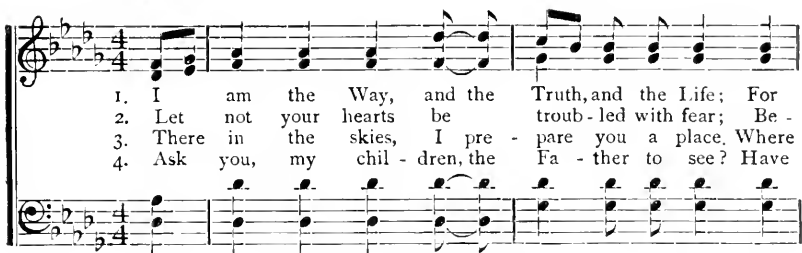
When Je - sus came to me, My heart was full and free, A stream of light came in.

I AM THE WAY.

37

HARRY MACK.

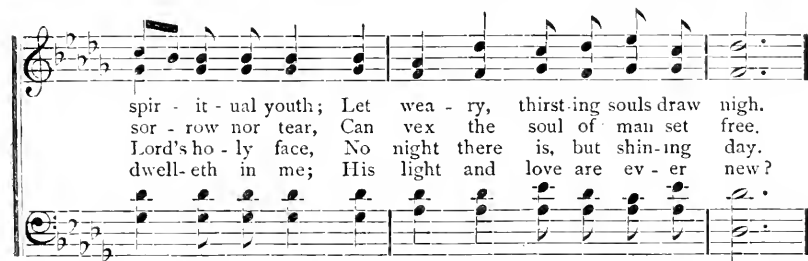
HOWARD CLARE.



1. I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; For
 2. Let not your hearts be trou- bled with fear; Be -
 3. There in the skies, I pre - pare you a place, Where
 4. Ask you, my chil - dren, the Fa - ther to see? Have

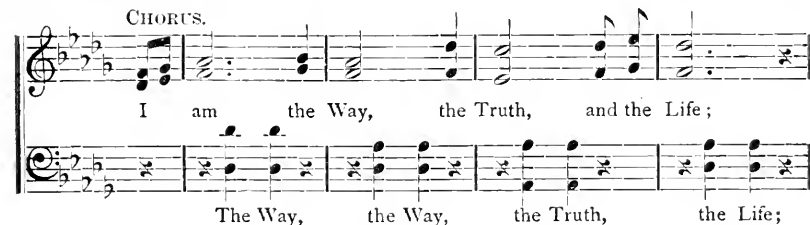


God's be - lov - ed Son am I. I am the fount - ain of
 lieve, in God, be - lieve in Me. Man - sions there are, where no
 you shall rest for aye and aye; There in the light of the
 I been so long time with you? Know ye not, chil - dren, He




spir - it - ual youth; Let wea - ry, thirst - ing souls draw nigh.
 sor - row nor tear, Can vex the soul of man set free.
 Lord's ho - ly face, No night there is, but shin - ing day.
 dwell - eth in me; His light and love are ev - er new?

CHORUS.



I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life;
 The Way, the Way, the Truth, the Life;



I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life, and the Life.
 The Way, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and the Life.

Selected.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O! this world is in - tend - ed for work - ing, Not for wish - ing, but
 2. There are plen - ty of wrongs to be right - ed, Ma - ny foul things want
 3. O! this world is in - tend - ed for glad - ness, Not for pov - er - ty,
 4. Let us press t'wards the goal of the Mas - ter, — A world that's un -

push - ing a - long: And our du - ty we would not be
 sweep - ing a - way, Ma - ny dark plac - es need to be
 suff - ring and wrong, Let us root out the caus - es of
 self - ish and kind; Would to God we were all mov - ing

shirk - ing, Yet we'll light - en our la - bor with song. . . .
 light - ed, And the time to be - gin is to - day. . . .
 sad - ness, Un - til weep - ing is changed in - to song. . . .
 fast - er, And that none were found lag - ging be - hind. . . .

CHORUS.

O! there's work for us all to do, to do, In the place where God has set us.

For our-selves and oth-ers too, While our time and strength will let us.

HEAVENLY FATHER.

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, bless Thy chil dren, As we wor - ship Thee to - day ;
 2. Heav'nly Fa - ther, make us thank ful, For the blessings Thou doth give ;
 3. Heav'nly Fa - ther, bless Thy chil - dren, Ere we leave Thy house to day ;

Fill each heart with joy and fer - vor, As we sing or as we pray.
 And the prom - ise, if we re faith ful We shall come with Thee and live.
 Fill us with Thy Ho - ly Spir - it— Sav - iour wash our sins a - way.

D.S. { May we love and serve Thee ev - er, Dai ly tread the nar row way.
 Who came down to earth from Heav en, To re - lieve from sin and shame.
 And when earth - ly cares are end - ed, Hear the blessed words "well done." *D.S.*

Heav'nly Fa - ther, bless Thy chil dren, Teach, oh teach us how to pray ;
 Heav'nly Fa - ther, all we ask Thee Is in the dear Saviour's name,
 Heav'nly Fa - ther, may we praise Thee, Thou the Spir - it, Three in One—

SOUNDING HIS PRAISES.

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Trust-ing in Je-sus all the day long, Sound-ing His prais-es
2. Turned all my sor-row in-to such joy, And while I trust Him

ev-er my song; He is my Sav-iour, He is my light, Oh, how I
no fears an- noy; Watching the moments, quick-ly they fly, Soon shall I

CHORUS.

Sound-ing His prais-es
love Him, He's scattered my night, hear Him say, come up on high. } Sounding His praises, yes, all the day long.

all the day long, Sound-ing His
Sounding His prais-es, yes, all the day long, Sounding His prais es is

prais-es is ev-er my song; He is my
ev-er my song, is ev-er my song; He is my Sav-iour, oh,

SOUNDING HIS PRAISES. Concluded.

41

Sav - - iour, He is my light,

He is my light, He is my Sav - iour, oh, He is my light,

Oh, . . . how I love Him, Scat - - tered is night. . . .

Oh, how I love Him, He's scattered my night, Oh, how I love Him, He's scattered my night.

JESUS IS CALLING THE CHILDREN.

HOWARD CLARE.

1. Je - sus is call ing the chil - dren, Un - to His side; Stretches His
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the chil - dren, Why do they stay, Out in the
 3. Je - sus is call - ing the chil - dren, Call - ing to - day; Hast en, each

CHORUS.

arms to re - ceive them, O - pens them wide.
 wil - der - ness wand'ring, Go - ing a - stray? } Gent - ly to lead them,
 one for the bless - ing, Do not de - lay! }

Guard them and feed them, Je - sus is calling the lambs to His fold.

DRIFTING.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Drift - ing, drifting with the cur - rent, Toss'd by wind and swept by
2. Broth - er, whither are you drift - ing? See the rap - ids just a-

tide, Down - ward, downward sweeps the wa - ter,
head? Haste thee, quick - ly turn to ref - uge,

ritard. Sweeps the current's stretch'rous glide. *agitato.* List - en, list-en, hear the thun - ders.
Let thy life by Christ be led. Haste thee, brother, turn to Je - sus.

ritardando.

f accelerato.

From the dark a - byss be - low,
He's a ref - uge and a guide,

Waft - ing pre - cious souls to
Surging bil - lows can - not

colla voce.

tempo.

ff

ritardando.

ru - in, Down the stream of sin they go.
harm thee, You'll be safe by Je - sus' side.

p

rit.

QUARTETTE.

Drift-ing, drifting quickly drift - ing, Are you going down in sin?

O down in sin?

Hast-en, hast-en heed the warn-ing, Je - sus bids you come to Him.

Je sus, bids you come to Him.

COME UNTO ME.

Rev. I. MENCH CHAMBERS.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Come un - to Me, ye wea-ry, heavy - la - den, All ye who by much
 2. Come un - to Me, I know the paths you travel, Wea ry oft times, thy
 3. Bur dens are lain on thee by weaker spir its. Thou like thy Lord must
 4. Come tho' thy needs be felt in vale or mountain, Come to the "secret place,"

care are sore op-pest, Come un - to Me, come bring thine ev'ry bur - den,
 plodding feet must be, Hard is thy jour ney, few are thy com fort - ers,
 oft be sore-ly pest In - to a serv - ice full of strain and wor - ry,
 I will meet you there. Come tell to Me the un-told stress and long-ing,

CHORUS.

Come un - to Me,

Bring thy tired heart, And I will give it rest.
 Come to thy Rest, my child-'tis found in Me.
 Yet come to Me, for sym-pa-ty and rest.
 Come to the Father-heart, and He will share.

Come un - to

Come un - to Me, come un - to Me, ye wea - ry;
 Me, come un - to Me, un to Me ye wea - ry; Come un - to

And I will give you rest.
 Me. Come bring thine ev'ry burden, And I will give you rest.

I AM RESTING.

45

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I am resting now at Je sus' cross, I am counting all earth's joys but dross;
2. I am waiting at my Master's feet, I am praying that He ll make me meet;
3. I am waiting just a lit - tle while, Till I shall see my Saviour's smile;
4. I am waiting, still it wont be long, Till I shall sing the victor's song;

I am waiting now to hear the call, That bids earth's strongest shackles fall.
For the blessed joy He does pre - pare, And with His own will freely share.
I will bid good - bye to all earth's care, And then a crown of glo - ry wear.
Till I shall join the choir a - bove, And chant my great Redeemer's love.

CHORUS.

I am rest - - ing, I am rest - - ing. I am
I am rest - ing at the cross, I am rest - ing at the cross, I am

rest - ing, I am resting at the cross; I am rest - - ing, I am
I am resting at the cross, I am

rest - ing, I am rest - ing, I am resting at the cross, at the cross.
resting at the cross,

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

IRVIN H. MACK.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1. Let us sing the sweet song of that beau-ti-ful home, Of the
 2. There my soul in that home with the ransomed shall dwell, In un-
 3. O this home is for all who will serve the dear Lord, Sin-ner,

home far a-way with the Mas-ter; Where no storms ere as-sail, where no
 chang-a-ble love ere a-bid-ing; There to shine like the stars in their
 come to Him now all con-fess-ing; O how sweet is the rest of the

tempests pre-vail, And no per-ils bring grief and dis-as-ter.
 bril-lian-cy bright, In the bos-om of Christ be-re-sid-ing.
 hap-py and blest, And to all who His love are pos-sess-ing.

CHORUS.

Far a-way from this vale 'midst the an-gels a-bove, With the saints of the

Lord to be sing-ing; I shall rest with the Lord, there to

hear His sweet word, And glad tok-ens of praise I'll be bring-ing.

MIZPAH.

ELLICE LACIE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUETT. TENOR & ALTO.

1. Yes, brief our part-ing words shall be, And few our part-ing tears;
2. We will not fear that time or change Our per-fect trust can dim,
3. Be-lov-ed, when we reach a-part The val-ley lone and dread,

The Lord shall watch 'twixt me and thee Thro' all the com-ing years.
No shad-ow of a wrong es-trange The hearts that rest in Him;
Which, side by side and heart to heart, We once had tho't to tread,

TENOR SOLO.

QUARTETTE.

His eyes shall be our guiding light Wher-ev-er we may roam,
But should they for one hour for-get, For one faint hour be cold,
His faith-ful rod, thy staff and mine, Thro' all the way shall be

p Rit.
Like bea-con fires that burn at night To lure the wand'rer home.
The Lord shall watch be-tween us yet, His love our love shall hold.
The com-fort of His grace, a sign Still be-tween me and thee.

ONE THING THOU LACKEST.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

With much expression. Effective as a Solo.

1. There came a man to Je - sus, And hum-bly sought e - ter - nal life,
 2. With fal - len mien this stran-ger, All sad at what he heard that day;
 3. Are you, the Sav - iour seek - ing, That you may have e - ter - nal life?

He sought the grace that frees us, From ev - 'ry sin - ful earth ly strife,
 Went forth in - to the dan-ger, He thought that Christ would take a way,
 O list, to you, he's speaking The words with pow'r and mercy rife,

The Lord in love drew near him, And gent - ly sought to make him free,
 But Christ looked on in pit - y, At that poor soul for ev - er gone,
 He knows that you are wea - ry, Of ev - 'ry tempting earthly whim,

One thing thou lack - est, mere - ly Take up thy cross and follow me.
 From God's e - ter - nal cit - y, And left to fight the world a - lone.
 But list he tells you clear ly, Take up thy cross and follow Him.

CHORUS.

One thing thou lack - est, On - ly one; . . .

Take up thy cross, Take up thy cross, Fol-low thou me, Fol-low thou me;

ONE THING THOU LACKEST. Concluded.

49

One thing thou lack - - est, To be free;

Take up thy cross, Take up thy cross; If thou wouldst be free,

One thing thou lack - est, On - ly one; . . .

Take up thy cross, Take up thy cross; Follow thou me, Follow thou me,

Take up thy cross and fol - low me. . . .

Take up thy cross, take up thy cross; Fol-low thou me, Follow thou me.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed . . . be Thy name,
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a-
gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, for . . . ever and ever, A-men.

TO WORK, TO WORK!

IRVIN H. MACK.

(MISSIONARY SONG.)

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O haste to thy labour, there's much to be done, A harvest of souls for the
 2. O haste, all ye souls who to Je - sus be - long, The work will be hard and the
 3. O haste to thy labour, go work while its day, The bright happy sunshine is

Lord to be won. The toil and the care that is yet to be wrought, The
 en - e - my strong. Help souls that are dy - ing in an anguish and grief, Go
 pass - ing a - way; The night with its darkness is com - ing so fast, That

D.S.—Will take all the cour - age and skill you pos - sess, Ask
D.S.—The work must be tak - en to ev - 'ry do - main, Till
D.S.—Go work with your might what your hands find to do, And

FINE.

bat - tles and strifes that are yet to be fought. The hearts that are ask - ing the
 forth with the word, haste to give them re - lief. The Saviour looks down from His
 soon all the har - vest will ev - er be past. Go swift as the wind, tell - ing

Je - sus to help you, He sure - ly will bless.
 men ev'rywhere His sal - va - tion may gain.
 all that Christ has shall be giv - en to you.

D.S.

way to be led, The souls that are grow - ing and need to be fed;
 throne far a - bove, To urge ev - 'ry work - er with ac - cents of love;
 men ev'ry - where, The glo - ries of heav - en they glad - ly may share.

TO WORK, TO WORK! Concluded.

- 51

CHORUS.

To work, . . to work, .

Musical notation for the first system of 'TO WORK, TO WORK!'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'To work, to work, to work for the Mas-ter! There's plenty to do;' are written below the treble staff.

To work, . to work,

Musical notation for the second system of 'TO WORK, TO WORK!'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'To work, to work, to work for the Master! The lab'ers are few.' are written below the treble staff.

FOREVER I'LL BE THINE.

C. B.

CHARLES BENTLEY.

FINE.

Musical notation for the first system of 'FOREVER I'LL BE THINE.'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time, G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. { Just now Lord Je - sus come to me, And fill this heart of mine; }
 { Ac-cept me at my earn - est plea, For - ev - er I'll be Thine. }
2. { My sins in all I will con-fess, To Thee, my Lord di-vine. }
 { Make me to know in Thee there's rest, For - ev - er I'll be Thine. }

D.C.—Ac-cept me at my earn - est plea, For - ev - er I'll be Thine.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Musical notation for the second system of 'FOREVER I'LL BE THINE.'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time, G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'For - ev - er I'll be Thine, For - ev - er I'll be Thine;' are written below the treble staff.

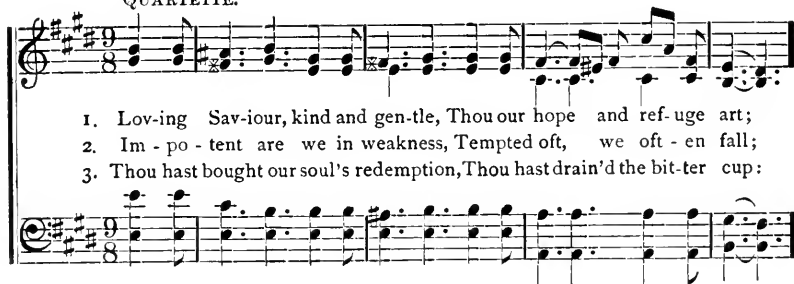
3 Help me to shun my passions great,
 That tempt me on this line;
 Lest I should be forever late
 To be forever Thine.

4 Thy grace will keep me on my way,
 I all to Thee resign;
 For Thou wilt keep me day by day,
 Forever I'll be Thine.

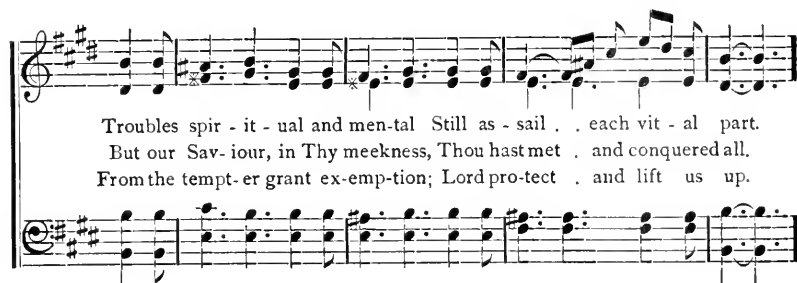
HARRY MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

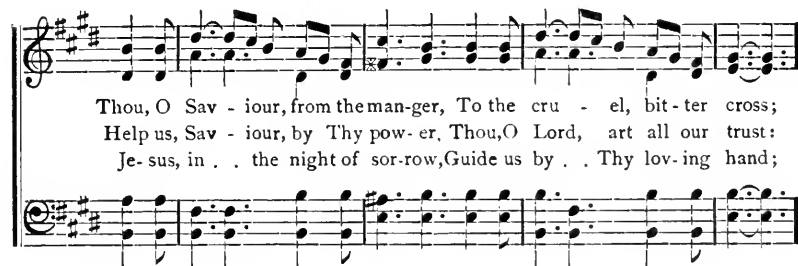
QUARTETTE.



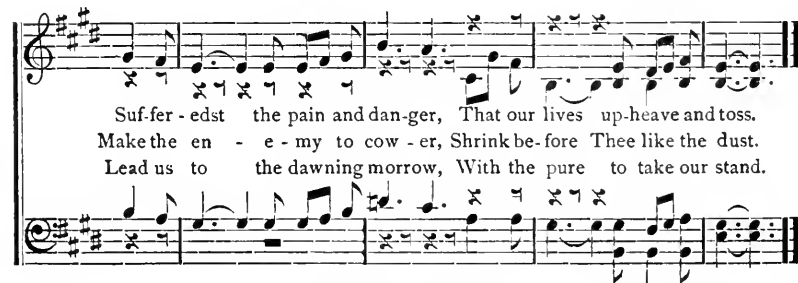
1. Lov-ing Sav-iour, kind and gen-tle, Thou our hope and ref-uge art;
 2. Im-po-tent are we in weakness, Tempted oft, we oft-en fall;
 3. Thou hast bought our soul's redemption, Thou hast drain'd the bit-ter cup:



Troubles spir-it-ual and men-tal Still as-sail, each vit-al part.
 But our Sav-iour, in Thy meekness, Thou hast met and conquered all.
 From the tempt-er grant ex-emp-tion; Lord pro-tect and lift us up.



Thou, O Sav-iour, from the man-ger, To the cru-el, bit-ter cross;
 Help us, Sav-iour, by Thy pow-er, Thou, O Lord, art all our trust:
 Je-sus, in the night of sor-row, Guide us by Thy lov-ing hand;



Suf-fer-edst the pain and dan-ger, That our lives up-heap and toss.
 Make the en-e-my to cow-er, Shrink be-fore Thee like the dust.
 Lead us to the dawning morrow, With the pure to take our stand.

WE LOOK FOR A CITY.

53

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

I. HICKMAN MEREDITH.



1. The King in His beau-ty up - on the white throne, The thousands be -
2. The pas-tures of plen-ty, the riv-ers so clear, The great tree of
3. The man-sions of glo-ry sur-pass-ing - ly fair, The beau-ti-ful



fore him he claims as His own; The song of re - demp - tion, the
heal-ing, in - vit - ing - ly near; The grand dome a - bove with its
raiment, the glo - ri - fied wear; The crowns of re - joic - ing from



harps in full play, O pros-pect trans-port - ing to cheer on the way.
ra - di - ant glow, O pros-pect trans-port - ing for pil-grims be - low,
Je - sus our friend, O pros-pect trans-port - ing to cheer to the end.



CHORUS.



We look for a cit-y of beau-ty and song, The saints ev-er-last-ing a - bode,



A won-der-ful cit-y that hath foundations, Whose builder and maker is God.



IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The Sav - iour leads His faith - ful on To bat - tle for the right;
 2. Be - fore them is the prec - ious cross; They glo - ry in its fame;
 3. Their tongues the name of Je - sus sounds; The name they love so well.

Their mot - to is "Thy will be done," The hosts of sin they'll smite.
 It lifts their thoughts from earth - ly dross, To think of Je - sus' name.
 With - in their hearts His love abounds; For - ev - er there to dwell.

No fears a - larm, no ter - rors stop, They go with stead - y tread;
 From con - quest un - to vic - to - ry, Press forth the might - y throng;
 O who will join this bright ar - ray, This arm - y of the Lord?

And none shall by the way - sidedrop, For Christ is at the head.
 The hosts of Sa - tan all must flee, Be - fore the vic - tor's song.
 O who will now the call o - bey, Be gov - erned by his word?

CHORUS.

Christ is the con - quer - or, Christ is the con - quer - or,

O glo - ri - ous con - quer - or, Who leads to vic - to - ry.

LAMBS OF JESUS.

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. We are lambs of Je - sus, In His fold we'll stay,
 2. How He watch es o'er us, With such love and care,
 3. He's a faith - ful Shep - herd, Al - ways kind and true,
 4. And this lov - ing Shep - herd, Grieves if we are sad,

For our lov - ing Shep - herd, Guards us, lest we'd stray.
 Guid - ing lit - tle foot - steps In - to paths so fair.
 Pa - tient and for - giv - ing, Ma - ny faults or few.
 But with us re - joic - es, When He makes us glad.


CHORUS.

We are lambs of Je - sus, E - vil we'll not fear,



For our lov - ing Shep - herd, Is so ver - y near.

EMILY P. MILLER.

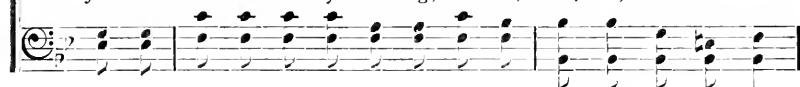

J. LINCOLN HALL.



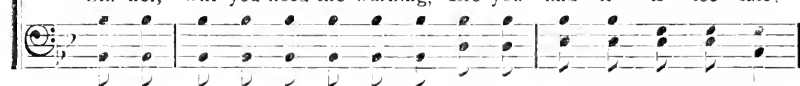

1. I have found a pre-cious Sav-iour, Such a friend so kind and true;
 2. I have found a bless-ed Sav-iour, When with tri-als I am pressed,
 3. Sin-ner, list-en to the message, Of sal-va-tion full and free;

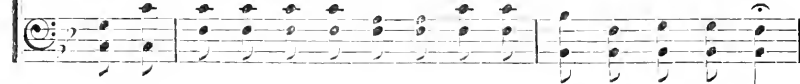
Would that I could lead you to Him, So that you might love Him too.
 Swift-ly brings His grace to strengthen, And af-fords me sweet-est rest,
 Je-sus now is sweet-ly call-ing; "Sinner, come, oh, come to me."

I have found a lov-ing Saviour—Tho' a might-y King is He—
 I have found my Lord and Mas-ter, He whose ser-vice is so sweet;
 Sin-ner, will you heed the warning, Ere you find it is too late?

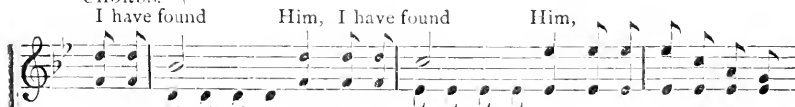



Dai-ly He will walk be-side me, And my faith-ful guide will be.
 And my soul is filled with gladness As I'm kneel-ing at His feet.
 You may knock and long to en-ter, But may find a fast closed gate.

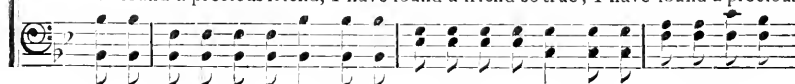


CHORUS.

I have found Him, I have found Him,



I have found a precious friend, I have found a friend so true; I have found a precious



I HAVE FOUND A PRECIOUS SAVIOUR. Concluded. 57

true;

I have found

Him, I have

Saviour kind and true, so kind and true; I have found a precious friend, I have

found . . . Him,

found a friend so true, O that you would find the precious Saviour too, the Saviour too.

WHEN THE WAY IS SO DARK.

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When the way is so dark That I scarce-ly can see, A dear lov-ing
2. His eye is on me In dark-ness or light, In storm or in
3. Then when death comes at last, And the Jor-dan I see; O Je-sus, my

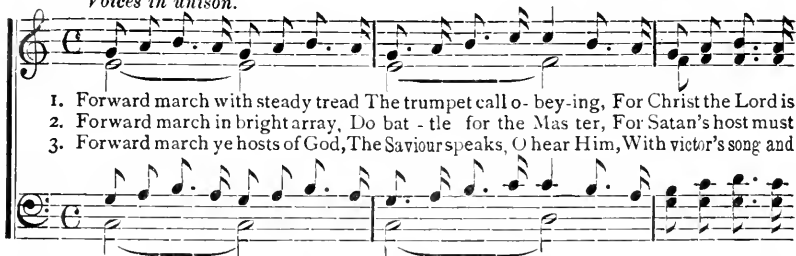
Sav-iour Calls sweet-ly to me; He bids me look up-ward, Tho' the
sunshine, His love al-ways bright; In sleeping or wak-ing, Where -
Sav-iour, My Guide Thou shalt be; Tho' storm-y the wa-ters, Tho'

skies are so dim, He bids me press onward, Cling clos-er to Him.
ev-er I be, I know He is watching, And car-ing for me.
dark swells the tide, No fears shall a-larm me, When I'm at Thy side.

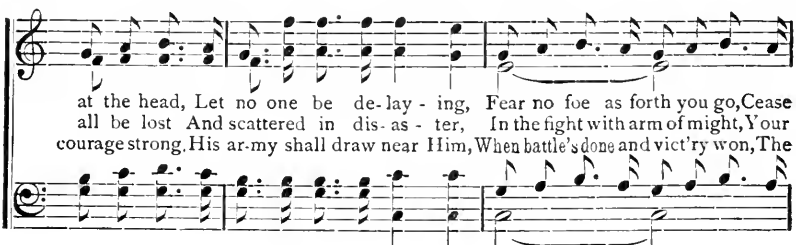
MARCH WITH HAPPY SONG.

IRVIN H. MACK.

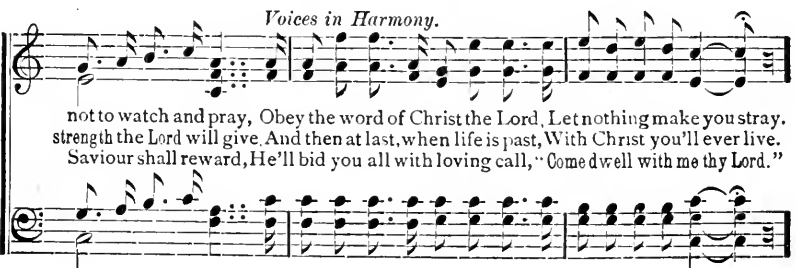
FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

Voices in unison.


1. Forward march with steady tread The trumpet call o-bey-ing, For Christ the Lord is
 2. Forward march in bright array, Do bat-tle for the Mas-ter, For Satan's host must
 3. Forward march ye hosts of God, The Saviour speaks, O hear Him, With victor's song and

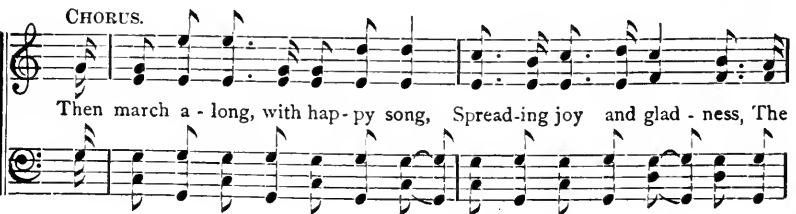


at the head, Let no one be de-lay-ing, Fear no foe as forth you go, Cease
 all be lost And scattered in dis-as-ter, In the fight with arm of might, Your
 courage strong, His ar-m-y shall draw near Him, When battle's done and vict'ry won, The

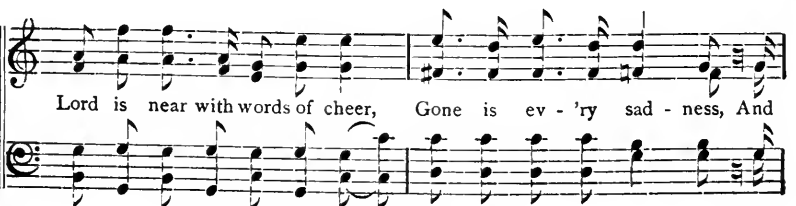
Voices in Harmony.


not to watch and pray, Obey the word of Christ the Lord, Let nothing make you stray.
 strength the Lord will give, And then at last, when life is past, With Christ you'll ever live.
 Saviour shall reward, He'll bid you all with loving call, "Come dwell with me thy Lord."

CHORUS.



Then march a-long, with hap-py song, Spread-ing joy and glad-ness, The



Lord is near with words of cheer, Gone is ev-'ry sad-ness, And

while you sing for Christ the King, Hold-ing high the cross, the cross, He
leads the way each pass-ing day, You'll nev - er suf - fer loss, no loss.

LOVING WORDS.

Adapted.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Lov-ing words will cost but lit - tle, Journeying up the hill of life,
2. When the cares of life are ma - ny, And its burdens heav-y grow
3. So, as up life's hill we jour - ney, Let us scat - ter all the way

But they make the weak and wea - ry Stronger, brav - er for the strife.
For the ones who walk be - side you, If you love them, tell them so.
Kind-ly words, to serve as sun - shine In the dark and cloud-y day.

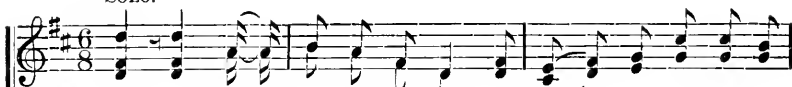
D.S. { Nev-er was a kind word wast - ed, Nev-er was one said in vain.
And be - neath their cheering sun - shine Hearts will blossom like a flower.
To the ones who jour - ney with you; If you love them, tell them so.

D.S.
Do you count them on - ly tri - fles? What on earth are sun and rain?
What you count of lit - tle val - ue Has an al - most mag - ic pow'r,
Grudge no lov - ing word, my broth - er, As a - long thro' life you go,


EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.


SOLO.




1. Hark! hark! there's a cry from the deep, A soul is sink-ing, a -
 2. Help! help! the sad cry comes once more, He's struggling and bat-tling to
 3. Th' life-boat with Christ at the helm, Is read - y; the bil-lows no
 4. Come in this life-boat and live, With Je - sus who suf-fered and



rise from your sleep! Will no one save, no life-boat at hand? No one have
 gain the shore: How the waves thrash and wild billows roll, Can no one
 long - er o'erwhelm; The waves divide at His blessed will, Their ter-rors
 His life did give, That thou'd be saved from danger and woe, Take Him for your



strength to bring him to land? No one have strength to bring him to land?
 save this per-ish-ing soul? Can no one save this per-ish-ing soul?
 cease at His whisper, "be still," Their terrors cease at His whisper, "be still."
 guide wher - ev - er you go, Take Him for your guide wher-ev - er you go.

REFRAIN. *Spirited.*


Hark! hark! O hear the sad cry; Hark! hark! to the help quickly fly! A -

f *ff* *fff*

rouse! a-rouse! a - rouse! O hast en to help him be - fore he shall die.

THERE'S A FRIEND WE LOVE.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a friend we love who is ev - er near, And who guides us
2. Tho' the storms may come and the tem - pest beat, And their strength we
3. When at last we stand by the Jor - dan's wave, And our time to

on our way; When our hearts are sad He can make us glad, And He
must en - dure; We are not a - fraid, for our Lord has said, "Fear ye
leave has come; We will say good-bye with a tear-dried eye And our

D.S.—We can hear Thy voice, and our hearts re - joice, For we

FINE. *CHORUS.* *D.S.*


turns all our night to day.
not for thy rest is sure. } O Je - sus, our Je - sus, Friend ev - er dear;
Sav - iour will take us home. }

know that our Lord is near.


FORWARD IN HIS NAME.

S. C. KIRK.

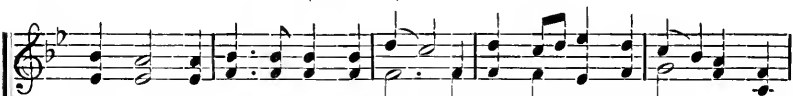
ADAM GEIBEL.




1. The long roll - call is sounding, Let Is - ra - el a - wake! And ev - 'ry
 2. We'll find the way re - tard - ed By li - ons in the path, And ev - 'ry
 3. If Christians did not weak - en When nearing Sa - tan's grounds, His kingdom
 4. 'The hour is here for mov - ing, Wait not the mor - row's sun; The church our



heart re - spond - ing, New zeal and cour - age take. With all up - on the
 strong - hold guard - ed By might - y men of Gath. But if these things af -
 should be shak - en From cen - tre to its bounds. Our weakness shall not
 faith is prov - ing, The vic - t'ry must be won. Then gird the ar - mor,



al - tar And spir - it all a - glow, We can - not stay nor fal - ter When
 fright us When shall the way be free? When Sa - tan shall in - vite us—And
 mat - ter, Un - less it comes of doubt; One shall a thousand scat - ter, And
 broth - er, To loi - ter would be shame; Press close to one an - oth - er, And



Du - ty bids us go, We cannot stay nor fal - ter When Du - ty bids us go.
 that will never be, When Sa - tan shall in - vite us—And that will never be.
 two ten thousand rout, One shall a thousand scat - ter, And two ten thousand rout.
 forward in His name! Press close to one anoth - er, And forward in His name!

ARE THY BURDENS VERY HEAVY?

63

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Are thy bur-dens ver - y heav - y, Al-most more than thou canst bear?
2. Art thou sad and heav - y - la - den, With the mem - 'ry of thy sin?
3. Je - sus seeks to gain ad - mit-tance, He has oft - en sought before;
4. O - pen wide the sin-barred entrance, To this kind and heav'nly guest;



Take them to thy lov - ing Sav-iour, He His perfect strength will share.
 Thou canst have a full, free par-don, If thou't let the Sav-iour in.
 But the hing-es have grown rust - y, And He finds a fast closed door.
 He the dark-ness soon will ban-ish, And will give thee per - fect rest.



CHORUS.

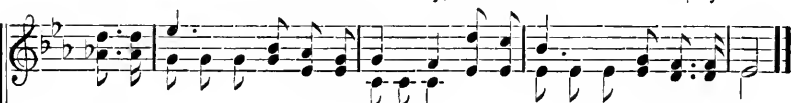
Je-sus, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou wilt all our burdens bear;



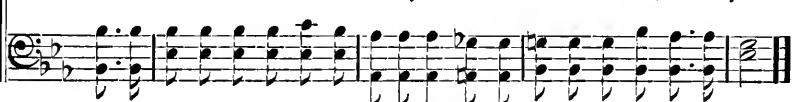
Jesus, blessed friend, Jesus, blessed friend, Thou wilt all, wilt all our burdens bear;



Thou canst heal the sick and wea - ry, Thou wilt take our ev-'ry care.



Thou canst heal the sick, the sick and weary one, Thou wilt take our care, our ev'ry care.



THE FRIEND OF FRIENDS.

M. S. HAYCRAFT.

ARTHUR J. JAMOUNEAU.

Moderato. mf 1st and 4th verses.

8:

1. The Friend of friends, the Shepherd dear, Be-hold-eth all the wait-ing way;
4. In Him His chil-dren all are one, And in His hap-py fold on high

FINE.

And wherefore should His people fear, Since He will guide us day by day?
Shall we not meet, when toil is done, Where none shall ever breathe "Good-bye?"

SOLO.
f Slower and with expression.

2. He leads us on to joy and light, He
3. Thro' chang-ing scenes the Lord is right, Our

f *cres.*

ff

guards our souls from touch of ill; He choos-es ev-'ry
lives are crown-ed by His care; And naught can hide us

ff

D. S. for last verse.

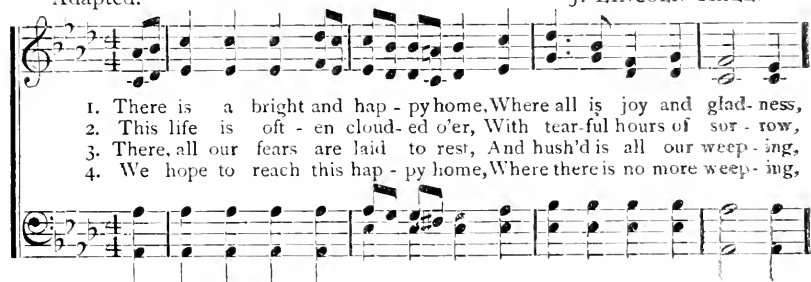


step a-right, To Him we cling, and trust Him still.
from the eye That watch-es o'er us ev-ry-where.

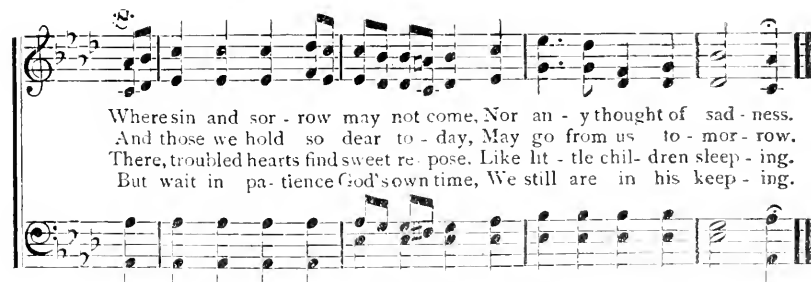
THERE IS A BRIGHT AND HAPPY HOME.

Adapted.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

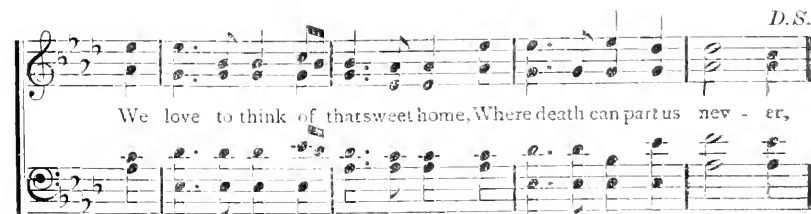


1. There is a bright and hap-py home, Where all is joy and glad-ness,
2. This life is oft-en cloud-ed o'er, With tear-ful hours of sor-row,
3. There, all our fears are laid to rest, And hush'd is all our weep-ing,
4. We hope to reach this hap-py home, Where there is no more weep-ing,



Where sin and sor-row may not come, Nor an-y thought of sad-ness.
And those we hold so dear to-day, May go from us to-mor-row.
There, troubled hearts find sweet re- pose. Like lit-tle chil-dren sleep-ing.
But wait in pa-tience God's own time, We still are in his keep-ing.

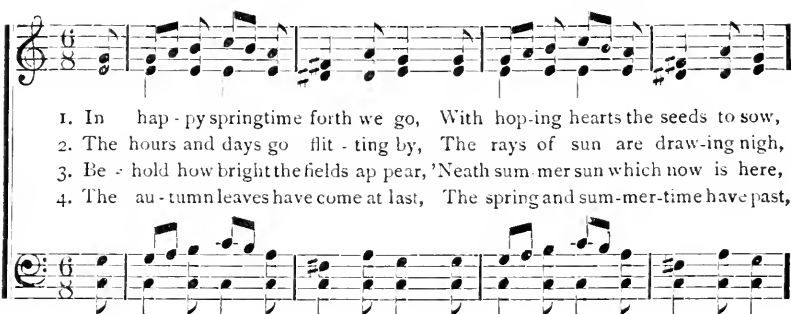
D. S.—Where we shall dwell in God's own light, For ev-er and for-ev-er.



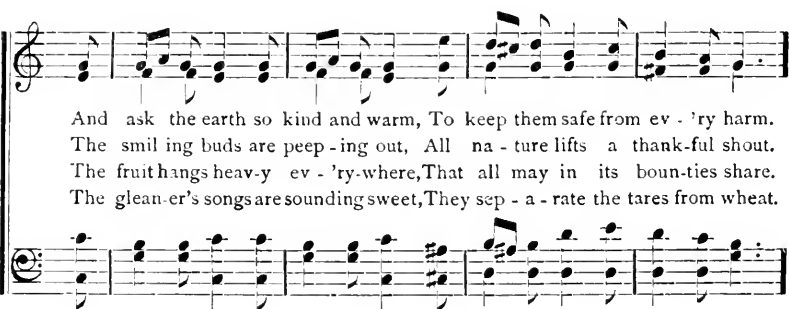
We love to think of that sweet home, Where death can part us nev-er,

IRVIN H. MACK.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

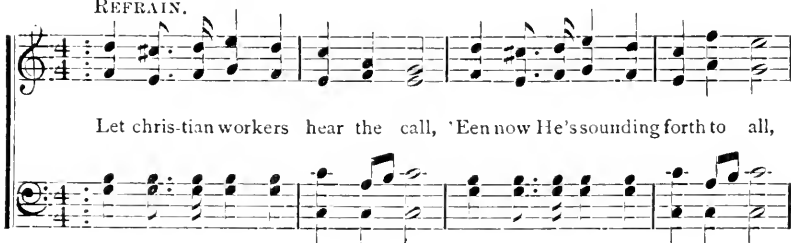


1. In hap - py springtime forth we go, With hop - ing hearts the seeds to sow,
 2. The hours and days go flit - ting by, The rays of sun are draw - ing nigh,
 3. Be - hold how bright the fields ap - pear, 'Neath sum - mer sun which now is here,
 4. The au - tumn leaves have come at last, The spring and sum - mer - time have past,



And ask the earth so kind and warm, To keep them safe from ev - 'ry harm.
 The smil - ing buds are peep - ing out, All na - ture lifts a thank - ful shout.
 The fruit hangs heav - y ev - 'ry - where, That all may in its boun - ties share.
 The glean - er's songs are sound - ing sweet, They sep - a - rate the tares from wheat.

REFRAIN.



Let chris - tian workers hear the call, 'Een now He's sound - ing forth to all,

Repeat ad lib.


The Sav - iour bids us gar - ner in The sheaves of good from fields of sin.

DEAR LORD WE COME TO ASK.

67

IRVIN H. MACK.

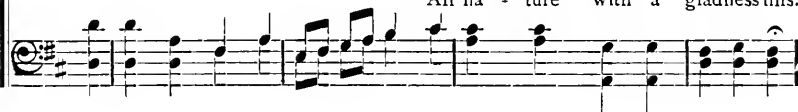
HOWARD CLARE.



1. The dim, soft light of ear - ly morn, From out a ro - sy hue is born; . .
2. O let the life of lit - tle child, Take les - son from the morning mild, . .
3. The light of morn, so dim and soft, At noon shines bright in sky a - loft, . .
4. So when the child to man has grown, And joys of youth are past and gone, . .
born, is born;



It tints the val - ley and the hills, All nature with a glad - ness fills.
And give a ray of morn - ing light To those enwrap't in sor - row's night.
And sheds a - broad its radiant beams That all with life and brightness seems.
May manhood's hours with good be rife, And point to fall'n, e - ter - nal life.
All na - ture with a gladness fills.



CHORUS.



Dear Lord we come to ask of Thee, To know Thy ways a - right;
a - right;




O let us will - ing workers be, To lead the blind to sight.
to sight.

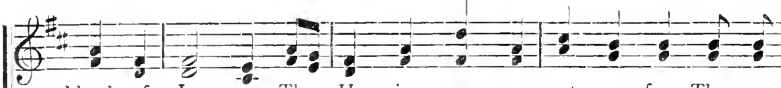


L. E. JONES.

I. H. MEREDITH.




1. I brought my sins to Cal - va - ry, They are cov-ered by the
 2. My woes are bur - ied 'neath the tide, They are cov-ered by the
 3. 'Twas my trans-gres-sions that He bore, They are cov-ered by the
 4. The bur - dens that my soul op - prest, They are cov-ered by the




blood of Je - sus; There He in mer - cy set me free, They are
 blood of Je - sus; Be - neath the fount - ain deep and wide, They are
 blood of Je - sus; Now He re - mem - bers them no more, They are
 blood of Je - sus; He took them all and gave me rest, They are

CHORUS.



cov-ered by the blood of Je - sus. They are cov-ered by the blood,



cov-ered by the blood, Cov-ered by the blood of Je - sus; Tho'



crim-son were my sins I know, They are covered by the blood of Je - sus.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Strive to be do-ing some good ev'ry day, Sowing the seed by the way.
2. Strive to be do-ing the work of the Lord, Learning His will from the word.
3. Strive to be leading a life fill'd with love, Looking to Je-sus a - bove.
4. Strive to be cheerful in all that you do; Christ will your passions subdue.



Life will be fleet-ing, and soon will be past, Work while the day-time shall last.
Oft, but a smile that in kindness is giv'n, Help some poor soul on to heav'n.
Lift up the fall - en, the wea ry and sore, Point to the wide o - pen door.
Je - sus will help you, will point out the way, Watch, and forget not to pray.



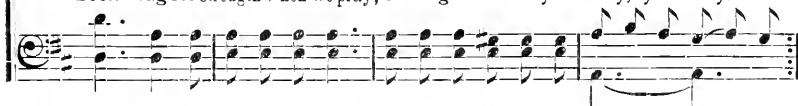
CHORUS.



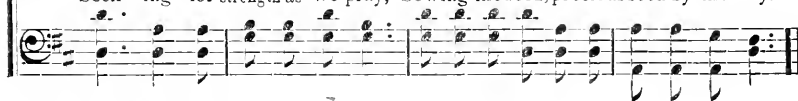
Work - ing for Je - sus each day, Striv - ing His word to o - bey,



Seek - ing for strength when we pray, Sowing the seed by the way, by the way. Be



Seek - ing for strength as we pray, Sowing the seed, precious seed by the way.

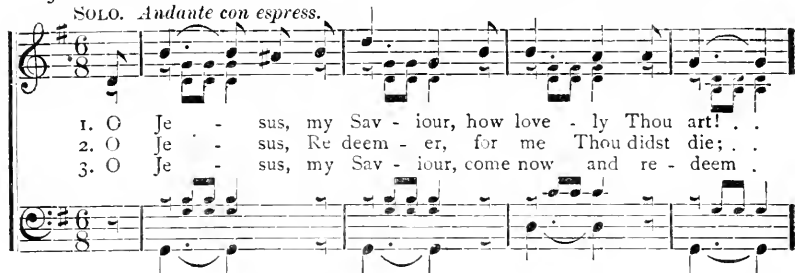


* Small notes for repeat

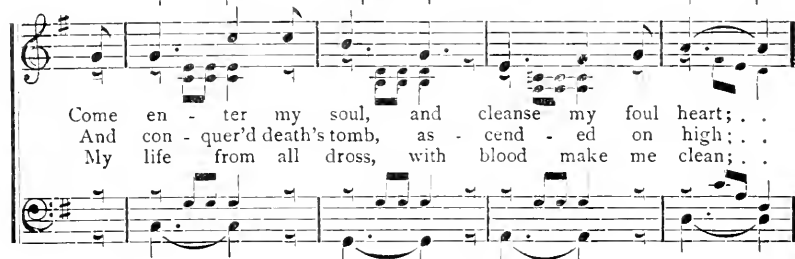
O JESUS, MY SAVIOUR.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

ALONZO STONE, Mus. Bac.

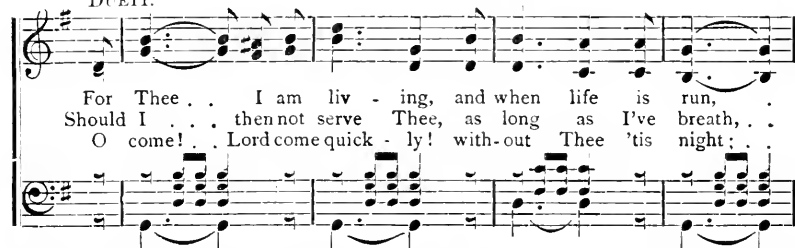
SOLO. *Andante con espress.*


1. O Je - sus, my Sav - iour, how love - ly Thou art! . .
 2. O Je - sus, Re deem - er, for me Thou didst die; . .
 3. O Je - sus, my Sav - iour, come now and re - deem .

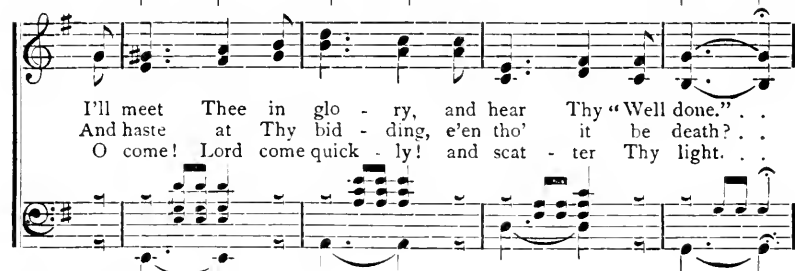


Come en - ter my soul, and cleanse my foul heart; . .
 And con - quer'd death's tomb, as - cend - ed on high; . .
 My life from all dross, with blood make me clean; . .

DUETT.

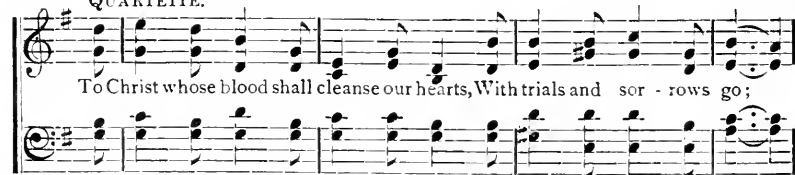


For Thee . . . I am liv - ing, and when life is run,
 Should I . . . then not serve Thee, as long as I've breath, . .
 O come! . . . Lord come quick - ly! with - out Thee 'tis night; . .



I'll meet Thee in glo - ry, and hear Thy "Well done." . .
 And haste at Thy bid - ding, e'en tho' it be death? . .
 O come! Lord come quick - ly! and scat - ter Thy light. . .

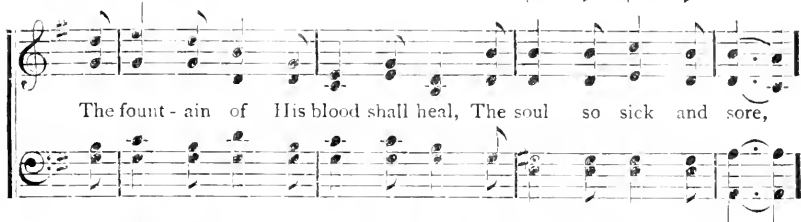
QUARTETTE.



To Christ whose blood shall cleanse our hearts, With trials and sor - rows go;



There at His feet your bur - dens lay—Each sor - row, grief and woe;



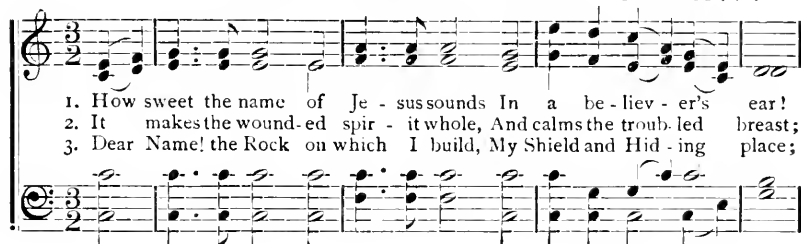
The fount - ain of His blood shall heal, The soul so sick and sore,



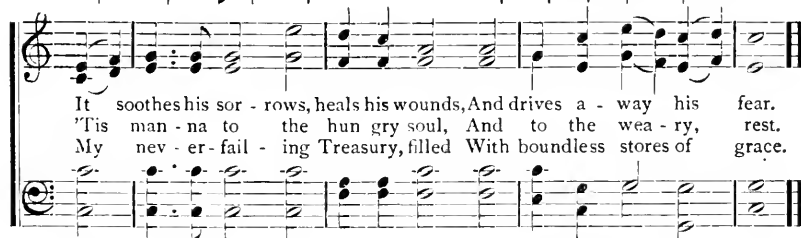
And cleanse from ev - 'ry taint of sin, To make it pure once more.

SWEET NAME OF JESUS.

G. KINGSLEY.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;
3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing place;



It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
My nev - er - fail - ing Treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.

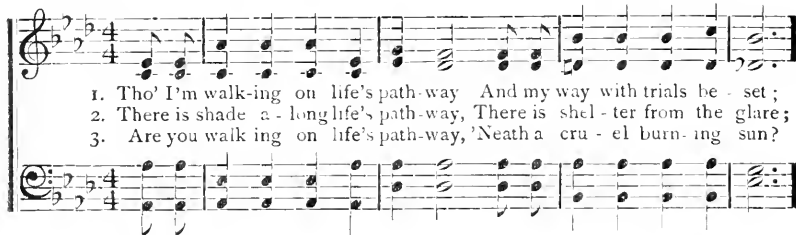
4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

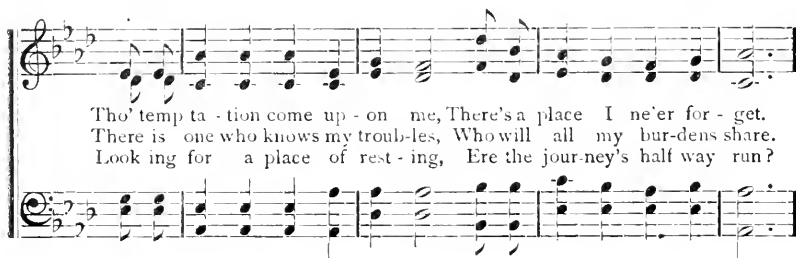
IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

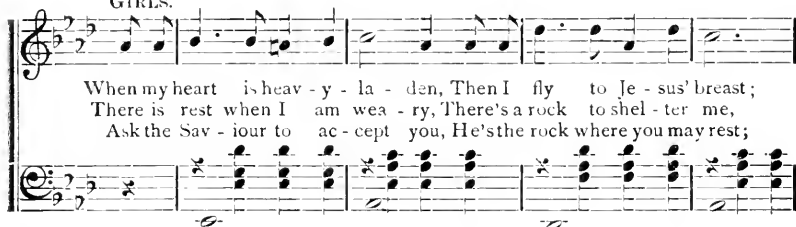


1. Tho' I'm walk-ing on life's path-way And my way with trials be - set ;
 2. There is shade a - long life's path-way, There is shel - ter from the glare ;
 3. Are you walk ing on life's path-way, 'Neath a cru - el burn-ing sun?

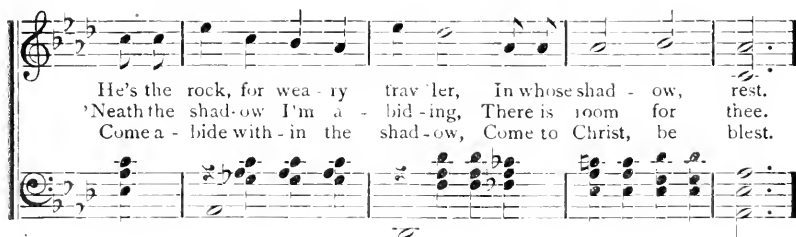


Tho' temp ta - tion come up - on me, There's a place I ne'er for - get.
 There is one who knows my troub - les, Who will all my bur - dens share.
 Look ing for a place of rest - ing, Ere the jour - ney's half way run?

GIRLS.

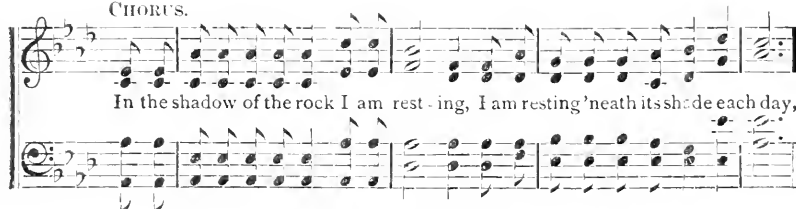


When my heart is heav - y - la - den, Then I fly to Je - sus' breast ;
 There is rest when I am wea - ry, There's a rock to shel - ter me,
 Ask the Sav - iour to ac - cept you, He's the rock where you may rest ;



He's the rock, for wea - ry trav - ler, In whose shad - ow, rest.
 'Neath the shad - ow I'm a - bid - ing, There is room for thee.
 Come a - bid - e with - in the shad - ow, Come to Christ, be blest.

CHORUS.



In the shadow of the rock I am rest - ing, I am resting 'neath its shade each day,

In the shadow of the rock I am rest-ing, In the shadow of the rock I'll stay.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

M. S. HAYCRAFT.

ARTHUR J. JAMOUNEAU.

Moderato.

1. Oh, for the sake of Christ the King Stretch forth a help-ing
 2. Be thine the fall - ing tear to dry, The word of love to
 3. Then at the time of glo - ry bright, The King shall speak to

hand; Thy suc - cor to the need - y bring, And cause the
 say, To tell the sad a Friend is nigh, And com - fort
 thee, "When to the heart in shades of night, Ye bore the

cres. *rall.*
 flow'rs of joy to spring A - cross the des - ert land.
 breathe where spir - its sigh A - long life's pil - grim - way.
 lamps of hope and light, Ye did it un - to me."

COME UNTO ME, YE WEARY.

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give thee rest;
 2. Come take my yoke up - on thee And glad - ly learn of me,
 3. Come tho' thy sins be scar - let, And fill'd thy heart with woe;
 4. My yoke is ver - y eas - y, My bur - dens ver - y light;

Oh, come, ye heav - y la - den, With sin and fear op - pressed.
 For I am meek and low - ly, I will thy Sav - iour be.
 My blood a - lone can cleanse thee, And make thee white as snow.
 From e - vil I'll pre - serve thee, And guard thee day and night.

CHORUS.

Come . . . un-to Me, Come . . . 'un-to Me,

Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me,

O come, ye wea - ry, I will give rest; . . .

I will give rest, Come un-to Me, I will give rest, I will give rest;

Come . . . un-to Me, Come . . . un-to Me, . . .

Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me,

COME UNTO ME, YE WEARY. Concluded.

75

O come, ye weary, I will give thee rest.

Musical score for 'Come Unto Me, Ye Weary'. The score is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and chords. The lyrics are: 'I will give rest, Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me, I will give thee rest.'

WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

JENNIE MORTON.

HOWARD CLARE.

Musical score for 'We March to Victory' (First Verse). The score is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and chords. The lyrics are: '1. We march beneath the ban-ner of the King, And as we march we Let all u-nite and make the chorus ring, *Omit.* We march, we march with courage firm and strong, The tri-umph will by Come with us then and join our hap-py song, *Omit.*

Musical score for 'We March to Victory' (Chorus). The score is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and chords. The lyrics are: '2. CHORUS. gladly, gladly sing; We march to vic-to-ry. Then a-way, a-way, hear the faith to us be-long; We march to vic-to-ry.'

Musical score for 'We March to Victory' (Second Verse). The score is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and chords. The lyrics are: 'call to-day And the bat-tle is be-fore us, Yet we nev-er fear, for

Musical score for 'We March to Victory' (Final Verse). The score is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and chords. The lyrics are: 'Christ our help is near, And His eye is al-ways o'er us.'

IDA L. REED.

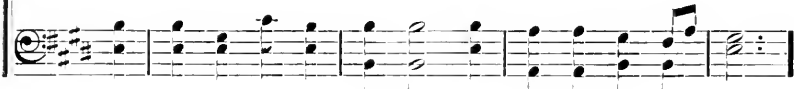
I. H. MEREDITH.

Tenderly.

1. Fret not tho' days are drear - y, And all life's skies are grey,
2. He know-eth all thy bur-dens, Thy hopes, thy doubts and fears;
3. He know-eth all thy cross-es, He shar-eth all thy pain;
4. Fret not, O friend, for - ev - er Let this thy com-fort be:



Tho' oft thy feet grow wea - ry A - long life's thorn-y way.
 Each on - ward step He count-eth, He seeth all thy tears.
 And where thou countest loss-es, He counts e - ter - nal gain.
 God will for-sake thee nev - er, He planned this path for thee



CHORUS.



Fret not, O friend, re - mem-ber Though dark the way may be,



God know-eth all thy sor-row, He planned this path for thee.



O PRODIGAL COME!

77

SILAS GRUBB.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O Prod-i-gal, Prod-i-gal, come home to-day, The Fa-ther now
 2. O Prod-i-gal, Prod-i-gal, leave all thy sin, Come back to thy
 3. O Prod-i-gal, Prod-i-gal, list to the call Which bids thee to

bids thee from sin come a-way; O Prod-i-gal, Prod-i-gal,
 home, at the door en-ter in; O Prod-i-gal, Prod-i-gal,
 cast a-way sin's bit-ter thrall, Come sit at the ta-ble now

why long-er roam, A wel-come is wait-ing for thee—O come home.
 why stay a-way When mer-cy and par-don a-wait thee to-day.
 wait-ing for thee, Come back to thy Fa-ther, thy par-don is free.

REFRAIN.

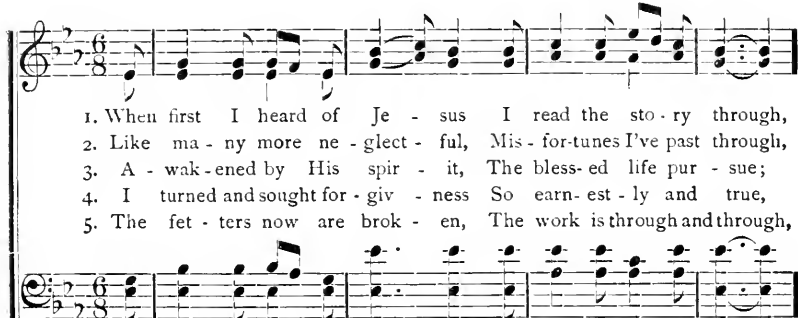
O Prod-i-gal, Prod-i-gal, don't stay a-way, Come home, come home;

O Prod-i-gal, Prod-i-gal, come home to-day, Come home, come home, come home.

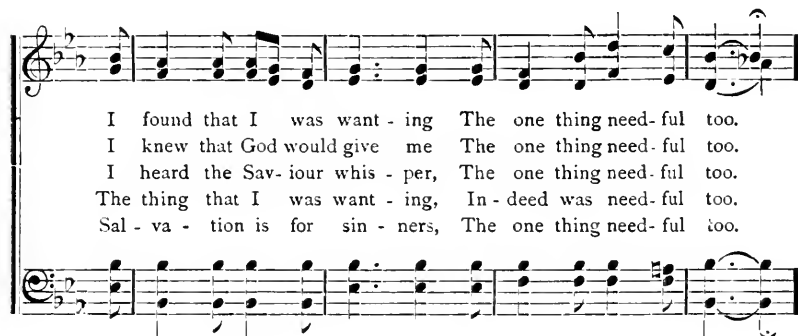
THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

C. B.

CHARLES BENTLEY.



1. When first I heard of Je - sus I read the sto - ry through,
 2. Like ma - ny more ne - glect - ful, Mis - for - tunes I've past through,
 3. A - wak - ened by His spir - it, The bless - ed life pur - sue;
 4. I turned and sought for - giv - ness So earn - est - ly and true,
 5. The fet - ters now are brok - en, The work is through and through,



I found that I was want - ing The one thing need - ful too.
 I knew that God would give me The one thing need - ful too.
 I heard the Sav - iour whis - per, The one thing need - ful too.
 The thing that I was want - ing, In - deed was need - ful too.
 Sal - va - tion is for sin - ners, The one thing need - ful too.

CHORUS.



The need - ful blest Sal - va - tion, The one thing need - ful too,



The need - ful blest Sal - va - tion, It is for me and you.

CONQUEST AND TRIUMPH.

79

JOSEPHINE QUERNS.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. We all shall conquerors be, If we to Je - sus flee, When
2. This world is but a field In which we all must fight; Christ
3. Great tri - als, toil and pain, We'll have while here we roam, But
4. And then, a-round His throne, We will for - ev - er sing The



seas of troub - le o'er us roll, And storms dash o'er our soul.
is our Cap - tain and our Shield, He'll sure - ly guide us right.
sor - row here is end - less gain When Je' - sus takes us home.
song of Mos - es and the Lamb, And grate - ful off-'rings bring.



CHORUS.



Then praise to Je - sus' name, Who ev - er is the same;
His name, the same;



He is our Cap - tain and our Guide, And ev - er by our side.



"DOST THOU CARE?"

JENNIE WILSON.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. There are millions who have never Heard the sound of Jesus name. Nor the
 2. 'Tis the Saviour's last commandment. That His followers shall go In-to
 3. When the storms of time are over, In the land of ceaseless calm. Soon the

tid-ings that the Saviour To a - tone for sin - ners came. Faith's fair
 all the world and wit - ness To the bless - ed truth they know. To the
 faith - ful ones will gather To the sup - per of the Lamb. Each true

light for us is shining While they dwell in sin's de - spair. Per - ish
 Mas - ter's sol - emn bid - ding, Dost thou list - en or for - bear? From His
 ser - vant of the Mas - ter In that marriage feast shall share, Will there

Rit.
 ing with - out the Gos - pel, Sis - ter, brother, dost thou care?
 throne the Lord is watch - ing, Sis - ter, brother, dost thou care?
 he for thee a por - tion? Sis - ter, brother, dost thou care?

CHORUS.
 Sis - ter, brother, dost thou care? Sis - ter, brother, dost thou care?

Rit.

Per-ish - ing with-out the gos-pel, Sis - ter, brother, dost thou care?

COME INTO THE ARK.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

I. HICKMAN MEREDITH.

1. When blighting and sor-row shall fall on your soul, When skies shall be stormy and dark,
2. The Saviour has call'd you again and a-gain, Oh sin-ner stay not in your flight.
3. Come sin-ner no long-er your fol-lies pur-sue, Oh will you not haste to em-bark.

When wild flooding wa-ters shall o-ver you roll, Oh will you be safe in the ark?
 For sud-den de-struc-tion shall come up-on men, As com-eth a thief in the night.
 While Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to you, Come in—O come in—to the ark.

CHORUS.

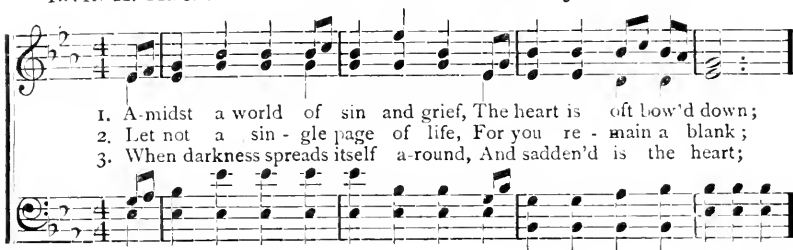
Come in - to the ark come in, come in, Come in-to the ark and be saved;

Come in-to the ark of God's mercy to-day, Come in-to the ark and be saved.

LIFT HEART AND VOICE.

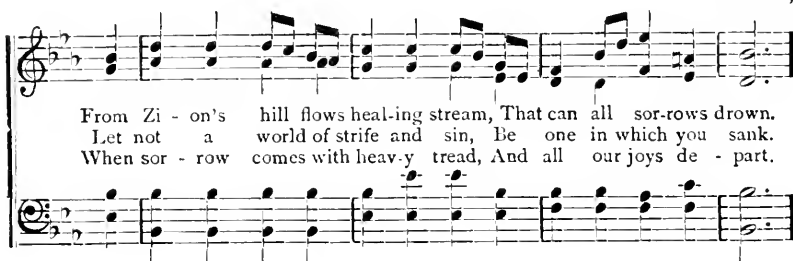
IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



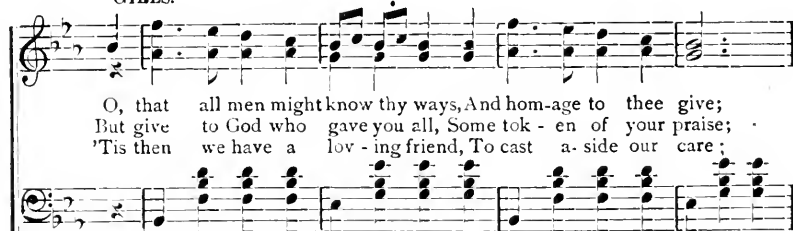
1. A-midst a world of sin and grief, The heart is oft bow'd down;
 2. Let not a sin - gle page of life, For you re - main a blank;
 3. When darkness spreads itself a-round, And sadden'd is the heart;

bow'd down;
 a blank;
 the heart;



From Zi - on's hill flows heal-ing stream, That can all sor-rows drown.
 Let not a world of strife and sin, Be one in which you sank.
 When sor - row comes with heav-y tread, And all our joys de - part.

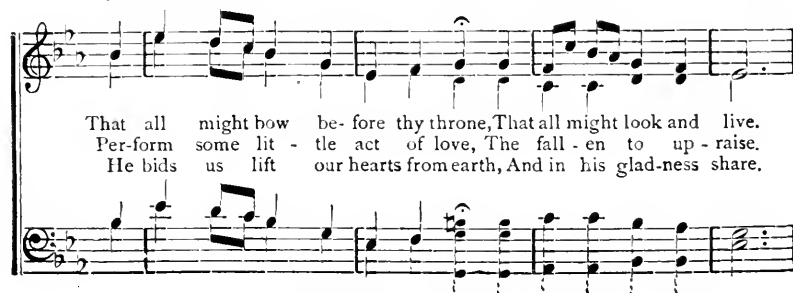
GIRLS.



O, that all men might know thy ways, And hom-age to thee give;
 But give to God who gave you all, Some tok - en of your praise;
 'Tis then we have a lov - ing friend, To cast a-side our care;

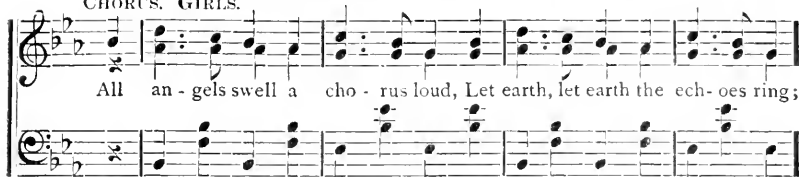
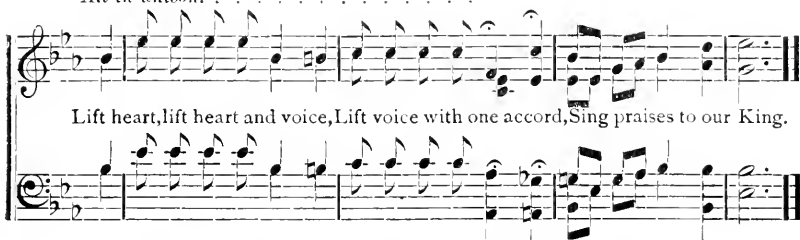
thee give;
 your praise;
 our care;

All in unison.....PARTS.



That all might bow be-fore thy throne, That all might look and live.
 Per-form some lit - tle act of love, The fall - en to up - raise.
 He bids us lift our hearts from earth, And in his glad-ness share.

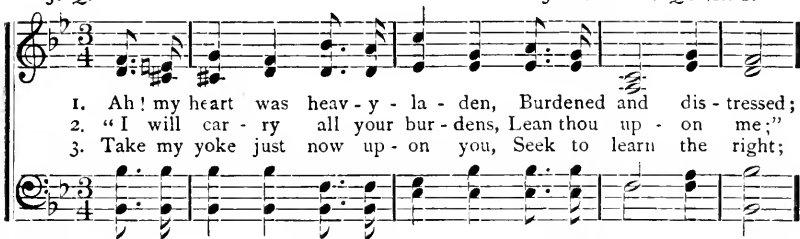
CHORUS, GIRLS.

*All in unison.*

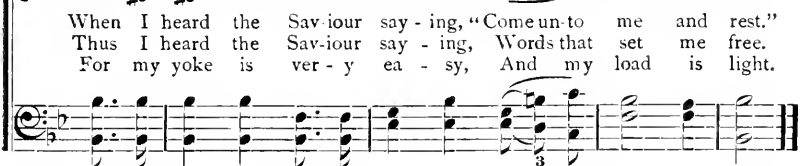
AH! MY HEART WAS HEAVY-LADEN.

J. Q.

JOSEPHINE QUERNS.

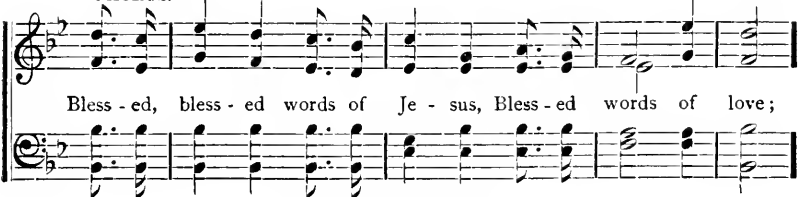


FINE.



CHORUS.

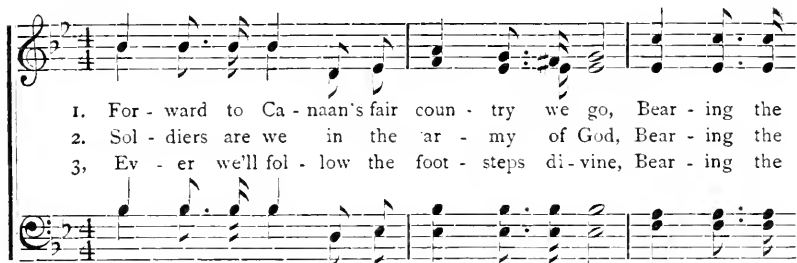
D. S.



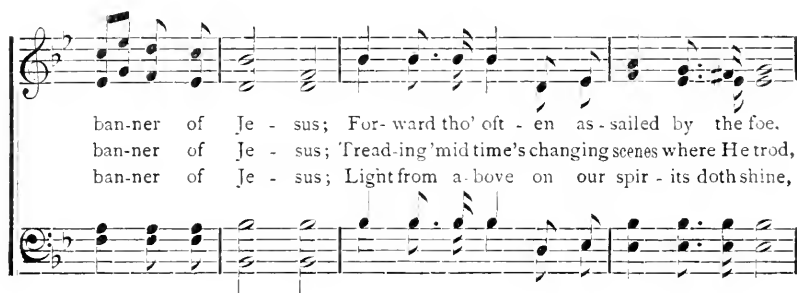
BEARING THE BANNER OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

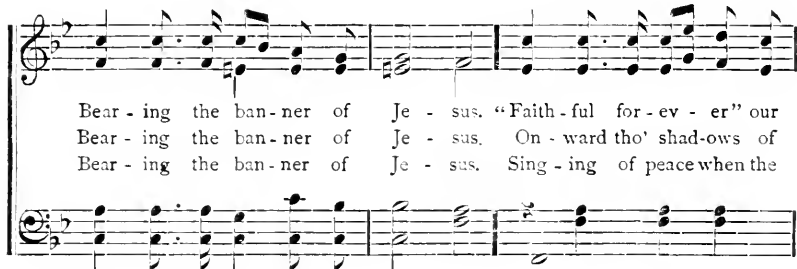


1. For - ward to Ca - naan's fair coun - try we go, Bear - ing the
 2. Sol - diers are we in the ar - my of God, Bear - ing the
 3. Ev - er we'll fol - low the foot - steps di - vine, Bear - ing the

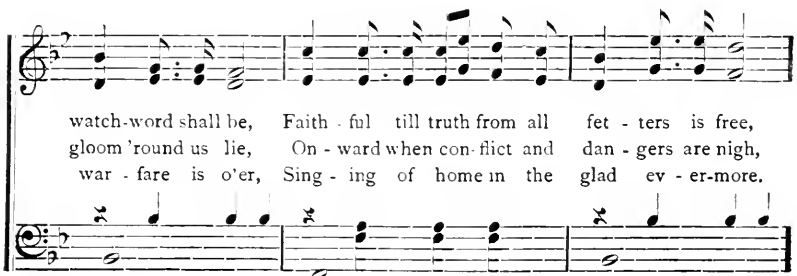


ban-ner of Je - sus; For - ward tho' oft - en as - sailed by the foe.
 ban-ner of Je - sus; 'Tread - ing 'mid time's chang - ing scenes where He trod,
 ban-ner of Je - sus; Light from a - bove on our spir - its doth shine,

DUETT OR SEMI-CHORUS.



Bear - ing the ban - ner of Je - sus, "Faith - ful for - ev - er" our
 Bear - ing the ban - ner of Je - sus, On - ward tho' shad - ows of
 Bear - ing the ban - ner of Je - sus, Sing - ing of peace when the



watch - word shall be, Faith - ful till truth from all fet - ters is free,
 gloom 'round us lie, On - ward when con - flict and dan - gers are nigh,
 war - fare is o'er, Sing - ing of home in the glad ev - er - more.



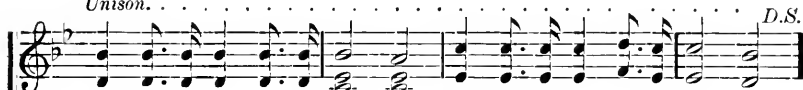
Faith-ful till Zi-on's bright cit - y we see, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.
On-ward to vic - to - ry won by and by, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.
Sing-ing we march to the heav - en-ly shore, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.



D.S.—Marching we go to the dear promised land, Bearing the ban-ner of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Unison.



Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus;

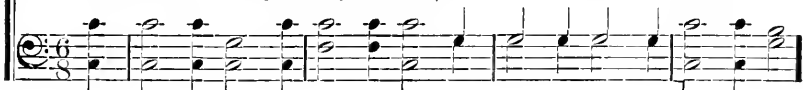


A SURE RETREAT.

T. HASTINGS.



1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
3. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des - o - late, dismay'd;
4. There, there, on ea-gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.

A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.

Or how the hosts of hell de-reat, Had suff'ring saints no mer - cy - seat.

And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.



IRVIN H. MACK.

HOWARD CLARE.



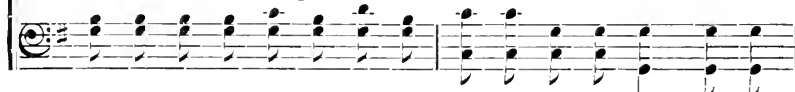
1. Should the Sav-our come to call me, In the ear-ly morn-ing light;
2. Though the time comes flash-ing o'er me, In the bus-y hours of day;
3. When the sunshine bright and glow-ing, Sinks be-neath the west-ern hill,



Should the hand of death en-thrall me In the night. When I
 And the path which dark be-fore me Flees a-way. When my
 When the hours of night are grow-ing Calm and still. When my
 the night.



hear the voice that's say-ing "Bless ed child of earth come home," I shall
 Sav-our sends His summons "Come be-fore My throne of grace, I shall
 sum-mons comes at midnight, "Come to Me, for thou art Mine," I shall



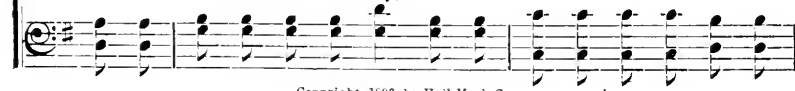
CHORUS.



know that Je-sus bids me In that day. } In that day,
 know the voice that calls me In that day. } Yes, in that day,
 know the voice of Je-sus In that day. }



In that day, I shall know that Je-sus bids me
 Yes, in that day,



In that day; In that day; In that day, Yes, in that day, In that

day, Yes, in that day, I shall know that Je - sus bids me In that day.

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN MUST BE HOLY.

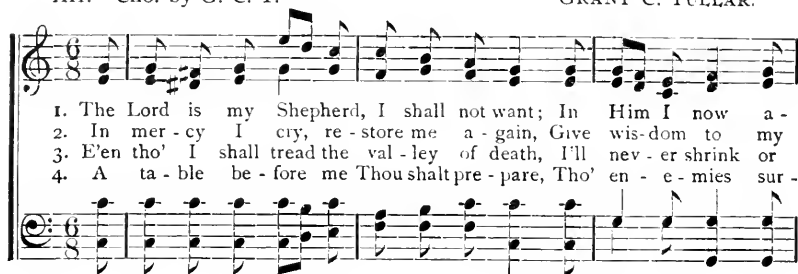
ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. Chris-tian children must be ho-ly, Serv-ing God from day to day;
 2. He who is our great Ex-am-ple, Let no mo-ment run to loss;
 3. Soon He sor-row'd, soon He suf-fer'd; We must meek and gen-tle be,
 4. Soon He show'd a Son's o-be-dience; We must ear-ly learn to do

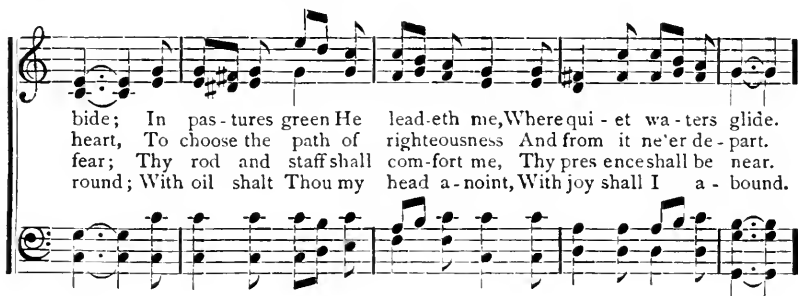
Nev-er is the time too ear-ly For a Chris-tian to o-bey.
 Not one pre-cious hour He wast-ed From the cra-dle to the Cross.
 Lit-tle pain and child-ish tri-al Ev-er bear-ing pa-tient-ly.
 Not our own will, but our Fa-ther's, And be found o-be-dient, too.

Arr. Cho. by G. C. T.

GRANT C. TULLAR.

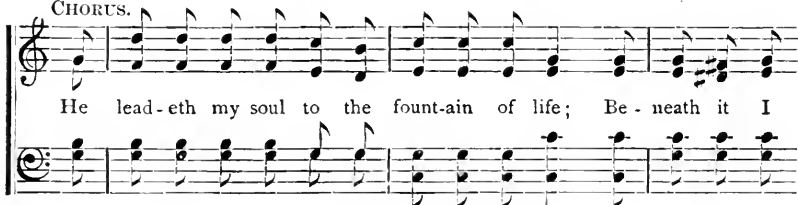


1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; In Him I now a -
 2. In mer - cy I cry, re - store me a - gain, Give wis - dom to my
 3. E'en tho' I shall tread the val - ley of death, I'll nev - er shrink or -
 4. A ta - ble be - fore me Thou shalt pre - pare, Tho' en - e - mies sur -

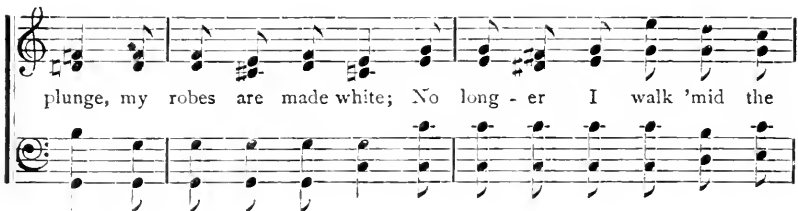


bide; In pas - tures green He lead - eth me, Where qui - et wa - ters glide.
 heart, To choose the path of righteousness And from it ne'er de - part.
 fear; Thy rod and staff shall com - fort me, Thy pres - ences shall be near.
 round; With oil shalt Thou my head a - noint, With joy shall I a - bound.

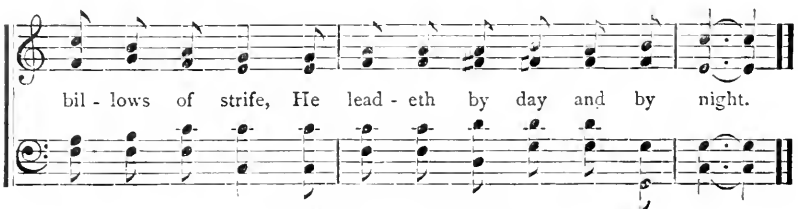
CHORUS.



He lead - eth my soul to the fount - ain of life; Be - neath it I



plunge, my robes are made white; No long - er I walk 'mid the



bil - lows of strife, He lead - eth by day and by night.

WE PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE.

89

AMANDA R. MEUSCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1. As we jour - ney on our pathway, Which thro' life's great valley leads;
2. Let us help the wea ry pilgrim, Whom we meet up - on our way,
3. Let us not de - lay our actions, Thoughtless for an oth - er day;



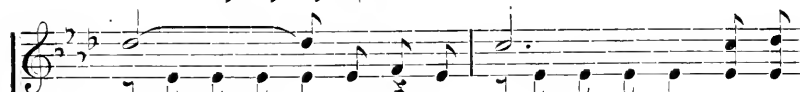
Let us scat - ter seeds of kindness, Strew our path with lov - ing deeds.
With a kind - ly word and ac - tion, With a lov - ing deed to - day.
There are souls that must be rescued, Let us help them while we may.



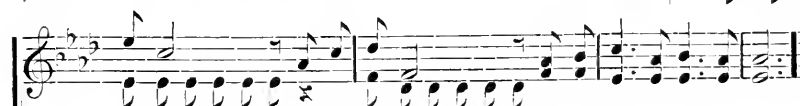
CHORUS.



We pass this way, this way but once, We
pass this way, this way but once,




pass this way, this way but once; Let us
pass this way, this way but once; Let us



scat ter seeds of kindness, For we pass this way but once.
scatter seeds of kindness, scatter seeds of kindness,



THE SHADOW OF HIS WING.

IRVIN H. MACK.
LEADER.J. LINCOLN HALL.
CHO.


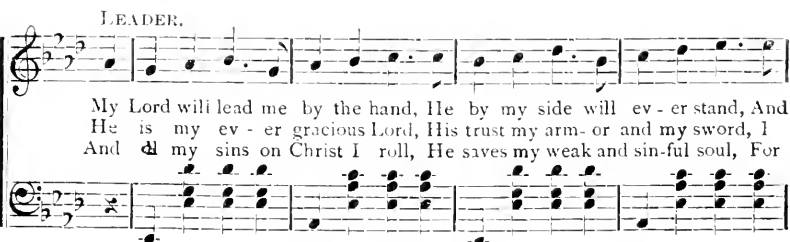
1. Se - cure from storms and sin - ful blasts, Resting 'neath the shadow of His wing,
 2. Mine eyes are clear, my heart can see, Resting 'neath the shadow of His wing,
 3. I'm grow-ing dai - ly in His grace, Resting 'neath the shadow of His wing,

LEADER. CHO.



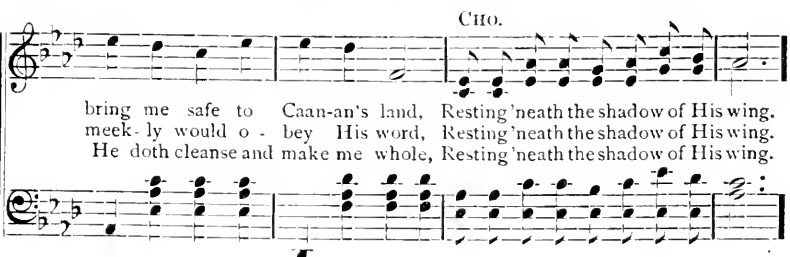
In safe - ty while temp - ta - tion lasts, Resting 'neath the shadow of His wing;
 From chains of sin I am set free, Resting 'neath the shadow of His wing;
 For I have found a bless ed place, Resting 'neath the shadow of His wing;

LEADER.



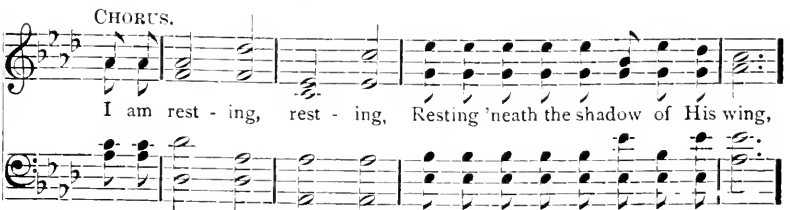
My Lord will lead me by the hand, He by my side will ev - er stand, And
 He is my ev - er gracious Lord, His trust my arm - or and my sword, I
 And all my sins on Christ I roll, He saves my weak and sin - ful soul, For

CHO.



bring me safe to Caan-an's land, Resting 'neath the shadow of His wing.
 meek - ly would o - bey His word, Resting 'neath the shadow of His wing.
 He doth cleanse and make me whole, Resting 'neath the shadow of His wing.

CHORUS.



I am rest - ing, rest - ing, Resting 'neath the shadow of His wing,

I am rest - ing, rest - ing, Resting 'neath the shadow of His wing.

TRUSTING GOD.

W. SMITH.

CHARLES BENTLEY.

1. Now that my jour - ney's just be - gun; My course so lit - tle trod—
 2. If all my earthly friends should die, And leave me mourning here—
 3. And Lord, what ev - er grief or ill For me may be in store,

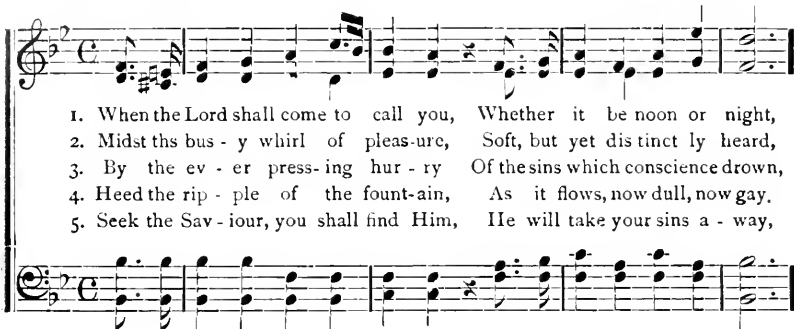
I'll stay be - fore I fur - ther go, And give my self to God:
 Since God re - gards the or - phan's cry— Oh! what have I to fear?
 Make me sub - mis - sive to Thy will, And I would ask no more:

D.S. { But if the Lord will be my friend, I know that all is well.
 He feeds the rav - ens when they cry, And fills His poor with bread.
 And when I'm fee - ble, old and gray, Oh! God, for-sake me not.

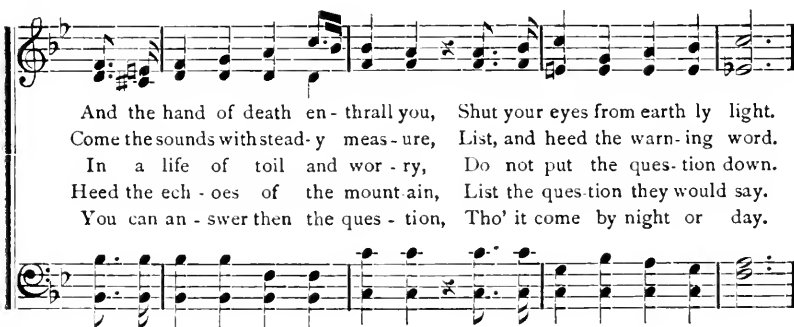
What sor - rows may my steps at tend, I can - not now for - tell:
 If I am poor He can sup - ply—Who hath my ta - ble spread;
 And all the way be Thou my stay, What - ev - er be my lot,

IRVIN H. MACK.

ADAM GEIBEL.

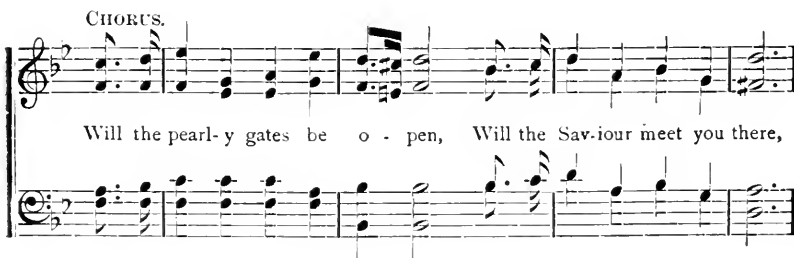


1. When the Lord shall come to call you, Whether it be noon or night,
 2. Midst this busy whirl of pleasure, Soft, but yet distinctly heard,
 3. By the ever pressing hurry Of the sins which conscience down,
 4. Heed the ripple of the fountain, As it flows, now dull, now gay.
 5. Seek the Saviour, you shall find Him, He will take your sins away,

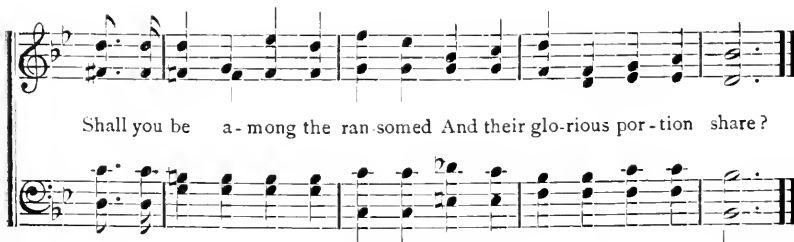


And the hand of death enthrall you, Shut your eyes from earthly light.
 Come the sounds with steady measure, List, and heed the warning word.
 In a life of toil and worry, Do not put the question down.
 Heed the echoes of the mountain, List the question they would say.
 You can answer then the question, Tho' it come by night or day.

CHORUS.



Will the pearly gates be opened, Will the Saviour meet you there,



Shall you be among the ransomed And their glorious portion share?

G. C. T.

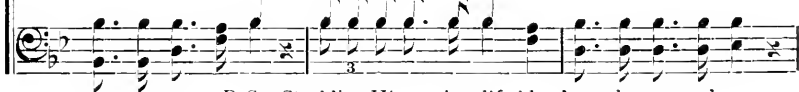
GRANT C. TULLER.



1. Wonderful is the Sav-our, hear the an- gels sing; Wonderful is the Sav-our,
2. Wonderful is the Sav-our on a storm- y sea; Wonderful is the Sav-our
3. Wonderful is the Sav-our when I'm in de- spair, Wonderful is the Sav-our
4. Wonderful is the Sav-our in Geth sem- a ne; Wonderful is the Sav-our
5. Wonderful is the Sav-our, I was lost in sin; Wonderful lov- ing Je- sus,



wise men tributes bring; Wonderful is the Sav-our, I have crown'd Him King;
 "Peace, be still," said He; Wonderful is the Sav-our, ev - 'ry wave did stay;
 He is al-ways there; Wonderful is the Sav-our, cast on Him your care;
 dy - ing on the tree; Wonderful is the Sav-our, it was all for me;
 stoop'd and took me in; Wonderful is the Sav-our, now His praise be - gin;



D.S.—Shedding His precious life-blood on the curs - ed tree;



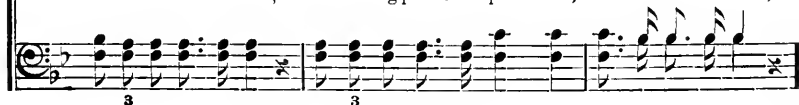
Won-der-ful is the Sav-our now to me. Won-der-ful is the Sav-our,



Won-der-ful is the Sav-our now to me.

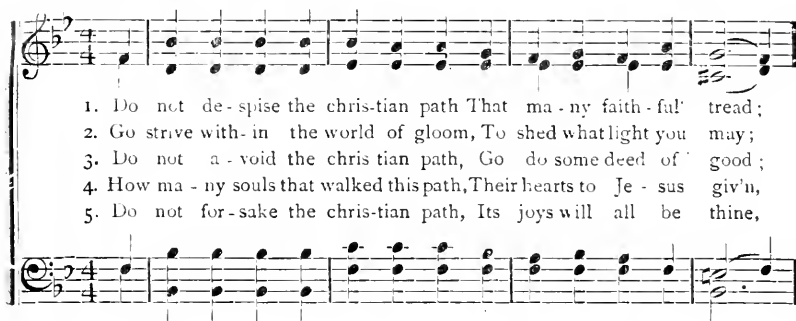


wonderful now to me; Purchasing peace and par - don, all so full and free;

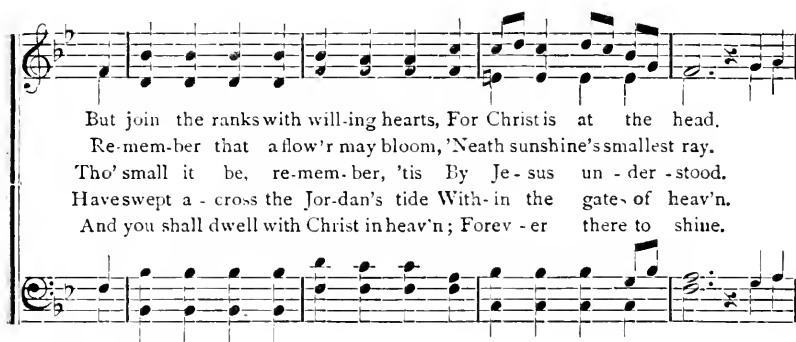


Words arr. by IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

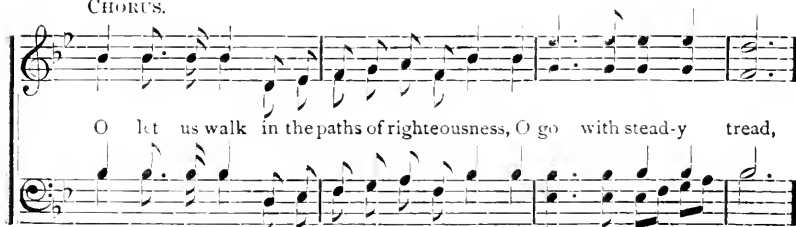


1. Do not de-spise the chris-tian path That ma-n'y faith-ful' tread;
 2. Go strive with-in the world of gloom, To shed whatlight you may;
 3. Do not a-void the chris-tian path, Go do some deed of good;
 4. How ma-n'y souls that walked this path, Their hearts to Je-sus giv'n,
 5. Do not for-sake the chris-tian path, Its joys will all be thine,

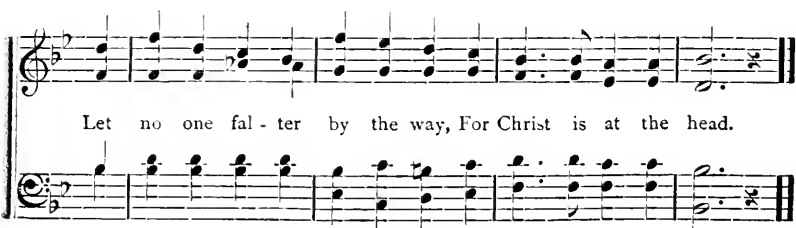


But join the ranks with will-ing hearts, For Christ is at the head.
 Re-mem-ber that a flow'r may bloom, 'Neath sunshine's smallest ray.
 Tho' small it be, re-mem-ber, 'tis By Je-sus un-der-stood.
 Haveswep a-cross the Jor-dan's tide With-in the gates of heav'n.
 And you shall dwell with Christ in heav'n; Forev-er there to shine.

CHORUS.



O let us walk in the paths of righteousness, O go with stead-y tread,




Let no one fal-ter by the way, For Christ is at the head.

BEAUTIFUL CITY.


95

Dr. HEINRICH BATSCHURE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.




1. Beau - ti - ful cit - y, bless - ed and fair, Beau - ti - ful coun - try,
 2. Beau - ti - ful cit - y, love - ly thy light, Beau - ti - ful cit - y—
 3. Beau - ti - ful home when shall we be there, Beau - ti - ful land, thy

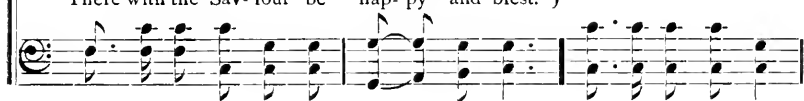



treas - ures most rare, Beau - ti - ful land, who thy glo - ries can tell—
 nev - er 'tis night, Beau - ti - ful man - sion pre - pared there for me;
 hap - pi - ness share, Beau - ti - ful cit - y we long for thy rest,


CHORUS.



With the re deem'd ones we there shall dwell.
 O how I long thy rich beau - ties to see. } Beau ti - ful cit - y,
 There with the Sav - iour be hap - py and blest. }

beau - ti - ful cit - y, Fashioned by Je - sus the build - er di - vine; Beau - ti - ful




cit - y, beau - ti - ful cit - y, O when shall thy pleas - ures be mine.

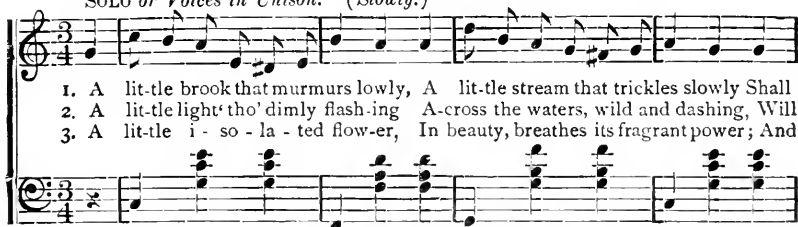


LIVING FOR JESUS.

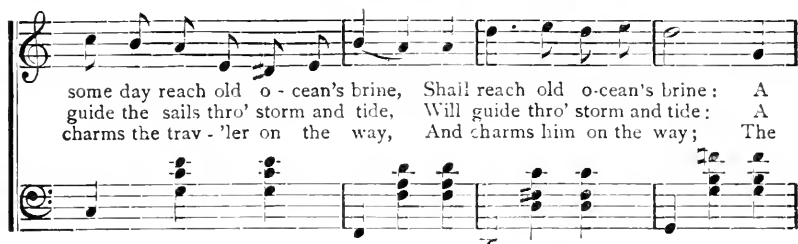
HARRY MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

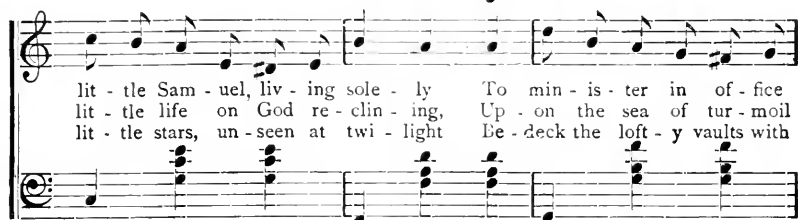
SOLO or Voices in Unison. (Slowly.)



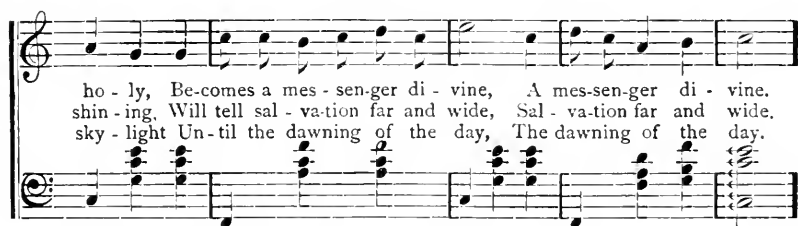
1. A lit-tle brook that murmurs lowly, A lit-tle stream that trickles slowly Shall
 2. A lit-tle light tho' dimly flash-ing A-cross the waters, wild and dashing, Will
 3. A lit-tle i - so - la - ted flow-er, In beauty, breathes its fragrant power; And



some day reach old o - cean's brine, Shall reach old o - cean's brine: A
 guide the sails thro' storm and tide, Will guide thro' storm and tide: A
 charms the trav - 'ler on the way, And charms him on the way; The

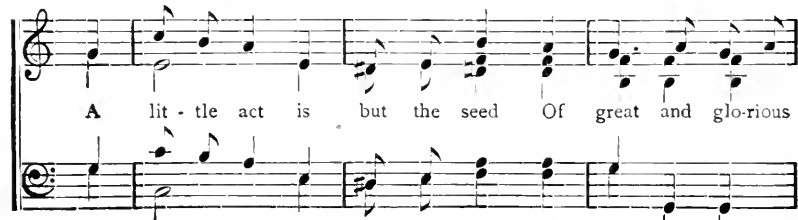


lit - tle Sam - uel, liv - ing sole - ly To min - is - ter in of - fice
 lit - tle life on God re - clin - ing, Up - on the sea of tur - moil
 lit - tle stars, un - seen at twi - light Be - deck the loft - y vaults with



ho - ly, Be - comes a mes - sen - ger di - vine, A mes - sen - ger di - vine.
 shin - ing, Will tell sal - va - tion far and wide, Sal - va - tion far and wide.
 sky - light Un - til the dawning of the day, The dawning of the day.

CHORUS. Unison. Faster.



A lit - tle act is but the seed Of great and glo - rious

LIVING FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

ends; A lit-tle fact sup - plies the needs of him, who heav'ward wends.

HAPPY CHILDREN ARE WE.

EMILY P. MILLER.

HOWARD CLARE.

1. We are hap - py child - ren On this joy - ous day, Birds are sweetly
 2. Let us then a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord of all, Glad - ly bring our
 3. We are hap - py child - ren Of the Heav'nly King, Glad - ly let us
 4. Tell - ing of His mer - cy, And His wondrous love, And the precious

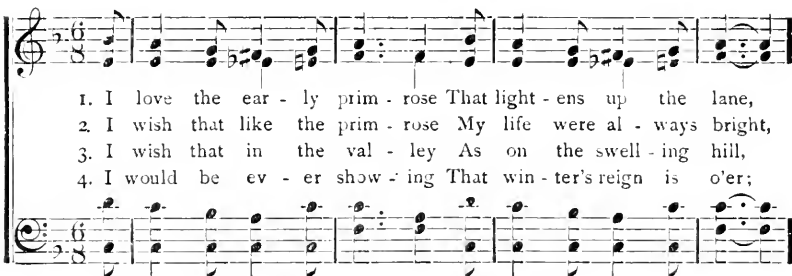
CHORUS.

sing - ing, Flow - ers blooming gay.
 off - 'rings, Though they are but small. } Faith - ful lov - ing child - ren,
 serve Him, Glad - ly let us sing.
 prom - ise, Of a home a - bove.

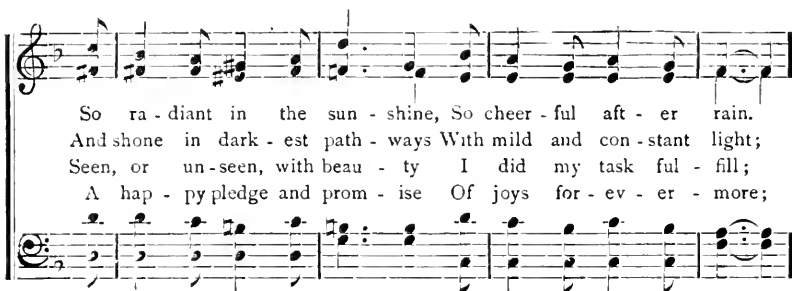
Ev - er we must be, If we wish to serve Him Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

Adapted.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



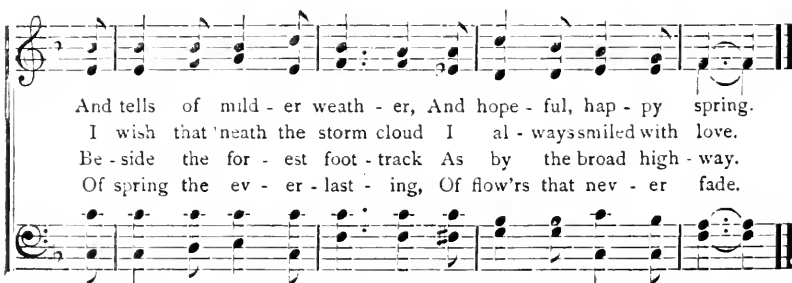
1. I love the ear - ly prim - rose That light - ens up the lane,
 2. I wish that like the prim - rose My life were al - ways bright,
 3. I wish that in the val - ley As on the swell - ing hill,
 4. I would be ev - er show - ing That win - ter's reign is o'er;



So ra - diant in the sun - shine, So cheer - ful aft - er rain.
 And shone in dark - est path - ways With mild and con - stant light;
 Seen, or un - seen, with beau - ty I did my task ful - fill;
 A hap - py pledge and prom - ise Of joys for - ev - er - more;



"Good-bye to drea - ry win - ter," How glad - ly doth it sing,
 I wish that I re - flect - ed Each sun - ray from a - bove,
 In life's se - clu - ded cop - ses As in the gar - den gay,
 I would be like the prim - rose, And sing, in sun or shade,



And tells of mild - er weath - er, And hope - ful, hap - py spring.
 I wish that 'neath the storm cloud I al - ways smiled with love.
 Be - side the for - est foot - track As by the broad high - way.
 Of spring the ev - er - last - ing, Of flow'rs that nev - er fade.

TAKE UP THE FLAG.

99

(To my choir, St. Paul M. E. Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

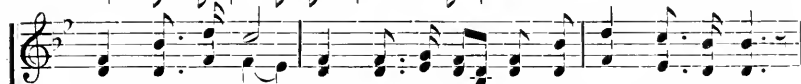
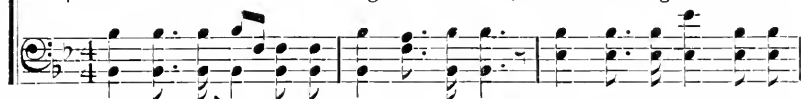
ABBIE MILLS.

I. H. MEREDITH.

With vigor.



1. Sol-diers of Je-sus with face to the foe, When from the ranks that are
2. Hon-or and glo-ry and rest by and by, Now help in bring-ing com-
3. Take up the flag, the Re-deem-er shall reign; Death's mighty bars were not
4. Close to the cross let the flag ev-er wave, Beck-on-ing ail to the



marshalled be-low, Brave ones are called for pro-mo-tion on high,
plete vic-t'ry nigh; Joy of the vic-tor, Christ shares with His own,
bro-ken in vain; Haste to the place He ap-oints thee to stand;
might-y to save; Soon will the con-flict and watch-ing be o'er;



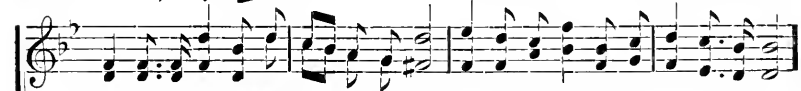
CHORUS.



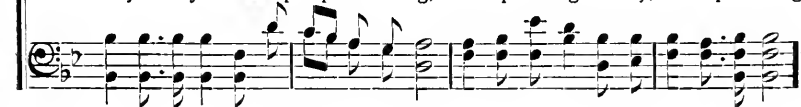
Let not the stand-ard they bore fall-en lie.
Joy that a-bides 'round the Conqueror's throne. } Take up the flag
Raise high the flag, He will strengthen thy hand. } bravely,
Palms for the flag we will bear ev-er-more.



Take up the flag Vic-t'ry thro' Je-sus o'er er-ror and wrong!



Vic-t'ry thro' Jesus! Keep step to the song; Take up the flag bravely, Take up the Flag.





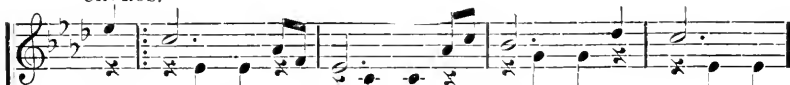
1. With footsteps firm and cour - age strong, And Je - sus as our Guide,
2. Too long have sin and Sa - tan held Their sway o'er God's own earth,
3. But now we will go forth and wrest The prize from Sa - tan's might,
4. And when at last the bat - tle done, And Christ vic - to - rious stands,



We'll march to war, and vic - to - ry, For no harm can be - tide.
 Too long His king - dom has but been, The land of want and dearth.
 With hosts of heav - en on our side, We'll sure - ly win the fight.
 O'er all His ran - som'd earth will God Ex - tend pro - tect - ing hands.



CHORUS.



We'll march to war, With Christ our guide,
 We'll march to war, With Christ our guide,

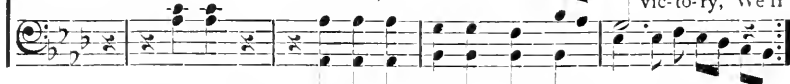


march,

1st ending.



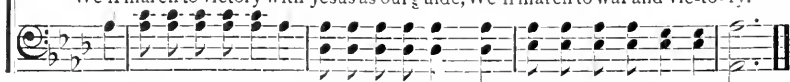
We'll march to war, We'll march to vic - to - ry, We'll
 We'll march to war, vic-to-ry, We'll



2nd ending.



We'll march to victory with Jesus as our guide, We'll march to war and vic-to-ry.



IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. A - far from the tur - moil of life's bus - y sway, Midst splendors of
 2. The lull of a stream, from a clear crys - tal fount; The per - fume of
 3. In E - den, the gar - den; sweet home of the soul, Be - yond earth - ly
 4. O home of our long - ing, O Sav - iour di - vine, Thine ear to our

Heaven's bright glo - ri - ous day; The val - leys of E - den, with rich - es un -
 rose, from an ev - er - green mount; The Saviour's sweet presence, the an - gels a -
 tempests and bil - lows dark roll; The saints, in the glo - ry of Je - sus their
 pray - ing, O ev - er in - cline; Send some of the blessings which Eden can

D. S.—Midst flow'rs that are blooming, where God is the

CHORUS. in Unison.

FINE. *ff*

told, Are waiting our com - ing, their joys to un - fold.
 near, Fill E - den with rap - ture of praises and cheer. } O Eden, blest Eden, with
 King, Their voic - es in prais - es so cheer - ful - ly ring.
 give, To children of earth, while they faith - fully live.

light; E - ter - nal Thy morning, ob - scuring the night.

D. S.

val - leys so fair, O E - den, blest E - den, we long to be there,

A HEALING FOUNTAIN.

IRVIN H. MACK.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. There is a heal-ing fount - ain, A nev-er fail-ing tide,
2. There is a heal-ing fount - ain, For wea-ry, sin - ful soul;
3. There is a heal-ing fount - ain, O plunge be-neath its wave;
4. There is a heal-ing fount - ain, Look up to Christ and live;
5. There is a heal-ing fount - ain, 'Tis filled with precious blood;



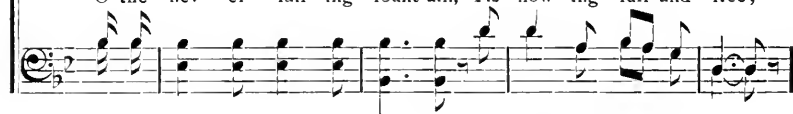
It flows from Calv'ry's mountain, From Je - sus' wounded side.
 Though heart with sin is sink-ing, The fount can make it whole.
 Look up to Christ in pray - er, Your soul He waits to save.
 Go tell Him all your sor - row, Your sins He'll now for - give.
 And Christ looks down and bids you, Go plunge be - neath its flood.



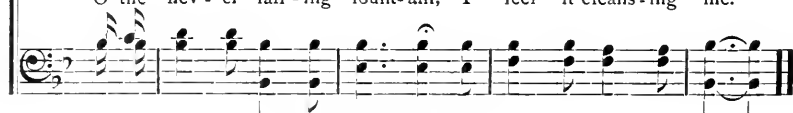
CHORUS.



O the nev - er fail - ing fount-ain, 'Tis flow - ing full and free;



O the nev - er fall - ing fount-ain, I feel it cleans - ing me.



TRUSTING SO SWEETLY.

103

G. C. T.

GRANT C. TULLAR.



1. A ref-uge in Je-sus I've found, The har-bor of safe-ty is He,
2. A-gain and a-gain I re-peat The sto-ry so pre-cious to me,
3. Tho' sometimes the sky is o'er cast, And dangers seem nev-er to flee,
4. Tho' bil-lows of sor-row may roll, A shel-ter-ing har-bor I see;



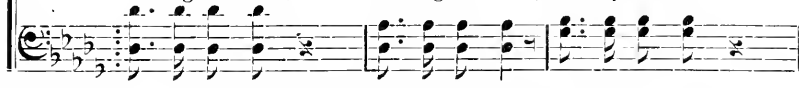
And now in His grace I a-bound, I'm trusting so sweet-ly in Thee.
Redemption is full and complete, While trusting so sweet-ly in Thee.
Yet I will a-bide till the last, Still trusting dear Sav-iour in Thee.
I've anchored in safe-ty my soul, I'm trusting so sweet-ly in Thee.



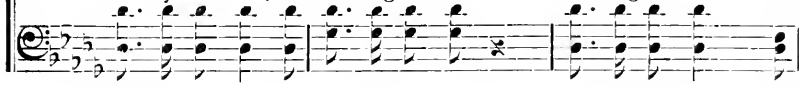
CHORUS.



Trust - - - ing in Thee, . . . sweet - - - ly in
Trust-ing in Thee, trust-ing in Thee, Sweet ly in Thee,



Thee, . . . I'm trust - - - ing, dear Sav - - - iour, so
sweet-ly in Thee, I'm trust-ing in Thee, Trust-ing in Thee, so




sweet - - ly in Thee, . . . I'm sweet - - ly in Thee,
sweetly in Thee, so sweetly in Thee, I'm sweetly in Thee, so sweetly in Thee.





F. M. D.



FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.





1. Christ has shed His blood for me, O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 2. I have lost my load of sin, O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 3. Now my heart doth sing for joy, O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour!


Died my soul from sin to free, O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 Now I have sweet peace with-in, O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 Christ shall all my song em-ploy, O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour!

Great-er love was nev-er known, Great-er mer-cy nev-er shown,
 He who calm-ly walked the wave, Has the might-y pow'r to save,
 He my guide, my strength and stay, All my tears has wiped a-way,

Free ly does His blood a-tone, O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 Shows a light be-yond the grave, O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 I will serve Him ev-'ry day, O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour!



AND SHALL I TURN BACK?

105

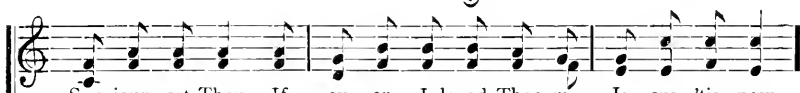
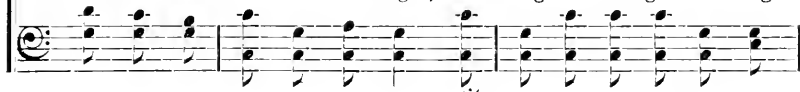
Arr. by GRACE WEISER DAVIS.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a



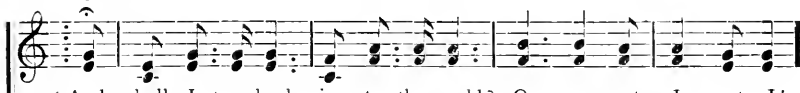
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re deem-er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear ing the
long as Thou giv - est me breath, And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on 'Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.



CHORUS.



{ And shall I turn back in - to the world? O, no, not I, not I!
{ I'll nev - er turn back, nev - er turn back, O, no, not I, not I!



And shall I turn back in - to the world? No, no, not I! . . . }
I'll nev - er turn back, nev - er turn back, O, no, not I! . . . }



JESUS, OUR LORD WILL EVER BE.

IRVIN H. MACK.
SOLO.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Ho - ly Babe, in low - ly man - ger Wise men bowed the knee,
2. In the East, 'neath heaven star - ry Shepherds heard them tell,

Ho - ly Child, in sa - cred tem - ple Sa - ges learned of Thee.
Bless ed light, O sa - cred sto - ry Ech - oes still will swell.

Ho - ly Christ, in loft - y heav - en Our Lord, will ev - er be,
Je - sus, Lord, who came from heav - en Thou art sal - va - tion's well,

Ho - ly Christ, in loft - y heav - en Our Lord, will ev - er be.
Je - sus, Lord, who came from heav - en Thou art sal - va - tion's well.

CHORUS. *Unison. Faster.*

Je - sus, our Lord, doth reign on high, Je - sus, to Thee, we

now draw nigh, And as we sing, We crown Thee King,

JESUS, OUR LORD WILL EVER BE.—Concluded. 107

Crown Thee King, Our voices raise
in high-est praise, Our voices raise in high-est praise.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

HARRY MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Tick by tick, the moments fleeting Measure out the pass-ing day;
2. Month by month, in wax-ing, waning; Comes and goes the sil-ver moon:
While the rap-id pulse is beat-ing, Slips our pre-cious life a-way.
So we know the strength we're gain-ing Turns and weak-ens all too soon.

GIRLS.

Hour by hour, the bell is toll-ing, Some one's sorrow, some fare-well;
Year by year, our lives are ag-ing, Treading on-ward to the grave;

BOYS.

ALL PARTS. Use 1st four lines as Cho. D.C.

List, its tones so deeply roll-ing Sound a-broad a part-ing knell.
Fleeting hopes the heart engag-ing, Time o'ertakes the bold and brave.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Andante.

1. There are days of si - lent sor - row In the sea - sons of our
 2. Youth and love are oft im - pa - tient, Seek - ing things be - yond their
 3. We can bear the heat of con - flict, Though the sud - den, crush ing

Ped.

life; There are wild de - spair - ing moments; There are hours of men tal
 reach; But the heart grows sick of hop - ing Ere it learns what life can
 blow, Beat - ing back our gathered forc - es, For a mo - ment lay us

Ped.

ac - cel - e - ran - do.

strife; There are times of ston - y anguish, When the tears re - fuse to
 teach; For be - fore the fruit be - gath - ered We must see the blos - soms
 low; We may rise a - gain be - neath it, None the weak - er for the

ral - - len - - tan - - do.



fall; But the wait-ing time, my broth-ers, Is the hard-est time of all.
 fall; And the wait-ing time, my broth-ers, Is the hard-est time of all.
 fall; But the wait-ing time, my broth-ers, Is the hard-est time of all.



ff

ral - len - tan - do.



REFRAIN. (Quartette or Solo ad lib.)

p a tempo.



There are days of si-lent sor-row In the sea-sons of our life,



There are wild de-spairing moments, There are hours of men-tal strife.



4 For it wears the eager spirit
 As the salt waves wear the stone,
 And the garb of hope grows threadbare
 Till the brighter tints are flown;
 Then amid youth's radiant tresses
 Silent snows begin to fall;
 Oh, the waiting time, my brothers,
 Is the hardest time of all!

5 But at last we learn the lesson
 That God knoweth what is best;
 For with wisdom cometh patience,
 And with patience cometh rest.
 Yea, a golden thread is shining
 Through the tangled woof of fate;
 And our hearts shall thank him meekly,
 That he taught us how to wait.

HARRIET E. JONES.

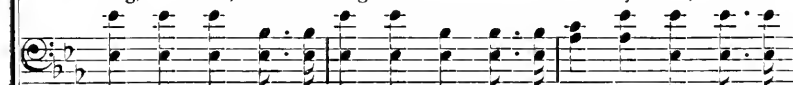
I. H. MEREDITH.



1. There are songs, sweetsongs, that I love to hear, When my heart is sad and the
2. In the bright glad years of the long a - go, From the moth-er lips in a
3. When we reach our home, on the E-den-side, Where the blood wash'd throng, with the



way is drear, But the sweet-est song, that has come to me, Is the
gen - tle flow, Came a song of peace, with a sweet re - frain, Like the
King, a - bide, Then the song first learn'd at the mer - cy seat, To the



REFRAIN.



glad new song of the soul set free; O that song so sweet, O that
round full notes of the spring birds strain, But the song so sweet, which the
King of kings we will each re - peat, O that song so sweet, O that



song so sweet, From the new-born soul at the mer - cy seat, Like the
saved re - peat, When the Lord is found at the mer - cy seat, Brings more
song so sweet, That we learn'd to sing at the mer - cy seat, We will



one they sing in the home a - bove Is the song first sung of the new-found love.
 joy to me, yes, more joy to me, Than the song I learned at my mother's knee.
 sing a - gain in a sweet er strain, When we all get home with our Lord to reign.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING!

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,


Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour; Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Day!
 word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!


BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

EMILY P. MILLER.


J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. We are bat-tling for the Lord, In His might, in His might;
 2. Though the foe be ver - y strong, We shall win, we shall win;
 3. Va-liant sol-diers may we be, Serv-ing Him, serv-ing Him;




With His trust - y shield and sword, Let us fight, let us fight;
 Though the road is rough and long, Trust in Him, trust in Him;
 Ma - ny triumphs may we see O - ver sin, o - ver sin:



Let us sound the bat - tle cry, Let us wave His ban - ner high,
 Though the night is dark and drear, Yet our hearts will nev - er fear,
 Let us keep our ar-mour bright, As we for-ward to the fight,

D.S.—for - ward go to fight;

FINE.



For the vic - to - ry is nigh, It is nigh, (it is nigh.)
 For the Lord our strength is near, He is near, (He is near.)
 We shall con - quer thro' His might, Thro' His might, (thro' His might.)

We shall con - quer thro' His might, Thro' His might, thro' His might.

CHORUS.



Let us wave the glo - rious ban - ner high, Let us loud - ly

shout our bat - tle cry. Let us keep our ar-mour bright, As we

THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINE.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Je - sus, the beau - ti - ful sun - shine, Changing the night in - to day,
2. Je - sus, the beau - ti - ful sun - shine, Shin ing from portals a - bove,
3. Je - sus, the beau - ti - ful sun - shine, Shine in our lives ev - er - more,

Shed in our hearts Thy bright radiance. Sweet ly il - lu - mine our way.
When all a round us is dark - ness, Send us a gleam of Thy love.
May we re - flect Thy ef - ful - gence, As we have nev - er be - fore.

CHORUS.

Sun - shine, sun - shine, Je - sus, the beau - ti - ful sun - shine;

Sun - shine, sun - shine, Sweet - ly il - lu - mine our way.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

IRVIN H. MACK.

H. MILTON WEBB.

1. Glo-ry to God in the high-est, Sing, ye ran-somed sing. Glo-ry to God in the
 2. Glo-ry to God in the high-est, Men and an-gels say. Glo-ry to God in the

high-est, Let the ech-oes ring; Bur-y your sor-row and sad-ness.
 high-est, Sin is cast a-way; Bur-y your doubts and mis-giv-ing,

Bar-y ev-ry-thing; Wake the song of vic-to-ry and glad-ness.
 Bur-y yes-ter-day; Take your ran-somed place a-mong the liv-ing

O what a pleas-ant du-ty To praise the Lord, What hap-pi-ness and beau-ty Dis-

covered in His word; O 'tis the word that frees us, And when we die; We shall reign with Je-sus.

D.C. for Cho. 1st 4 lines.
 We shall reign,

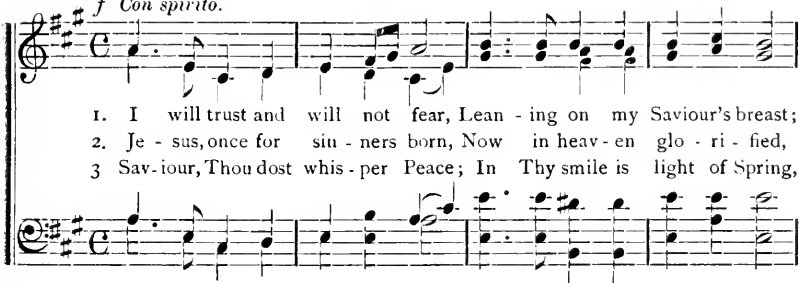
LORD, REMEMBER ME.

115

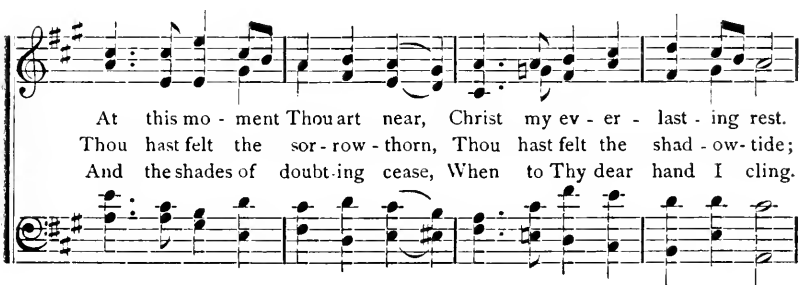
M. S. HAYCRAFT.

ARTHUR J. JAMOUNEAU.

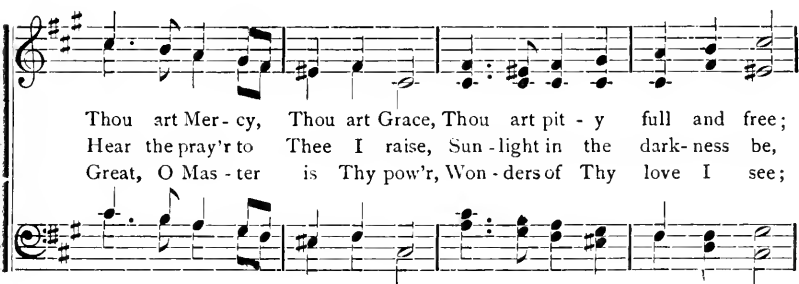
f Con spirito.



1. I will trust and will not fear, Lean - ing on my Saviour's breast;
 2. Je - sus, once for sin - ners born, Now in heav - en glo - ri - fied,
 3. Sav - iour, Thou dost whis - per Peace; In Thy smile is light of Spring,



At this mo - ment Thou art near, Christ my ev - er - last - ing rest.
 Thou hast felt the sor - row - thorn, Thou hast felt the shad - ow - tide;
 And the shades of doubt - ing cease, When to Thy dear hand I cling.



Thou art Mer - cy, Thou art Grace, Thou art pit - y full and free;
 Hear the pray'r to Thee I raise, Sun - light in the dark - ness be,
 Great, O Mas - ter is Thy pow'r, Won - ders of Thy love I see;



Of my soul the dwell - ing - place, King of love re - mem - ber me.
 E - ven in these win - try days, King of love re - mem - ber me.
 Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour, Lord, Thou wilt re - mem - ber me.

RALLY AT THE BUGLE CALL.

JENNIE WILSON.

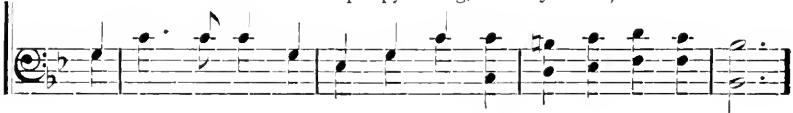
I. H. MEREDITH.



1. Oh, ral - ly at the bu - gle call, To fight in Je - sus' name;
2. Oh, heark - en! loud the sum-mons rings, All oth - er sounds a - bove;
3. Oh, ral - ly at the Lord's command; Be numbered with His own;
4. Oh, come from earth's re - mot - est bounds, Re-spon-sive to His call;



Be - neath the ban - ner of the cross, March on with glad ac - claim;
 Oh, glad - ly an - swer to the call, Of du - ty, faith and love.
 Press on un - til the reign of sin By grace is o - ver-thrown.
 With Zi - on's saved and hap - py throng, Crown Je - sus, Lord of all.



CHORUS.

March on, march on,



March on, march on, march on, march on, March on with glad ac - claim,

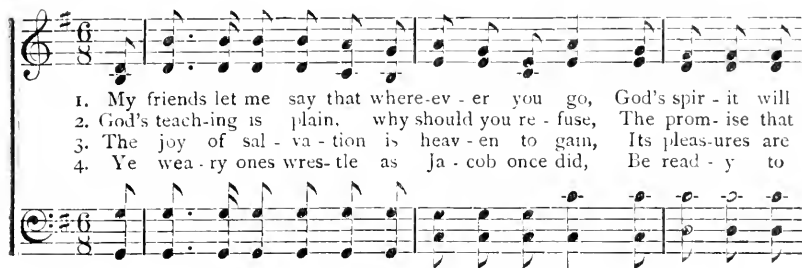


Be - neath the ban - ner of the cross, To fight in Je - sus' name.



C. B.

CHARLES BENTLEY.

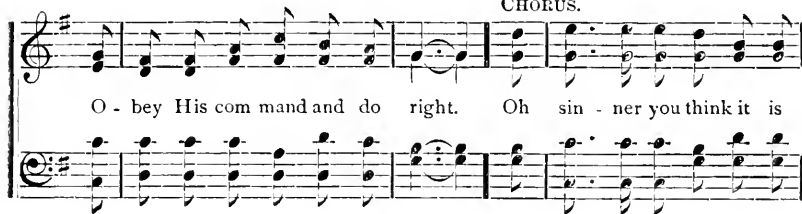


1. My friends let me say that where-ev - er you go, God's spir - it will
 2. God's teach-ing is plain. why should you re - fuse, The prom - ise that
 3. The joy of sal - va - tion is heav - en to gain, Its pleas-ures are
 4. Ye wea - ry ones wres-tle as Ja - cob once did, Be read - y to

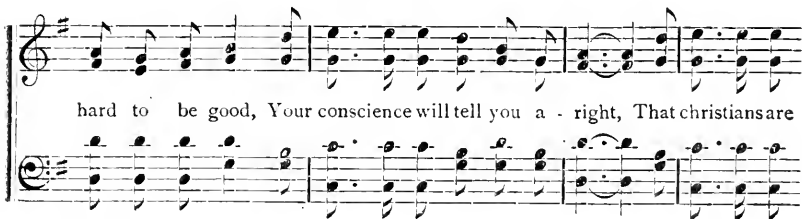


give you true light; Es - cape the temp - ta - tions, that lead thee a - stray,
 gives us de - light; Sal - va - tion gives free - dom to all who be - lieve,
 charming and bright; The bless - ed Re - deem - er has prom - ised to keep—
 wel - come the light; Oh think of the fav - ours He of - fers to you—

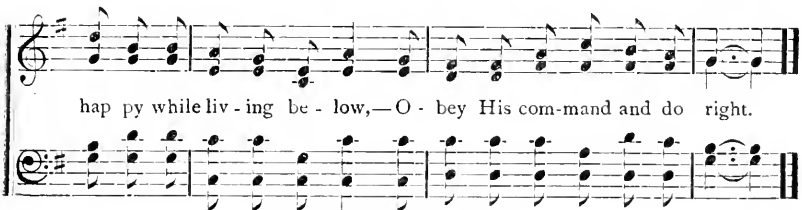
CHORUS.



O - bey His com mand and do right. Oh sin - ner you think it is



hard to be good, Your conscience will tell you a - right, That christians are



hap py while liv - ing be - low,—O - bey His com - mand and do right.

WILL YOU BE ONE?

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Will you be one in that beau - ti - ful land? Will you be one,
 2. Will you be one whom the Sav - iour will claim? Will you be one,
 3. There will be joy in that cit - y so fair, Won - der - ful joy,

will you be one? A-round the white throne of the Sav - iour to stand?
 will you be one? An heir of sal - va - tion thro' faith in His name?
 won - der - ful joy; There'll nev - er be part ing nor sor - row - ing there,

Will you, O will you be one? Will you be there in the
 Will you, O will you be one? Will you with Je - sus for -
 All will be won - der - ful joy. There will be glo - ry for

glo - ri fied throng? Will you be there, will you be there? To sing the sweet
 ev - er a - bide, Safe - ly at home, safe - ly at home? Where ev - 'ry heart
 sin - ners redeemed, Glo - ry for you, glo - ry for me, Be yond all that

strain of that bless - ed new song, Will you, O will you be there?
 long - ing shall be sat - is - fied, Safe - ly for - ev - er at home.
 mor - tals have heard or have dream'd, Glo ry for you and for me.

CHORUS.



Will you be one in that beau-ti-ful land? Will you be one, will you be one?



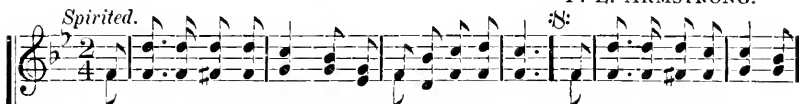
Ev-er re-joic-ing at Je-sus' right hand, Will you be one? . . .
Will you be one by and by?



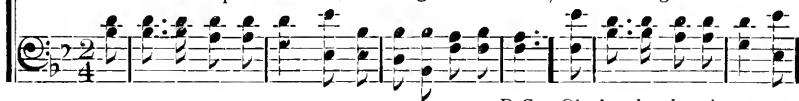
THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Spirited.



1. Un-furl the Temp'rance Banner, And fling it to the breeze; And let the glad ho-san-na



D.S.—Oh, let the cheering sto-ry

FINE.

D.S.



Sweep o-ver land and seas. To God be all the glo-ry For what we now be-hold.



In ev 'ry ear be told.

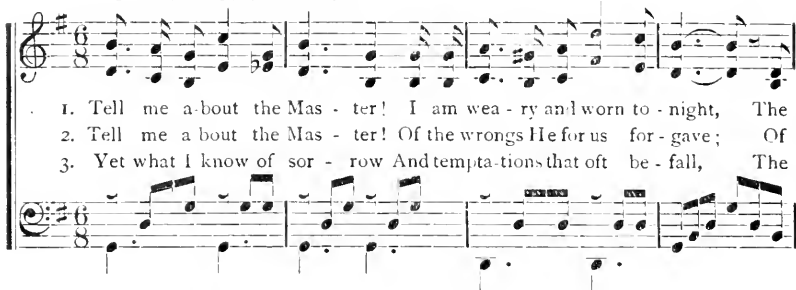
- 2 Come, join the noble army,
Enlist now for the fight;
Maintain our nation's honor,
Firm stand ye for the right.
Promote the cause of Temperance,
To aid poor fallen man;
Put on the glorious armor,
Be foremost in the van.

- 3 Then rally round the standard,
And let the work go on
Until the last dim vestige
Of intemperance is gone.
Be earnest in the battle,
Your weapons boldly wield;
You'll surely gain the victory.
And make the monster yield.

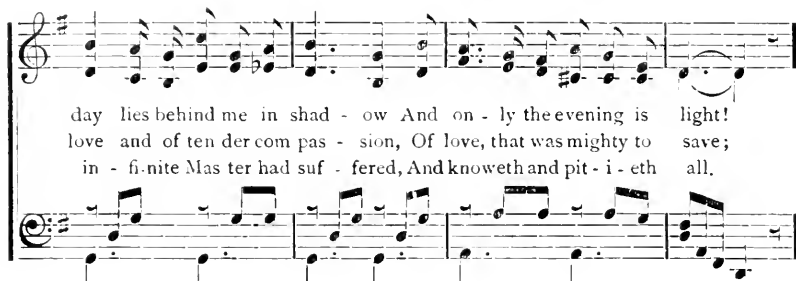
Words adapted by IRVIN H. MACK.

ADAM GEIBEL.

DUETT FOR SOP. & TENOR.

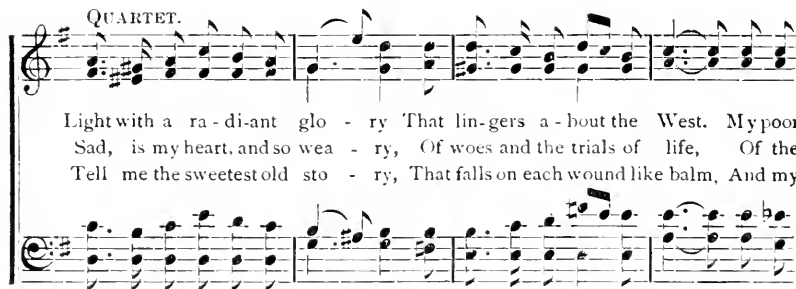


1. Tell me a-bout the Mas - ter! I am wea - ry and worn to - night, The
 2. Tell me a-bout the Mas - ter! Of the wrongs He for us for - gave; Of
 3. Yet what I know of sor - row And tempta-tions that oft be - fall, The



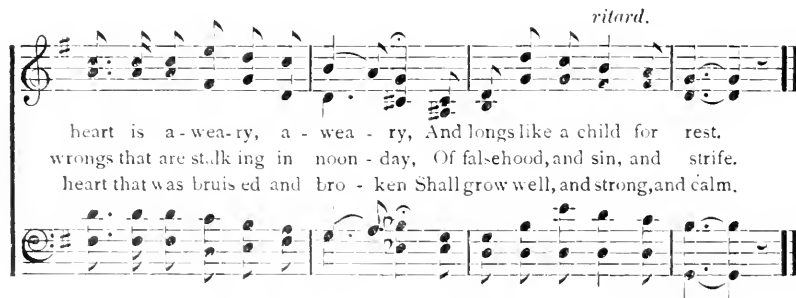
day lies behind me in shad - ow And on - ly the evening is light!
 love and of ten der com pas - sion, Of love, that was mighty to save;
 in - fi-nite Mas ter had suf - fered, And knoweth and pit - i - eth all.

QUARTET.



Light with a ra - di - ant glo - ry That lin - gers a - bout the West. My poor
 Sad, is my heart, and so wea - ry, Of woes and the trials of life, Of the
 Tell me the sweetest old sto - ry, That falls on each wound like balm, And my

ritard.



heart is a - wea - ry, a - wea - ry, And longs like a child for rest.
 wrongs that are stalk ing in noon - day, Of falsehood, and sin, and strife.
 heart that was bruised and bro - ken Shall grow well, and strong, and calm.

Selected.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. "Re-joice, all ye be-liev-ers, And let your lights ap-pear! The
2. "See that your lamps are burn-ing, Re-plen-ish them with oil; Look

evening is ad-vanc-ing, And dark-er night is near: The Bridegroom is a -
now for your sal - va-tion, The end of earth-ly toil. The watchers on the

D.S.—The Bridegroom is a -

ris-ing, And soon will He draw nigh. Up! pray and watch and wrestle: At
mountain Proclaim the Bridegroom near; Go meet Him as He com-eth, With

ris-ing, And soon will He draw nigh. Up! pray and watch and wrestle: At

FINE. CHORUS.

mid - night comes the cry." } At mid - night comes the
hal - le - lu - jahs clear." }

mid - night comes the cry. At mid night comes the cry, the cry, At

D.S.

cry, At mid - night comes the cry;

midnight comes the cry, At midnight comes the cry the cry, At midnight comes the cry.

SING MORE OF HEAVEN.

During a pause in the Sacramental service, our Pastor, Rev. J. F. Crouch, exclaimed,
 "Sing more of Heaven! Talk less of your trials and cares."

E. P. ALDRED.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Sing more of Heaven, ye blood bought souls, And less of your trials com-plain,
 2. Sing more of Heaven, and on-ward press, Let the world have less of care;
 3. Sing more of Heaven, with souls a-glow, And with pur-pose firm and true,
 4. Sing more of Heaven, with its cit-y fair— Its streets inlaid with pure gold:
 5. Sing more of Heaven, sing and be glad; Shout your triumphs full and clear;

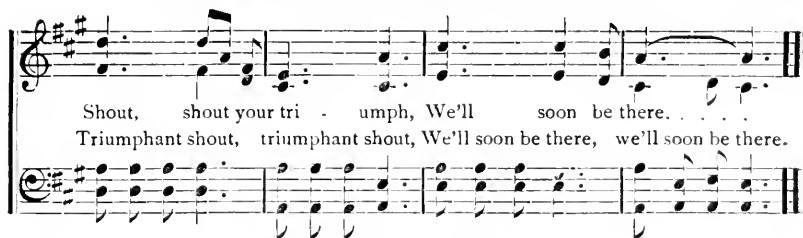
With faith in Christ, the Father's own son, Who for your redemption was slain.
 With soul in-tent on Heaven's a-ward, All en-e-mies brave-ly dare.
 Loved ones are there on the glo-ry strand, And Je-sus will wel-come you.
 The pearl-y gates o-pen night and day, And man-sions fit-ted of old.
 We'll soon be there, in its vict'ries share, And reign with our Saviour dear.

CHORUS.

Sing more of Heav-en, Ye blood bought souls,
 Sing more, yes more, Sing more of Heav'n, Ye blood bought souls, O ye blood bought souls,

Sing more of Heav-en, With souls a-glow,
 Sing more, yes more, Sing more of Heav'n, With souls aglow, a-glow, all a-glow,

Sing more of Heav-en, Its cit-y so fair,
 Sing more, yes more, Sing more of Heav'n, Cit-y so fair, so fair, O so fair,



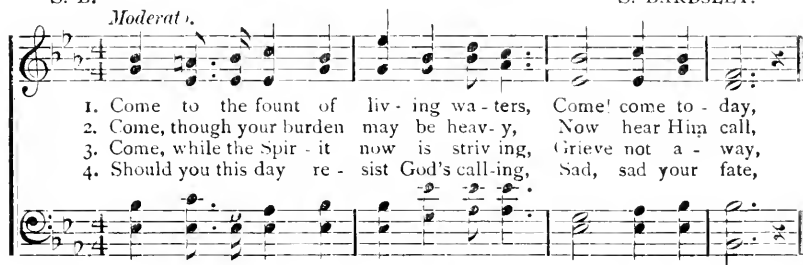
Shout, shout your tri - umph, We'll soon be there. . . .
Triumphant shout, triumphant shout, We'll soon be there, we'll soon be there.

COME TO THE FOUNT.

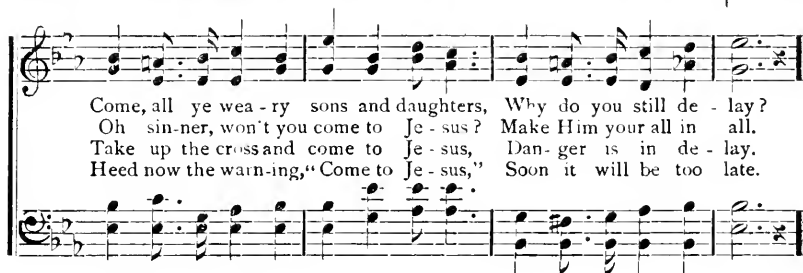
S. B.

S. BARDSLEY.

Moderato.

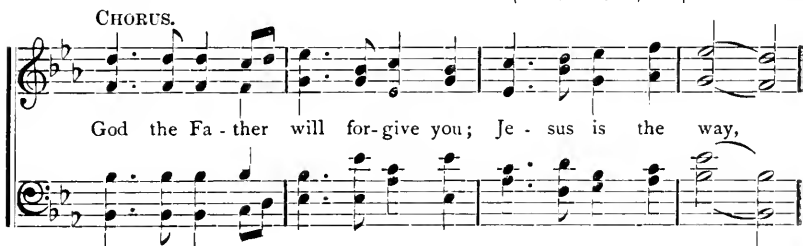


1. Come to the fount of liv - ing wa - ters, Come! come to - day,
2. Come, though your burden may be heav - y, Now hear Him call,
3. Come, while the Spir - it now is striv - ing, Grieve not a - way,
4. Should you this day re - sist God's call - ing, Sad, sad your fate,



Come, all ye wea - ry sons and daughters, Why do you still de - lay?
Oh sin - ner, won't you come to Je - sus? Make Him your all in all.
Take up the cross and come to Je - sus, Dan - ger is in de - lay.
Heed now the warn - ing, "Come to Je - sus," Soon it will be too late.

CHORUS.



God the Fa - ther will for - give you; Je - sus is the way,

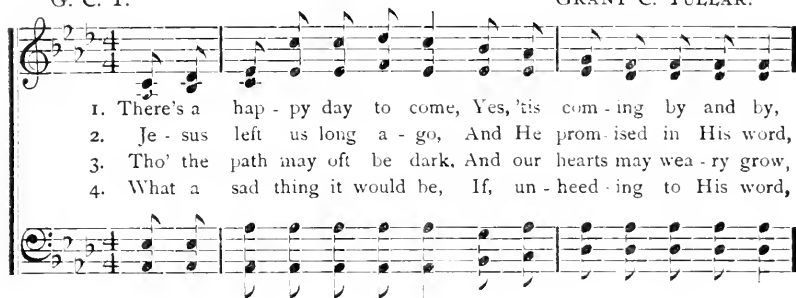


God's Ho - ly Spir - it now is plead - ing; Come, come without de - lay.

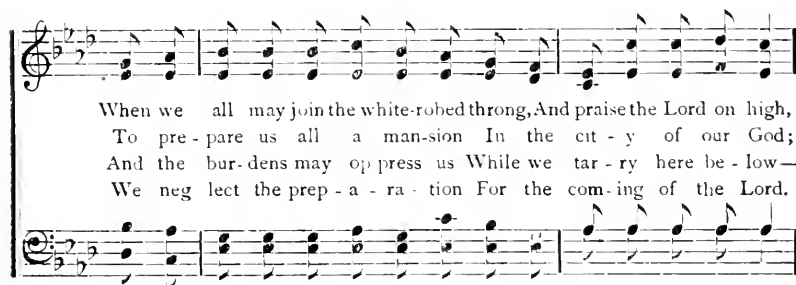
BE READY FOR THE CALL.

G. C. T.

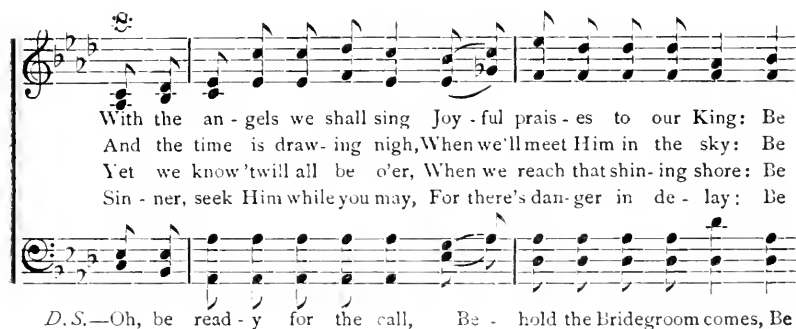
GRANT C. TULLAR.



1. There's a hap - py day to come, Yes, 'tis com - ing by and by,
 2. Je - sus left us long a - go, And He prom - ised in His word,
 3. Tho' the path may oft be dark, And our hearts may wea - ry grow,
 4. What a sad thing it would be, If, un - heed - ing to His word,



When we all may join the white-robed throng, And praise the Lord on high,
 To pre - pare us all a man - sion In the cit - y of our God;
 And the bur - dens may op - press us While we tar - ry here be - low—
 We neg - lect the prep - a - ra - tion For the com - ing of the Lord.



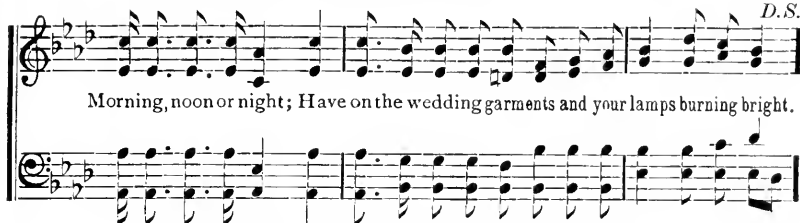
With the an - gels we shall sing Joy - ful prais - es to our King: Be
 And the time is draw - ing nigh, When we'll meet Him in the sky: Be
 Yet we know 'twill all be o'er, When we reach that shin - ing shore: Be
 Sin - ner, seek Him while you may, For there's dan - ger in de - lay: Be

D.S.—Oh, be read - y for the call, Be - hold the Bridegroom comes, Be



read - y for the com - ing of the Lord. Be read y for the call at

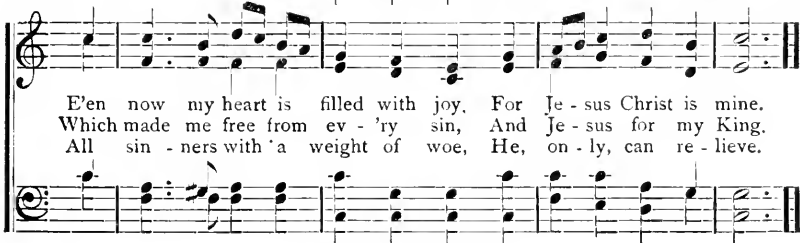
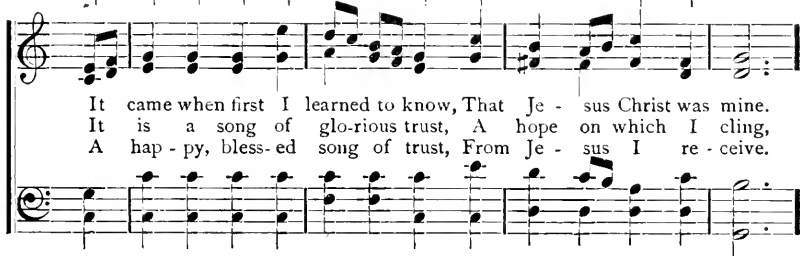
read - y for the com ing of the Lord.



A SONG OF JOY, HOPE AND TRUST.

IRVIN H. MACK.

ADAM GEIBEL.



M. S. HAYCRAFT.

ARTHUR J. JAMOUNEAU.

Andante tranquillo.

pp

p

1. Though here we list no more, The tones we loved so
2. Oh, cit - y calm and fair, Oh, ha - ven ev - er

p

molto cres.

well, blest, Our precious ones for ev - er-more With
By Je - sus' grace, we too shall share Thy

molto cres.

espress.

rit. ten.

f

the Re-deem - er dwell. Their hearts no sor - row
glo - ry and Thy rest. Safe, safe up - on the

espress.

rit.

f

mp

know, And tears are wiped a - way, Where
shore, By saints tri-umph - ant trod, With

con molto espress. *poco rit.* *cres.*

leaves of heal - ing sweet - ly blow Through nev - er - end - ing
those we love, for ev - er - more, We'll praise the Lord our

ff slower.

day; Through nev - er - end - ing day.
God; We'll praise the Lord our God.

pp a tempo.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Blessed Je - sus I cry from the depths of my woe, Oh, list to the
 2. Un - to Thee, bless ed Christ, from all per - il and fear; With heart that is
 3. Although bit - ter this world, and so filled with grief; My life, so

voice of my sor - row. Take me up in Thine arms, and oh, let me not go,
 trembling and wea - ry, I can fly and have rest; for I know Thou art near,
 sin - ful and cheer - less, I can fly un to Thee and se - cure that re - lief,

SOLO.
 Give me hope for the joy of the mor - row. Tho' bit - ter my sin I can
 Though dark is the world and drea - ry, Thou wilt nev - er forsake those who
 Which will make me pure and fear - less. To the shade of Thy shel - ter - ing

cry un - to Thee, And know that Thou wilt re - ceive me; While re -
 seek Thy dear face; Dear Sav - iour, I'm calling, O hear me; Send
 wing I will fly, Seek ref - uge from all life's dis - tress - es; There a -

pen - tant I bow, Lord Thou hearest me, I know that Thou wilt re - lieve me.
 down from above Thy full sav - ing grace. Send love from thy throne to cheer me.
 bide in Thy love without shadow or sigh, Find joy in Thy loving ca - res - es.

All.



While repentant I bow, Lord thou hearest me, I know that Thou wilt relieve me.
 Send down from above Thy full-saving grace, Send love from Thy throne to cheer me.
 There abide in Thy love without shadow or sigh, Find joy in Thy loving caresses.



RAYS OF SUNSHINE.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

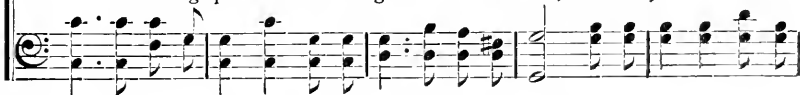
ADAM GEIBEL.



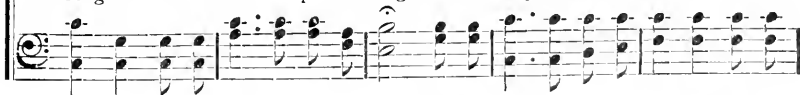
1. Rays of sun-shine soft - ly beam-ing Thro' the pass - ing hours of day, Fill-ing
2. Rays of sun-shine brightly beam-ing Thro' the realms of God a - bove, While the



all the earth with beauty, Till the daylight fades a - way; Rays of sunshine soft-ly
 hosts of shining spir - its Chant the glo - ries of His love; Soon in yon - der blessed



beam-ing In our hearts from heav'n above, Filling us with sacred feel-ing Of a
 re-gions We shall all our praises sing: Hal-le - lu-jah! countless legions Shall make



Saviour's dying love: Fill-ing us with sacred feeling Of a Saviour's dy-ing love.
 heav'n's high arches ring: Hallelujah! countless legions Shall make heav'n's high arches ring.



FLOWER SONG.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. To sun - ny fields and shad - ed nooks, The flow - ers add their tint - ed
2. In time of sun - shine or of cloud, Let chil - dren em - u - late the

fac - es; The dust - y roads and rip - pling brooks The flow - ers
flow - er; O'er du - ties hard and pleas - ures loud, Let love of

Rit...... **GIRLS.**

fringe in dain - ty la - ces. Thro' storm and gale, Thro' sul - try day; The
Je - sus ev - er tow - er. Thro' storms of life, that time may bring; A -

flow - ers wave or meekly stand; On mountain side, by tur - bid bay, What
bide the wisdom of His will, Rest 'neath the shad - ow of His wing; Your

ALL. *rit.*.....

e'er may be their God's command, The flowers lift their heads and say—
cup of joy shall know its fill, When from experience you can sing.

FLOWER SONG.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

We live to show the hand that made us,

We know no e - vil shall a - wait us,

We praise our great Cre - a - tor's glo - ry,


PARTS.

We love to tell the won - d'rous, won - d'rous sto - ry.


SITTING, RESTING, LEANING.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.




1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Learn - ing of Him day by day,
 2. Rest - ing in the arms of Je - sus, How se - cure from all a - harm;
 3. Lean - ing on the breast of Je - sus, What a bless - ed peace di - vine!



Listening to the voice of His coun - sel, Finding out the bet - ter way.
 As He draws me close to His bos - om, How se - cure from all a - harm.
 I can hear His voice as He whis - pers, "Child! for-ev-er thou art mine."


CHORUS.



I am sit - - ting, I am rest - - ing, I am
 Sit - ting at His feet, Rest - ing in His arms, I am



lean - ing on His breast di - vine, I am sit - - ting, I am
 Sit ting at His feet, I am



rest - - ing, O what bless - ed joy and peace are mine.
 rest - ing in His arms,

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There is rest at the cross, O ye wand - 'rer, There is rest at the
 2. There is hope at the cross, O ye lost one, There is hope and a
 3. There is peace at the cross, O ye sad one, There is peace which the

cross for thee; There is mer - cy, and peace, and a bless - ing, O ac -
 par - don sure; Why re - fuse to ac - cept free re - demp - tion, Which the
 Lord will give; Thro' thy - self at the feet of His mer - cy, Take a

CHORUS.

cept this sal - va - tion free. } There is rest, there is
 Sav - iour came to se - cure. }
 look at the cross and live. } There is rest,

hope, There is peace at the cross for thee; There is
 there is hope,

rest, there is hope, O ac - cept this sal - va - tion free.
 There is rest, There is hope,

S. BARDSLEY.

1. On ev - 'ry sun-ny mountain, In ev - 'ry gloomy dell,
 2. What words of ho-ly com-fort! Their sweet-ness who can tell?
 3. Tho' drip - ping clouds may gath-er, And grief the bos-om swell,
 4. And when the strife is o - ver, And hushed the sol-emn knell,

What e'er the robe that wraps the heart, 'Tis with the righteous well!
 With - in the vale, and o'er the flood, 'Tis with the righteous well!
 The trust - ing heart will ev-er sing, — 'Tis with the righteous well!
 With - in the gates around the throne, 'Tis with the righteous well!

CHORUS.

'Tis well, 'tis well, 'Tis with the righteous well;
 'tis well, 'tis well,

In pleas-ure's light, and sor-row's night, 'Tis with the righteous well.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1. Lift up your voice - es in tri - umph, Shout, shout the glad re - frain,
2. Soon the glad day will be break - ing, Glad day of ju - bi - lee,
3. Je - sus His prom - ise ful - fill - ing, Comes as a might - y King,



Christ the Re-deem - er is com - ing, Com - ing to earth a - gain.
Swell swell the song of re - joic - ing, O - ver the land and sea.
Let all the world sound His prais - es, An - thems of glad - ness sing.



CHORUS.



{ Shout, shout with joy the song, Loud, loud the notes prolong. Swell the strain, glad refrain,
{ Wake, wake the harp and sing, Hail, hail the mighty King, Earth rejoice, heart and voice,



Christ the Lord is com - ing a - gain, Christ the Lord is com - ing a - gain.



IRVIN H. MACK.

HOWARD CLARE.

1. Be - side the grave the Sav-iour stands, The tears of grief be-dim His eyes;
 2. The heart of man is dead in sin, Which on-ly Christ the Lord can save,
 3. The Sav iour stands with-out the tomb, He longs to save the vil-est one,
 4. O sin-ful man, O dy-ing soul, Give ear un-to the precious call,

With lov-ing voice, with ten-der tone;—O Laz-a-rus come forth, He cries.
 Be-fore that sin-ful heart He stands, And calls come forth from out thy grave.
 He pleads to you with lov-ing call, O hear Him now, O sin-ner come.
 O haste to Christ, your lov-ing friend, Give Him your heart, your life your all.

CHORUS.

Come forth, come forth, from darkest night, Come forth un-to a world of light,

Come forth from out a grave of sin, The Sav-iour bids you come to Him.

J. Q.

JOSEPHINE QUERNS.



1. We're en - list - ed in the arm - y, We are batt - ling for the Lord,
2. Where He leads us we will fol - low, Ev - er faith - ful we will be,
3. We will buck - le on the arm - or, That will keep us ev - er free



King Im-man-uel is our cap - tain, We are trust - ing in His word.
 And though hosts en - camp a - round us, We will march to vic - to - ry.
 From the fier - y darts of Sa - tan, And in all will conquerors be.



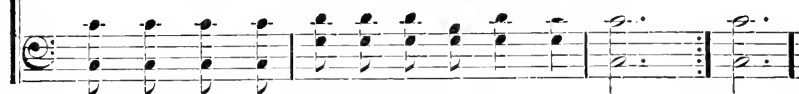
CHORUS.



We're a hap - py band of work - ers, We're a hap - py band of



work - ers, We are march - ing to the prom - ised land, land.



Words and Music by CHAS. BENTLEY.

1. Let us now en-joy the blessings of the Lord, who freely gives, And for-
 2. Lead us Lord that we may guide the wand'ers to thy blessed feet, And to
 3. Let us glad-ly bear the tri-als as the journey we pur-sue, In the

overclaim the promise with de-light; Sac-ri-fice the worldly pleasures, and for-
 bear the cross with patience all the way; Gladly give us willing hearts to praise thee
 sunlight, shades, and storms of ev'ry kind; Let us lis-ten to the voice of Him who

CHO.—faith, believe His promise and His

ev-er near Him live, In the ser-vice of the Master and the right.
 at thy mer-cy seat, With the knowledge of Thy Spir-it ev-'ry day.
 gent-ly bids us do, Leave a world of sin-ful pleasure far be hind.

face we soon shall see, Hal-le - lu-jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved.
 CHORUS.

Let us now Let us now en-joy the bless - - ings,
 Let us now en-joy the bless-ings, yes just now

of the Lord who free-ly gives; Now have
 of the Lord who free-ly gives, free-ly gives;

D.S.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a hap - py land o'er the riv - er of death, 'Tis the realm of e -
 2. In that hap - py land on the heav - en - ly shore, Is the home of the
 3. To the hap - py land we are hast - en - ing on, As we pass thro' the
 4. In that hap - py land we shall rest by and by, From all wea - ri - ness,

ter - nal life; There im - mor - tal flow - ers of joy nev - er fade,
 glo - ri - fied, There the saved who have gathered from ev - er - y clime,
 vale of time; On the sight of faith, ev - en now from a - far,
 pain and care, And our Sav - iour's praise thro' e - ter - ni - ty's years,

CHORUS.

As they pale in this world of strife.
 In God's pres - ence for aye a - bide.
 Break the vis - ion of scenes sub - lime. } Hap - py land! blessed land o - ver
 Glad - ly sing with the ran - somed there.

death's surg - ing stream! Mor - tal nev - er its bliss has told; In the

gold - en light of the morning so bright, We its beau - ty shall soon be - hold.

CHILDREN OF THE EARTH, REJOICE.

Alegro.

ALONZO STONE, Mus. Bac.

1. O chil - dren of the earth re joice, Sing to the King of Love;
2. His light still glows with - in our hearts, Be - fore Him all bow down,

Whose days of mor - tal an - guish oer, For - ev - er reigns a - bove;
His is the glo - ry, His the pow'r, His the im - mor - tal crown;

Who came be - low that He might show Us how to find the way,
Then Lord a - gain, oh save from shame Our souls that from Thee stray,

To realms a - bove, of peace and love, Where we shall live al - way.
Lord save each one, when life is done, To live with Thee al - way.

REFRAIN. *in Unison.*

{ All hail! all hail! all hail! all hail! Un - to the hap - py day, the day,
Lamb, the Lamb, of God, of God, Shall fling heav'n's por - tals wide, yes wide,

1

When Christ . . . the Lord shall take all sins a - way, The
And when Christ, the Lord, shall

2

IN PARTS.

free from sin, we'll en - ter in, For - ev - er to a - bide.

HOSANNA, BE THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

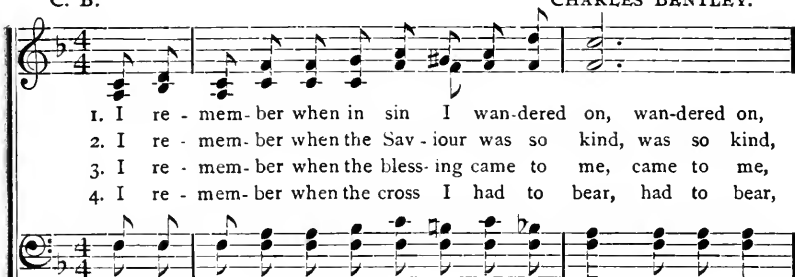
Joyous.

1. Ho - san - na, be the children's song To Christ, the children's King;
2. Ho - san - na, on the wings of light O'er earth and o - cean fly;
3. Ho - san - na, then, our song shall be, Ho - san - na to our King;

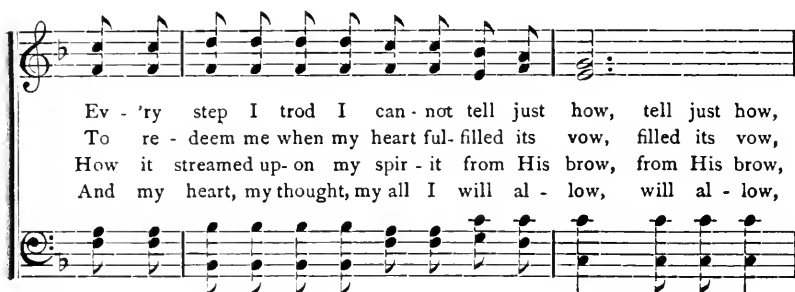
His praise to whom their souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing.
Till morn to eve, and noon to night, And heav'n to earth re - ply.
This is the chil - dren's ju - bi - lee, Let all the chil - dren sing.

C. B.

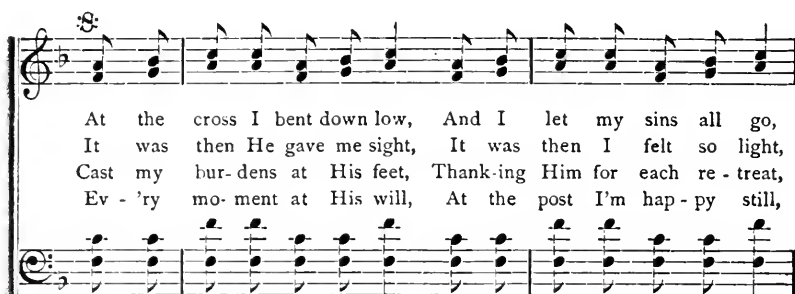
CHARLES BENTLEY.



1. I re - mem - ber when in sin I wan - dered on, wan - dered on,
 2. I re - mem - ber when the Sav - iour was so kind, was so kind,
 3. I re - mem - ber when the bless - ing came to me, came to me,
 4. I re - mem - ber when the cross I had to bear, had to bear,

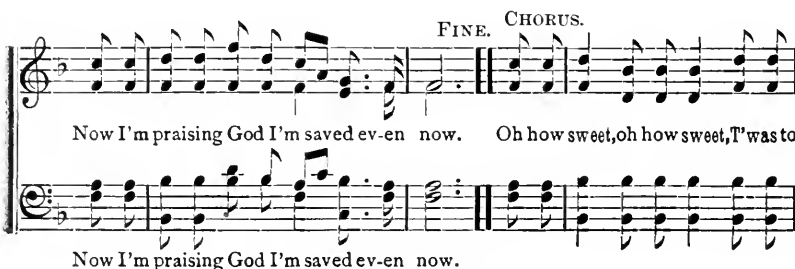


Ev - 'ry step I trod I can - not tell just how, tell just how,
 To re - deem me when my heart ful - filled its vow, filled its vow,
 How it stream - ed up - on my spir - it from His brow, from His brow,
 And my heart, my thought, my all I will al - low, will al - low,



At the cross I bent down low, And I let my sins all go,
 It was then He gave me sight, It was then I felt so light,
 Cast my bur - dens at His feet, Thank - ing Him for each re - treat,
 Ev - 'ry mo - ment at His will, At the post I'm hap - py still,

D. S.—He re - lieved me right a - way, He has turned my night to day,



FINE. CHORUS.
 Now I'm praising God I'm saved ev - en now. Oh how sweet, oh how sweet, 'T'was to
 Now I'm praising God I'm saved ev - en now.

D.S.

meet, 'twas to meet, My dear Sav-iour when I made the sol-emn vow, solemn vow,

ABIDE WITH ME!

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.


1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the

deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the temp-ter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and


fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
 all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

EDWIN FISHER


FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1. We're en - list - ed sol-diers true, And the land we're sweeping thro', For our
 2. Tho' we wandered far in sin, Had for years no hope in Him Who re -
 3. Mill - ions lost in sin's dark night, Will be brought to see the light, As it
 4. Come then join our conqu'ring band, We have Je - sus in command, And for




God, with pow'rs of darkness to con - tend, And al - though the war be long,
 deem'd us by His death on Calvary's tree, He the conquering Sav-iour came,
 shines in dazzling brightness from the throne, If by faith in God we stand,
 God and souls we'll fight while yet 'tis day, Then when that glad morning dawns,




We will cheer the way with song And find joy in serv - ing Je - sus to the end.
 And in love He broke sin's chain, Giving joy and peace in knowing we are free.
 With the Spirit's sword in hand, And proclaim the gos-pel news from zone to zone.
 With the precious gems we've won And our blessed Lord, we'll spend e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.



Oh there's joy, oh there's joy, Yes there's joy with-out al - loy, In the



pres-ence of our Sav-iour there is joy, With His lov - ing hand to guide,

I am safe what'er be-tide, Yes with Je-sus ev-er near me there is joy.

SAVED TO SERVE.

Rev. S. W. COPE.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

Moderato.

1. Yes saved to serve, I watch and pray, And stand re-joic-ing ev-'ry day,
2. Yes saved to serve, I share my store, To clothe and feed the hum-ble poor,
2. Yes saved to serve, I toil and strive, O Lord my God, Thy work re-vive,

Would love the Lord with all my heart, And from His pre-cepts ne'er de-part.
And send the gos-pel all a-broad, In hon-or of the Lord my God.
Thy king-dom come, Thy will be done, From ris-ing to the set-ting sun.

REFRAIN.

Yes saved to serve by faith I live, To God my time and tal-ents give,
Yes saved to serve Lord I am Thine, On fire of love a light to shine,
Yes saved to serve O Lord we meet, And pay our hom-age at Thy feet,

I seek to know His grac-i-ous will, And all His law of love ful-fill.
To oth-ers show the nar-row way, That leads to joy of end-less day.
Thy name and ma-jes-ty a-dore, We'll love and serve Thee ev-er more.

ANNA MCCLINTOCK.

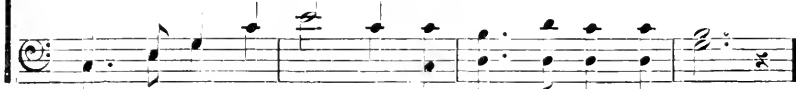
ADAM GEIBEL.



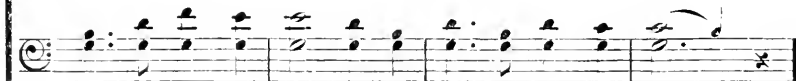
1. Shout the Sav-iour's prais-es, Ye who love His name,
 2. Shout the Sav-iour's prais-es, Tell His pow'r to save,
 3. Shout the Sav-iour's prais-es, Till from sea to sea.



Tell His won-drous sto-ry, His might-y love pro-claim;
 Tell He rose tri-umph-ant, Tri-umph-ant o'er the grave;
 Loud shall ring the cho-rus, Sal-va-tion full and free;



Shout a-loud His prais-es, Till all the earth shall ring
 Tell He ev-er liv-eth, Our Ad-vo-cate, a-bove,
 Shout the Sav-iour's prais-es, Let men and an-gels sing:



With the name of Je-sus, Our Proph-et, Priest, and King.
 Pre-cious, pre-cious Je-sus, What love is like Thy love?
 "Glo-ry in the High-est Be-un-to Christ our King."



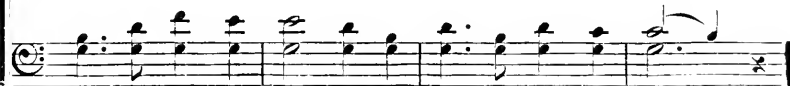
SHOUT THE SAVIOUR'S PRAISES. Concluded. 147



Tell His won-drous sto - ry, His might - y love pro - claim;
 Tell He rose tri - umph - ant, Tri - umph - ant o'er the grave;
 Loud shall ring the cho - rus, Sal - va - tion full and free;



Shout a - loud His prais - es, Till all the earth shall ring
 Tell He ev - er liv - eth, Our Ad - vo - cate, a - bove,
 Shout the Sav - iour's prais - es, Let men and an - gels sing:



With the name of Je - sus, Our Proph - et, Priest, and King.
 Pre - cious, pre - cious Je - sus, What love is like Thy love?
 "Glo - ry in the High - est Be un - to Christ our King."



Chorus.



Shout His prais-es, Break forth and sing, Shout His prais-es, break forth and sing,



Till with the Sav-iour's pre-cious name The un - i - verse shall ring.



G. C. T.

GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. There is now a fount-ain o-pen-ed, Where the sin-ful one may go;
 2. Do you know how Je-sus suf-fered On the cru-el, rug-ged tree?
 3. See the thorns His fore-head pierc-ing, Hear the ag-o-niz-ing cry
 4. "Who-so-ev-er o-ver-com-eth," Is the prom-ise that is giv'n;

Plung-ing in its crim-son wa-ters Be made whit-er than the snow;
 How He bore the sins of ma-n-y, How He died for you and me?
 Of the lov-ing, pa-tient Sav-iour Who was giv-en once to die;
 Shall be made a might-y pil-lar In the glow-ing courts of heav'n;

All their lep-ro-sy will leave them; All their sor-row and their woe
 Do not then re-ject this Sav-iour, Who has brought re demp-tion free,
 On the cross He sealed our par-don, Paid the debt and brought us nigh
 Come and hide your soul in Je-sus, He's the rock that has been riv'n;

CHORUS.

Will be banished thro' the blood of the Lamb. We shall con-quer
 But be washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 To the Fa-ther thro' the blood of the Lamb.
 And you'll con-quer thro' the blood of the Lamb. We shall con-

CONQUER THROUGH THE BLOOD. Concluded. 149

by and by, We shall reign . . . with Him on
quer, con-quer by and by, we shall reign with,

high All our gar - - ments pure and
reign with Him on high; all our gar - ments,

white Thro' the blood, the blood of the Lamb.
garments pure and white,

MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

GEO. E. HEATH.

Dr. LOWELL, MASON.

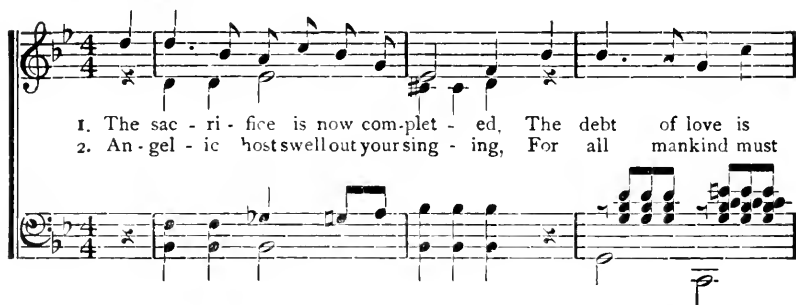
1. My soul be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - try won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down,

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.

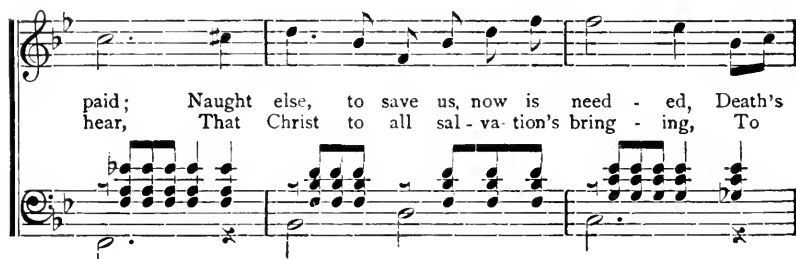
CHRIST'S SACRIFICE.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

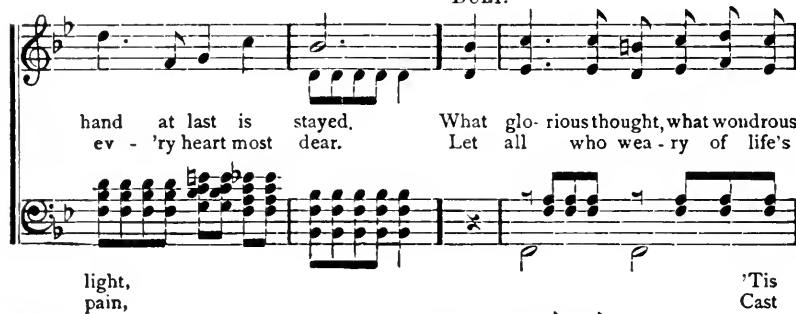
SOLO. *dolce*.


1. The sac - ri - fice is now com-plet - ed, The debt of love is
2. An - gel - ic hosts well out your sing - ing, For all mankind must



paid; Naught else, to save us, now is need - ed, Death's
hear, That Christ to all sal - va - tion's bring - ing, To

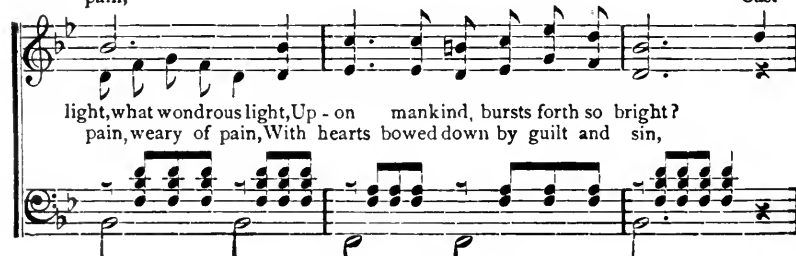
DUET.



hand at last is stayed, What glo - rious thought, what wondrous
ev - 'ry heart most dear. Let all who wea - ry of life's

light,
pain,

'Tis
Cast



light, what wondrous light, Up - on mankind, bursts forth so bright?
pain, weary of pain, With hearts bowed down by guilt and sin,

CHRIST'S SACRIFICE.—Concluded.

His ap - pear - ing from the grave,
off their guilt and sin and shame,

'Tis His ap - pear - ing from the grave, As forth He
Cast off their guilt and sin and shame, And let the

CHORUS. Unison. Full Organ.

came, all men to save, all men to save.
pre-cious Saviour in, the Saviour in, } Then come to Chri tand be for -

giv - en, O come to Him for grace; Too long, O

sin-ner, have you striv - en, Come to a rest - ing place.

ALONZO STONE, Mus. Bac.

Allegretto.

1. The fields are all white, And the reap - ers are few; We
2. We'll work by our pray'rs, By the pen - nies we bring, By

chil - dren are will - ing, But what can we do? Our hands are so
small self de - ni - als The least lit - tle thing, Un - til by and

small, And our works are so weak, We can - not teach oth - ers; How
by As the years pass at length, We too may be reap - ers And

Unison.

then shall we seek? We'll work in the shad - ow, We'll work in the
go forth in strength. The fields are all white, and The reap - ers are

light, We'll work in the morn - ing, We'll work in the night;
few, Lord

2

bleſs Thy young work - ers Tho' lit - tle they do.

IN MY SAVIOUR'S CARE.

P. A. H.

PHILIP A. HALL.

1. I am reſt - ing, ſweetly reſt - ing, I am ſafe from all a - lar - m,
 2. I am truſt - ing, dai - ly truſt - ing, In my Sav - iour's pow'r to keep;
 3. I am hop - ing, ev - er hop - ing, When my Sav - iour comes to reign,
 4. Let us al - ways then be read - y For the com - ing of the King;

In the arms of my Re - deem - er; He'll pro - tect me from all harm.
 In my wak - ing hours He'll guide me, And pro - tect me while a - ſleep.
 I will be a - mong the ran ſomed, Sav'd for - ev - er from ſin's ſtain.
 Then we'll crown the bleſſed Je - ſus, And His praiſ - es ev - er ſing.

CHORUS.

I am reſt - ing, I am truſt - ing, I am in my Saviour's care;

At the cross I am a - bid - ing, I am ſafe for - ev - er there.

MARY A. MCKEE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. A storm was out . . . on fair Ju-de-a's hills,

1. A storm was out, was out on fair Ju-de-a's hills,

The clouds were dark up-on the troubled sea,

The clouds were dark, were dark upon the troubled sea,

The toil-ing fish - ermen with i-ron wills,

The toil-ing fish-ermen with wills, with i-ron wills,

Strove with the wind - swept waves of Gal-i-lee.

Strove with the waves of Gal-i-lee, of Gal-i-lee.

CHORUS.

Yet One was watch-ing, though they knew it not, And One was

wait-ing that they could not see; They were no' darker in their lonely

Org.
lot, They were not blind - er than at times are we.
Org.

2 Oh! blessed feet that pressed the sandy beach,
Oh! blessed hands, so willing still to save,
No toiling one can drift beyond thy reach,
No trusting one will sink beneath the wave.

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

2 Oh! blessed feet that pressed the beach, the sandy beach,
Oh! blessed, blessed hands, so willing still to save,
No toiling one can drift, can drift beyond thy reach,
No trusting one will sink, will sink beneath the wave.

3 The angry billows knew their Master first,
And bore his weight upon their foamy crest;
Is Nature keener, or is man the worst,
That they were slow to greet the Heavenly Guest?

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

3 The angry billows knew him first, their Master first,
And bore his weight upon their crest, their foamy crest;
Is Nature keener, or is man, is man the worst,
That they were slow, were slow to greet the Heavenly Guest.

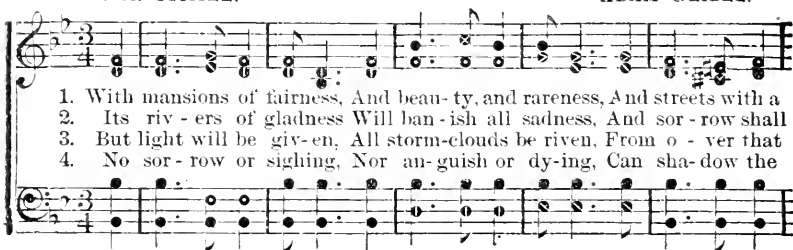
4 No ship can sink when he is at the helm,
No craft can founder on life's stormy tide,
No sea engulf or angry wave o'erwhelm,
When he who forms the waves is at our side.

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

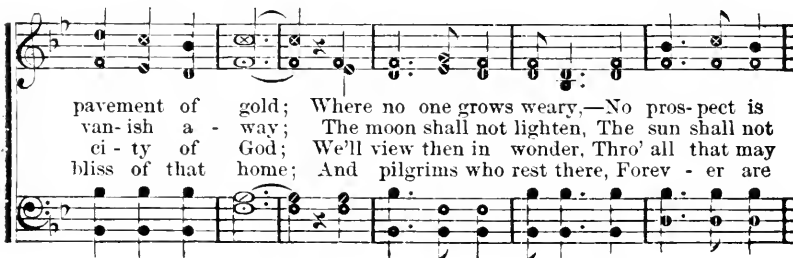
4 No ship, no ship can sink while he is at the helm,
No craft, no craft can founder on life's stormy tide,
No sea, no sea engulf or angry wave o'erwhelm,
When he, when he who forms the waves is at our side.

MARY A. MCKEE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

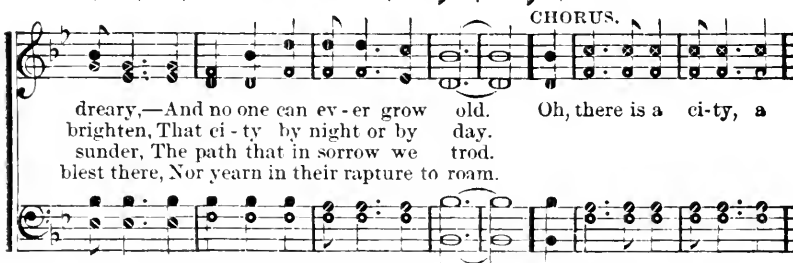


1. With mansions of fairness, And beau-ty, and rareness, And streets with a
 2. Its riv-ers of gladness Will ban-ish all sadness, And sor-row shall
 3. But light will be giv-en, All storm-clouds be riven, From o-ver that
 4. No sor-row or sighing, Nor an-guish or dy-ing, Can sha-dow the



pavement of gold; Where no one grows weary,—No pros-pect is
 van-ish a-way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not
 ci-ty of God; We'll view then in wonder, Thro' all that may
 bliss of that home; And pilgrims who rest there, Forev-er are

CHORUS.



dreary,—And no one can ev-er grow old. Oh, there is a ci-ty, a
 brighten, That ci-ty by night or by day.
 sunder, The path that in sorrow we trod.
 blest there, Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.



beau-ti-ful ci-ty. Whose builder and maker is God; A far-away




ci-ty, A wonder-ful ci-ty. The beau-ti-ful ci-ty of God.

HE IS COMING.


157

MARY A. MCKEE.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.




1. We are looking for the dawning Of a brighter, grander day, And the
2. Have you sown beside the waters? Are you read-y now to say, "I have
3. Have you giv-en to the need-y More than mortal can re-pay? Have you



curtains of the morning tide Will soon be swept away; Are you ready for his
scattered with an open hand, My sheaves about me lay; Now my sun is slowly
led them to the fountain Flashing out a healing spray? Are you looking to the


D. S.—He is coming, he is



coming? Will you hasten to o-bey When the Kingly One is calling And the
west'ring, While its beams around me stray; Come, O Sun of Righteousness, arise! As-
eastward, Hoping, waiting while you may? All will soon be sweet fruition, Widely


coming To his ransomed ones at last; We may hear his stately steppings 'Mid the

Fine. CHORUS.



clouds have paved his way. He is com-ing, he is com-ing, he is
sume thy sceptered sway. flung the por-tals grey.

ru-ins of the past.



coming, *he is coming*, he is coming, And our faith will hold him fast; *hold him fast*;

HEAREST THOU NOT?

W. R. WINTERS.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

Pleadingly. SOLO.

1. Hear - est thou not the voice of Je - sus, Call - ing the
 2. On Calv'ry's cross His blood He shed, To save thy
 3. No ran - som He of thee re - quired, The price is
 4. De - lay not then thy soul's re - turn - ing, Flee to His

lost ones home to the fold? In tend'rest tones He thee en-treateth,
 soul from end - less death; To wash a - way thy grief and sin,
 paid, thy par - don sealed; Yield now to Him thy heart's af - fec - tion,
 outstretched arms of love; This ver - y hour claim thou His promise,

rit. REF. *accel.*
 Re-ject not His proffered mer-cy and love.
 That thou e - ter - nal life might have.
 Trust thou His love and be for-giv'n. } Won't you give your heart to
 Be - lieve and now thy Sav - iour own.

rit.
 Je - sus? Oh, so lov - ing-ly He calls thee; Dear sin - ner,

friend, oh, haste to greet Him, And low at His feet . . . now bow.
 Low at His feet now bow.

C. A. MACK.

HOWARD CLARE.



1. How shall you stand, my broth-er, If from Je - sus you will stray?
2. Christ beckons you, my broth-er, He calls you, "O, come to - day,"
3. Christ in your soul, my broth-er, Will help you for heav'n to start;



How shall you stand, my broth-er, If you drift so far a - way?
For He's the one that loves you, He will stop the tempt er's sway.
And He will keep you, broth-er, To your soul His grace im - part.



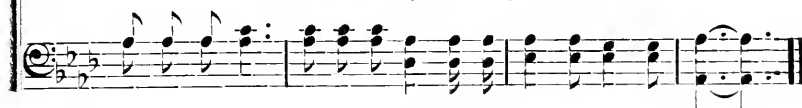
CHORUS.



How shall you stand? how shall you stand? How shall you stand when the King draws nigh?



You must be saved with-out de lay, For He pass-eth quick-ly by.



MARY A. MCKEE.

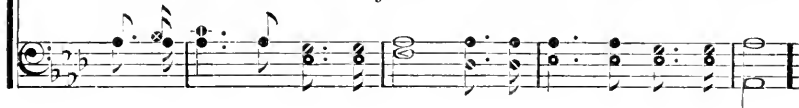
PEMBERTON PIERCE.



1. Tho' we have not touch'd his hands, Tho' we have not press'd his side,
2. We may reach the hand of faith, We may touch his throbbing heart,
3. Tho' we have not seen the trace Of the cru - el nails or spear,
4. We may learn to know his voice, And the path his feet have trod,



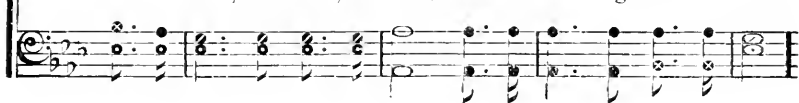
We may hear his sweet commands, And a-dore the Cru - ci - tied.
 And be blessed of him who saith His rich grace he will im-part.
 We will see his lov - ing face, We may feel his pres-ence near.
 And with him of old re-joice In our Sav - iour and our God.



CHORUS.



He who lived, and loved, and died, Left a bless - ing wide and free



For the tempt-ed and the tried, Tho' his face they can-not see,



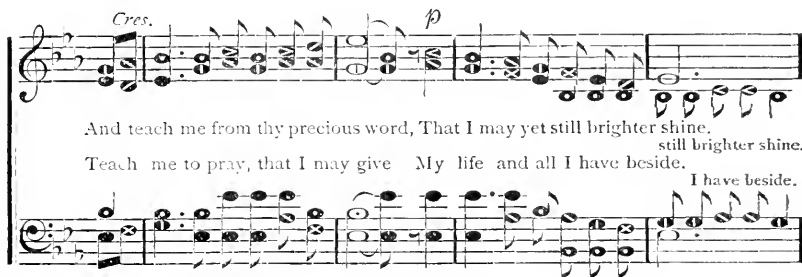
PEMBERTON PIERCE.

R. J. SHOEMAKER.

p With expression.



1. I would be thine, most holy Lord, Oh, fill my heart with love divine,
2. Ah, yes, to thee I fain would live, To thee, who for my ransom died;



And teach me from thy precious word, That I may yet still brighter shine.
Teach me to pray, that I may give My life and all I have beside. *still brighter shine.*
I have beside.



Make me thine, yes, thine, Thine alone, precious Lord, would I be;
make me thine, ever thine,



Make me thine, on-ly thine. Dear Lord, remember me.
make me thine, only thine, remember me.

3 Thy sinless mind in me reveal,
Thy nature to my soul impart,
And all my future life shall tell
The fulness of a loving heart.

4 Then fill my soul with holy fire,
Thou sacred spirit, from above;
Make all ablaze with pure desire;
Expand my heart with heavenly love.

Copyright, 1930.

From "Rays of Sunshine." Used by per.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

M. E. SERVOS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Tenderly.

1. Hoping in Je - sus, hoping in Je - sus, He is my
2. Trusting in Je - sus, trusting in Je - sus, He is my

Sav - iour, He is my all; Hoping in Je - sus, hoping in
Rock, my Refuge, my Rest; Trusting in Je - sus, trust-ing in

Je - sus, Will you not come when you hear His sweet call? See He is
Je - sus, Ye who will trust Him shall ev - er be blest Will you not

waiting; hark! he is call ing, "Come unto Me," all ye weary ones, come."
seek Him? will you not love him? Je - sus the Sav - iour who died for your sin.

Lean on His arm, and He will pro - tect thee, Guide thee through
Knock at the door, it quick ly will op - en, And Je - sus

f

life to thy heaven-ly home, Lean on His arm, and He will pro-
glad - ly will welcome you in, Knock at the door, it quickly will

ritard.

tect thee, Guide thee through life to thy heaven - ly home.
o - pen, And Je - sus glad - ly will welcome you in.

- 3 Resting in Jesus, resting in Jesus,
He is my Guide, my Shepherd my Life;
Resting in Jesus, resting in Jesus,
You who would rest from your trouble and strife,
Flee to Him now, and He will receive you,
Rest in his love, and your guide He will be,
Peace He will give to all who will ask it,
Come to Him now, for His mercy is free.

WEBER. 7s.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

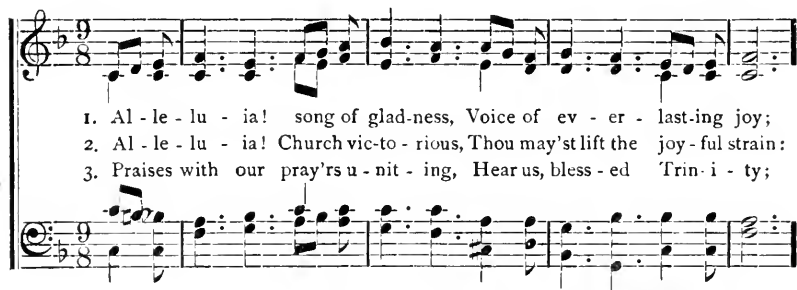
C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserv'd for me?
2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long pro - vok'd Him to His face;
3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;

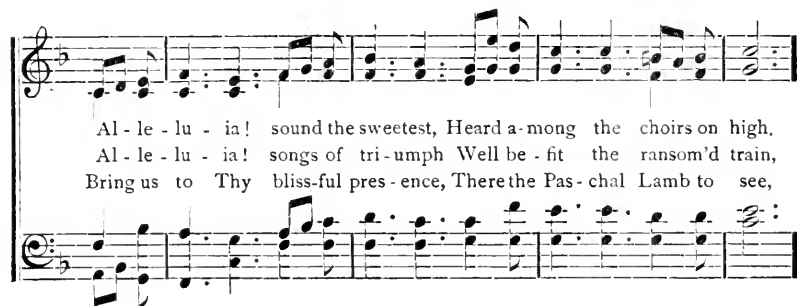
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not hearken to His calls, Griev'd Him by a thousand falls.
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sigh no more.

F. M. J.

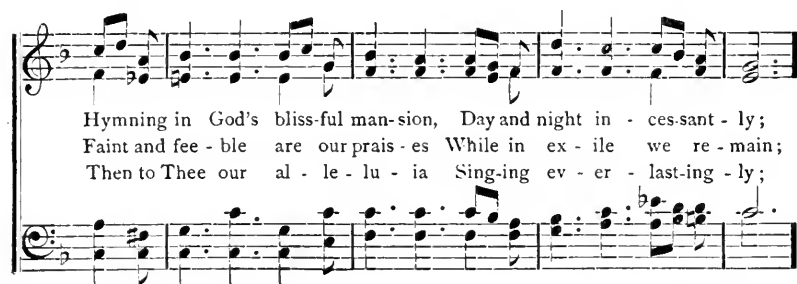
FRANK M. JEFFERY.



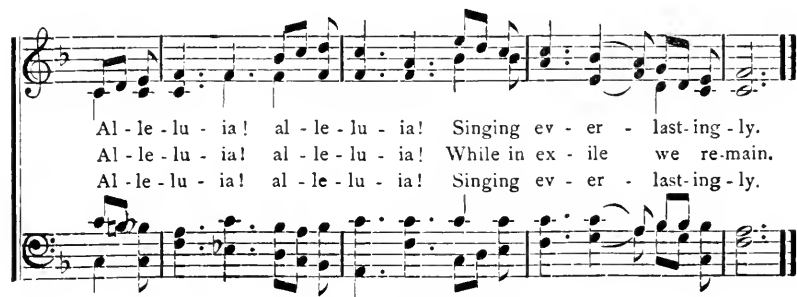
1. Al - le - lu - ia! song of glad-ness, Voice of ev - er - last-ing joy;
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! Church vic-to - rious, Thou may'st lift the joy - ful strain:
 3. Praises with our pray'rs u - nit - ing, Hear us, bless - ed Trin - i - ty;



Al - le - lu - ia! sound the sweetest, Heard a-mong the choirs on high,
 Al - le - lu - ia! songs of tri - umph Well be - fit the ransom'd train,
 Bring us to Thy bliss-ful pres - ence, There the Pas - chal Lamb to see,



Hymning in God's bliss-ful man-sion, Day and night in - ces-sant - ly;
 Faint and fee - ble are our prais - es While in ex - ile we re - main;
 Then to Thee our al - le - lu - ia Sing-ing ev - er - last-ing - ly;



Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! Singing ev - er - last-ing - ly.
 Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! While in ex - ile we re - main.
 Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! Singing ev - er - last-ing - ly.

THRING.

J. P. HARDING.

Joyously.

- 1 Saviour, blessed Sav-iour, Listen while we sing; Hearts and voic-es
- 2 Near-er, ev-er near-er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in a-dor-
- 3 Onward, ev-er on-ward, Journeying o'er the road, Worn by saints be-
- 4 High-er then, and high-er Bear the ransom'd soul, Earth-ly toils for-

rais-ing Prais-es to our King. All we have to of-fer,
-a-tion Bend-ing low the knee; Thou, for our re-demtion,
-fore us, Journeying on to God; Leav-ing all be-hind us,
-got-ten, Sav-iour, to its goal; Where, in joys un-thought of,

All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee.
Can'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol-low, Hast gone up on high.
May we has-ten on, Backward never look-ing, Tili the prize is won.
Saints with angelssing, Nev-er wea-ry rais-ing Prais-es to their King.

Chorus.

Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, Lis-ten while we sing:

Hearts and voic-es rais-ing Prais-es to our King.

O GOD OF LOVE.

IRVIN H. MACK.

HOWARD CLARE.

1. As flow - ers in the morn - ing sun Look up to face the rays;
 2. Like sing - ing birds, that soar a - loft To greet the morn - ing light;
 3. Like ti - ny drops of rain that fall, And flow in - to the sea;

So may the love of Christ be won In ear - ly child - hood days.
 So let these voic - es, young and soft, Be heard in child - hood bright.
 So lit - tle ones that hear the call Shall sit a - mong the free.

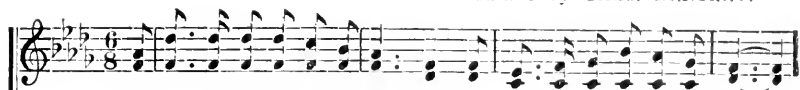
CHORUS.

O God of might, O God of light,
 O God of might, O God of light, So

mild: O God a - bove, O God of
 pow - er - ful, so pow - er - ful so mild: O God a - bove,

love Look down up - on thy child.
 O God of love Look down, look down, up - on thy child.

Words and Music by CHAS. BENTLEY.



1. I'll go to the Saviour heart-broken, I know He will pardon my sins;
2. I'll go to my Saviour in trouble, I'll go when I'm lonely and sad,
3. I'll go when I suffer afflictions, And trials I oft-en en-dure,
4. I'll go in joy and thanks-giv-ing, I'll keep in the bright shining way,
5. When death sweetly comes to my rescue, I know He'll receive me with care,



He's promised to heal my back-slidings, If sweetly a-bide I in Him.
 I'll go when a-lone and forsak-en, He's promised to make my heart glad.
 I'll go in the midst of tempta-tion; Sal-vation I mean to se-cure.
 I'll trust in the future for bless-ings, I'll trust in my Saviour each day.
 His prom-ise issue—ever-last-ing, To reign with Him forever there.



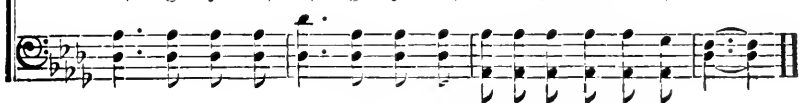
CHORUS.



O, might-y One, O, might-y One, List-en a-while to my prayer,



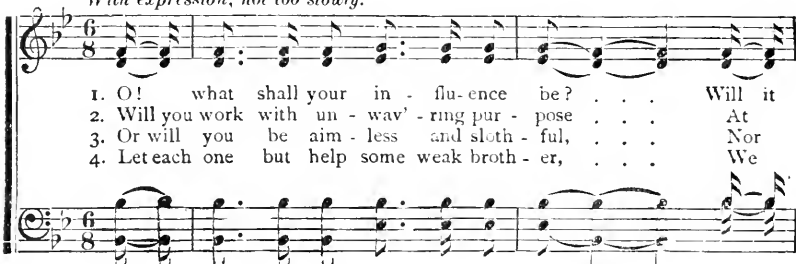
O, might-y One, O, might-y One, Burdens, dear Saviour, Thou'lt bear.



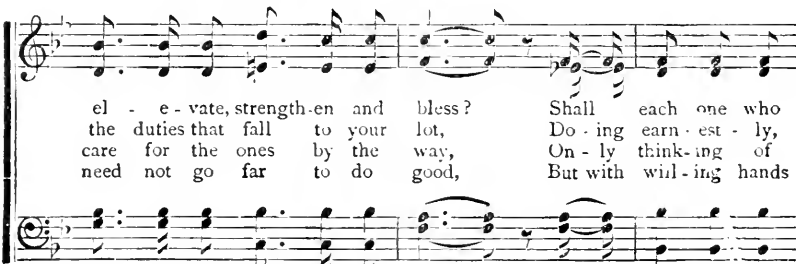
LAURA E. NEWELL.

ADAM GEIBEL.


Solo or Quartette.

With expression, not too slowly.


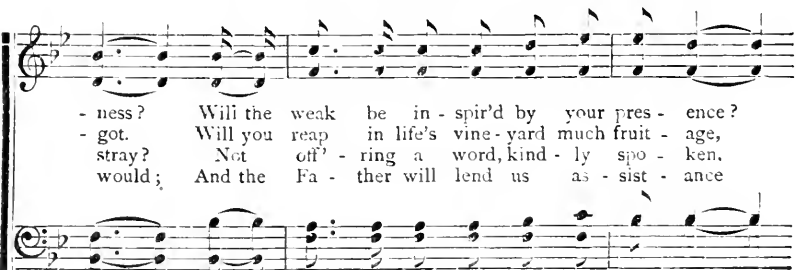
1. O! what shall your in - flu - ence be? . . . Will it
 2. Will you work with un - wav' - ring pur - pose . . . At
 3. Or will you be aim - less and sloth - ful, . . . Nor
 4. Let each one but help some weak broth - er, . . . We




el - e - vate, strength - en and bless? Shall each one who
 the duties that fall to your lot, Do - ing earn - est - ly,
 care for the ones by the way, On - ly think - ing of
 need not go far to do good, But with wil - ing hands





meets you dis - cov - er A friend in this world's wil - der -
 faith - ful - ly, no - bly? Your ac - tions will not be for -
 self and not reck' - ning, If ma - ny a - round you should
 help one au - oth - er, We all might do much if we





- ness? Will the weak be in - spir'd by your pres - ence?
 - got. Will you reap in life's vine - yard much fruit - age,
 stray? Not off' - ring a word, kind - ly spo - ken.
 would; And the Fa - ther will lend us as - sist - ance





Will the wea - ry be strong with your aid? Will you
 And bear not a bur - den of leaves? But
 To those who are near - est to you; O! the
 And guid - ance the whole jour - ney through; So


res - cue the tempt - ed and fall - en, Who a - side from the
 when you are done with the sow - ing, Will you car - ry home
 grain is so ripe for the har - vest, And the lab' - rers in -
 brave - ly and cheer - ful - ly ev - er The du - ties of

straight paths have stray'd? Will you res - cue the tempt - ed and
 boun - ti - ful sheaves? But when you are done with the
 - deed are so few. O! the grain is so ripe for the
 life we'll pur - sue. So brave - ly and cheer - ful - ly

fal - len, Who a - side from the straight paths have stray'd?
 sow - ing, Will you car - ry home boun - ti - ful sheaves?
 har - vest, And the lab' - rers in - deed are so few.
 ev - er The du - ties of life we'll pur - sue.



ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Rev. S. BARING GOULD.

FRANK M. JEFFERY.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,
 2. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God:
 3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King doms rise and wane,
 4. On - ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
 Broth - ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod.
 But the Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - main,
 Blend with ours your voice - es, In the tri - umph - song:

Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church pre - vail:
 Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
 This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing,

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS. Concluded. 171

Voices in Unison.

On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

JESUS! NAME OF WONDROUS LOVE!

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Je - sus! Name of wondrous love! Name all oth - er names a - bove!
 2. Je - sus! Name of price-less worth To the fall - en sons of earth.
 3. Je - sus! Name of mer - cy mild, Giv - en to the ho - ly Child,

Un - to which must ev - 'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.
 For the prom - ise that it gave— "Je - sus shall His peo - ple save."
 When the cup of hu - man woe First He tast - ed here be - low.

JERUSALEM, THE GRAND.

HARRY MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

(Verse may be sung as a Quartette.)

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the grand, . . . The rich re -
 2. The na - tions of the saved, . . . The low - ly
 3. On earth they need the sun, . . . To guide their

splen - dent goal; . . . Je - ru - sa - lem, the
 and the king, . . . Shall tread the streets with
 steps a - right; . . . In heav - en, Christ, the

Rit.
 prom - ised land, A - waits the roy - al soul. . .
 rich - es paved, And songs of free - dom sing. . .
 Ho - ly One Sheds forth trans - cend - ent light.

CHORUS. (UNISON.)
 And they shall reign . . . for - ev - er and

JERUSALEM, THE GRAND.—Concluded.

ev - er, With God the Ho - ly One,

This system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The lyrics 'ev - er, With God the Ho - ly One,' are written below the treble staff, with hyphens indicating syllables spanning across notes.

With the Ho - ly One; And they shall

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a melodic line with some ties. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The lyrics 'With the Ho - ly One; And they shall' are positioned below the treble staff.

reign . . . no more . . . to sev - er

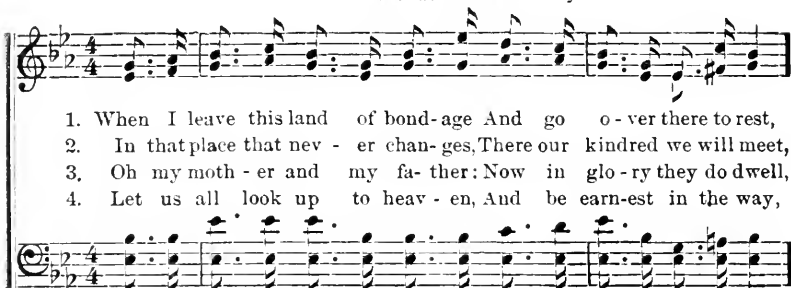
The third system shows the continuation of the piece. The treble staff features a melodic line that includes a half note G4. The bass staff maintains the accompaniment. The lyrics 'reign . . . no more . . . to sev - er' are written below the treble staff.

From Je - sus Christ, the Son, From Je - sus Christ, the Son. . .

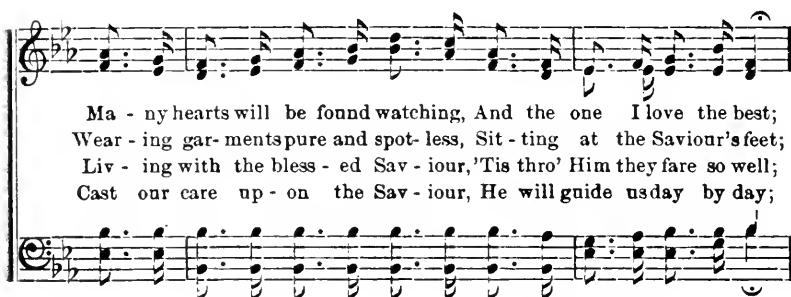
The final system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a half note G4. The bass staff concludes with a final chord. The lyrics 'From Je - sus Christ, the Son, From Je - sus Christ, the Son. . .' are written below the treble staff.

WHEN I REACH THE GATES OF GLORY.

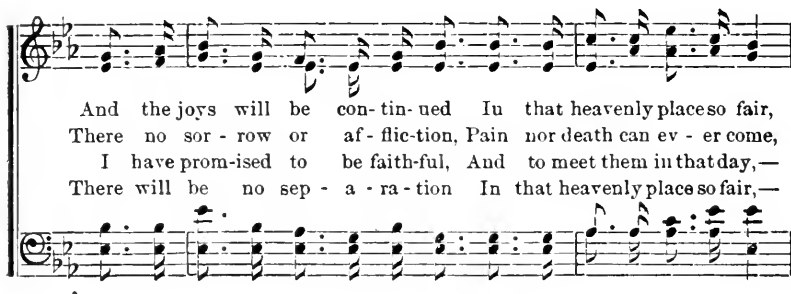
Words and Music by CHAS. BENTLEY.



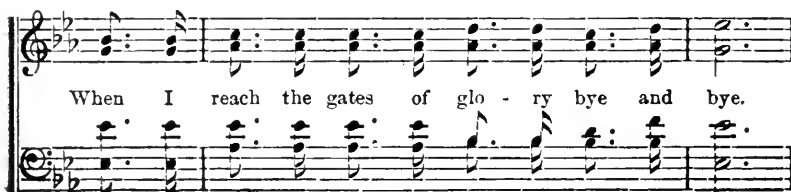
1. When I leave this land of bond-age And go o-ver there to rest,
 2. In that place that nev-er chan-ges, There our kindred we will meet,
 3. Oh my moth-er and my fa-ther: Now in glo-ry they do dwell,
 4. Let us all look up to heav-en, And be earn-est in the way,



Ma - ny hearts will be found watching, And the one I love the best;
 Wear - ing gar - ments pure and spot - less, Sit - ting at the Saviour's feet;
 Liv - ing with the bless - ed Sav - iour, 'Tis thro' Him they fare so well;
 Cast our care up - on the Sav - iour, He will guide us day by day;



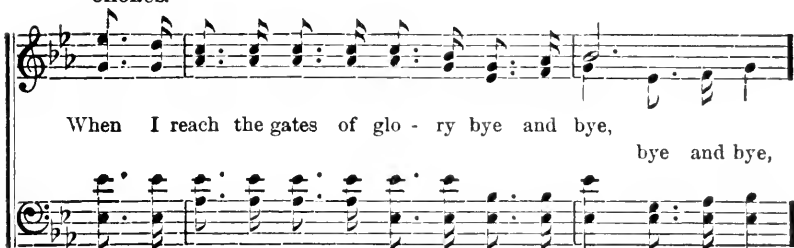
And the joys will be con - tin - ued In that heavenly place so fair,
 There no sor - row or af - flic - tion, Pain nor death can ev - er come,
 I have prom - ised to be faith - ful, And to meet them in that day, —
 There will be no sep - a - ra - tion In that heavenly place so fair, —



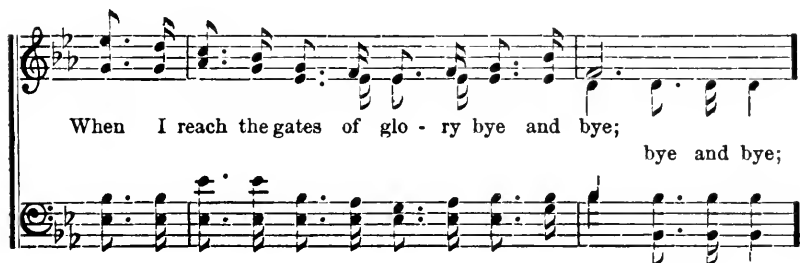
When I reach the gates of glo - ry bye and bye.

When I Reach the Gates of Glory. Concluded. 175

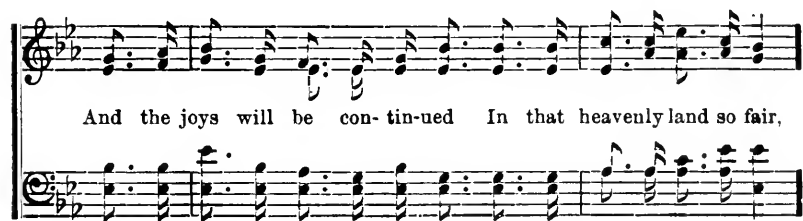
CHORUS.



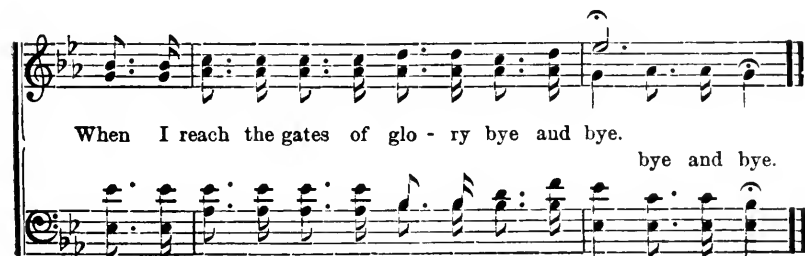
When I reach the gates of glo - ry bye and bye,
bye and bye,



When I reach the gates of glo - ry bye and bye;
bye and bye;



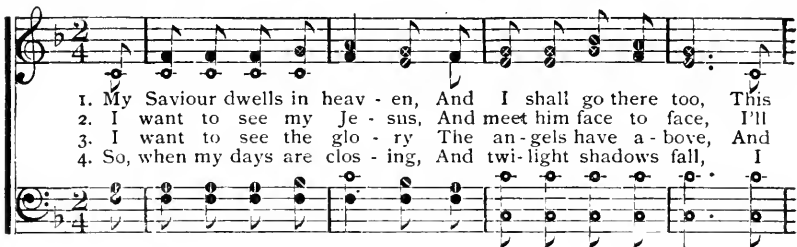
And the joys will be con - tin - ued In that heavenly land so fair,



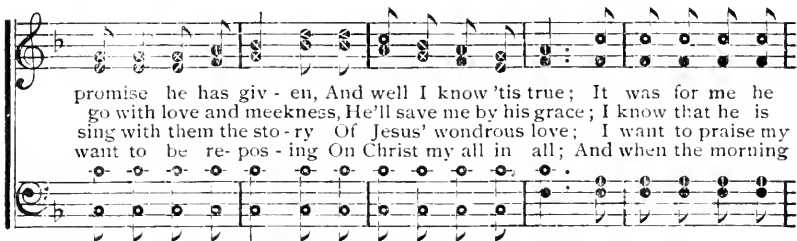
When I reach the gates of glo - ry bye and bye.
bye and bye.

ADAM GEIBEL.

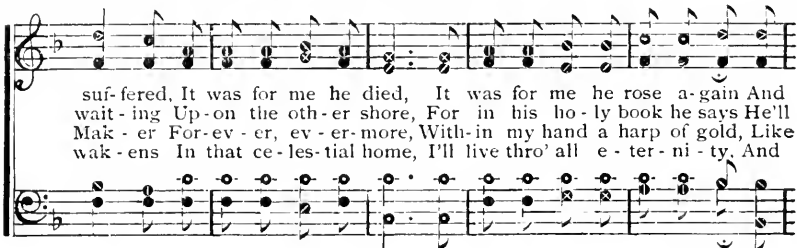
PEMBERTON PIERCE.



1. My Saviour dwells in heav - en, And I shall go there too, This
 2. I want to see my Je - sus, And meet him face to face, I'll
 3. I want to see the glo - ry The an - gels have a - bove, And
 4. So, when my days are clos - ing, And twi - light shadows fall, I

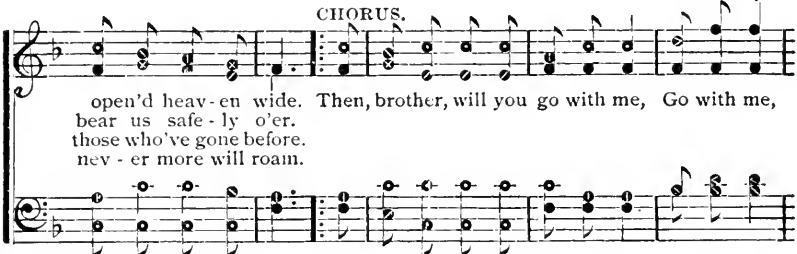


promise he has giv - en, And well I know 'tis true; It was for me he
 go with love and meekness, He'll save me by his grace; I know that he is
 sing with them the sto - ry Of Jesus' wondrous love; I want to praise my
 want to be re - pos - ing On Christ my all in all; And when the morning

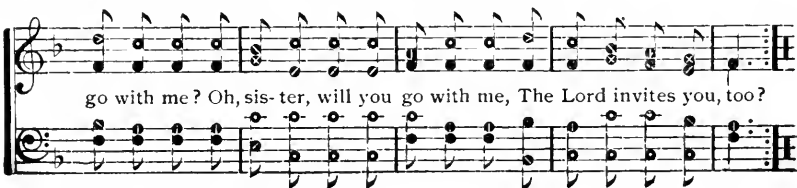


suf - ered. It was for me he died, It was for me he rose a - gain And
 wait - ing Up - on the oth - er shore, For in his ho - ly book he says He'll
 Mak - er For - ev - er, ev - er - more, With - in my hand a harp of gold, Like
 wak - ens In that ce - les - tial home, I'll live thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, And

CHORUS.



open'd heav - en wide. Then, brother, will you go with me, Go with me,
 bear us safe - ly o'er.
 those who've gone before.
 nev - er more will roam.



go with me? Oh, sis - ter, will you go with me, The Lord invites you, too?

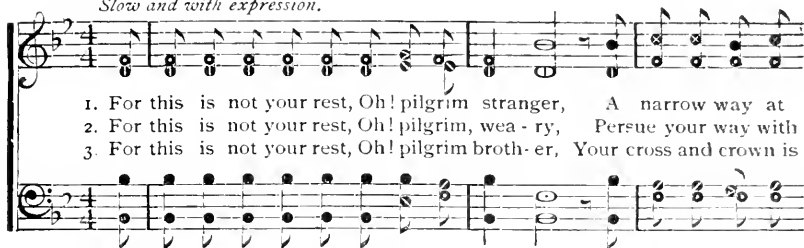
THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.

177

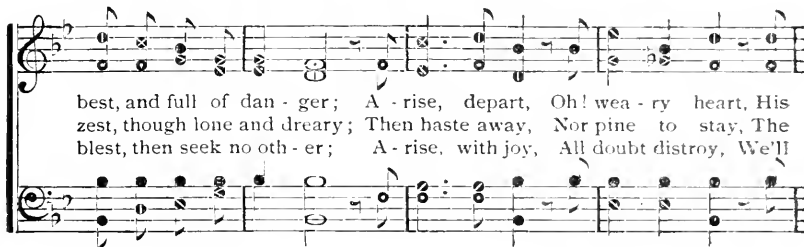
MARY A. MCKEE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

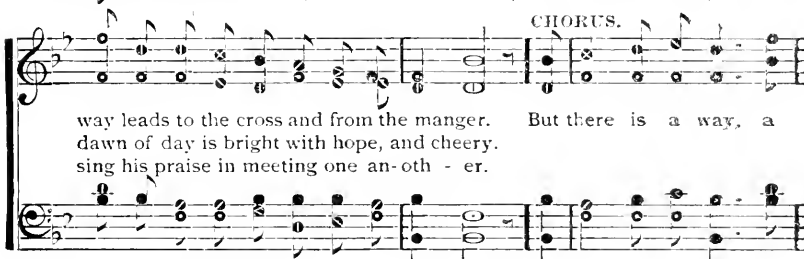
Slow and with expression.



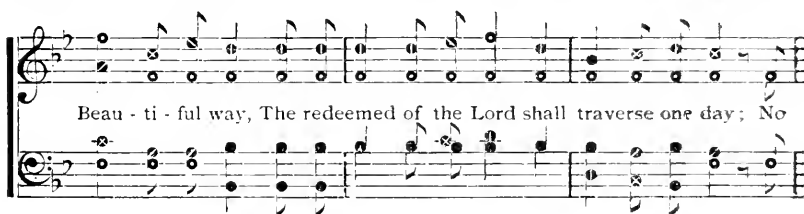
1. For this is not your rest, Oh! pilgrim stranger, A narrow way at
 2. For this is not your rest, Oh! pilgrim, wea - ry, Perseue your way with
 3. For this is not your rest, Oh! pilgrim broth - er, Your cross and crown is



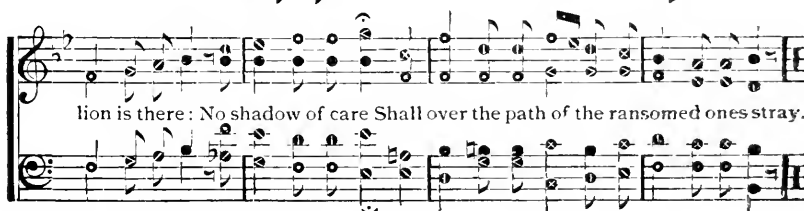
best, and full of dan - ger; A - rise, depart, Oh! wea - ry heart, His
 zest, though lone and dreary; Then haste away, Nor pine to stay, The
 blest, then seek no oth - er; A - rise, with joy, All doubt destroy, We'll



CHORUS.
 way leads to the cross and from the manger. But there is a way, a
 dawn of day is bright with hope, and cheery.
 sing his praise in meeting one an - oth - er.



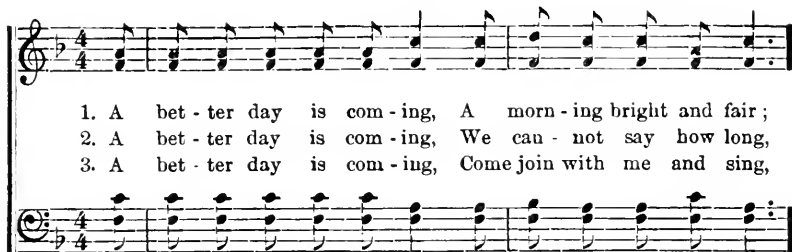
Beau - ti - ful way, The redeemed of the Lord shall traverse one day; No



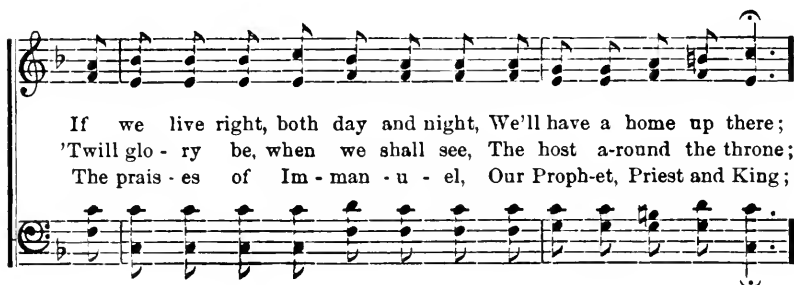
lion is there: No shadow of care Shall over the path of the ransomed ones stray.

COMING BYE AND BYE.

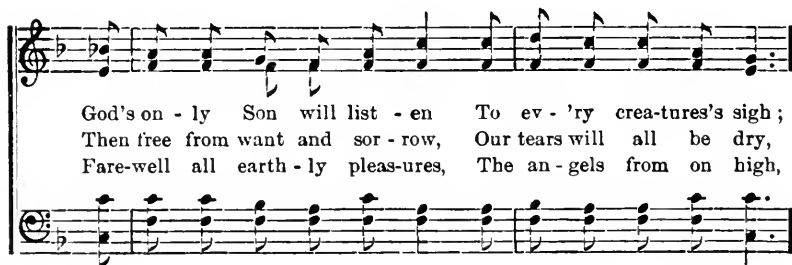
Words and Music by CHAS. BENTLEY.



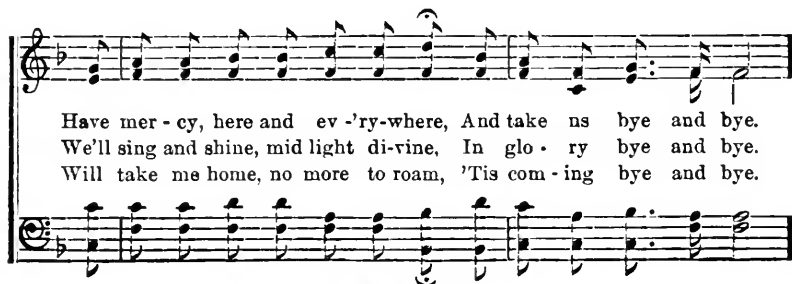
1. A bet - ter day is com - ing, A morn - ing bright and fair ;
 2. A bet - ter day is com - ing, We cau - not say how long,
 3. A bet - ter day is com - ing, Come join with me and sing,



If we live right, both day and night, We'll have a home up there ;
 'Twill glo - ry be, when we shall see, The host a-round the throne ;
 The prais - es of Im - man - u - el, Our Proph-et, Priest and King ;



God's on - ly Son will list - en To ev - 'ry crea-tures's sigh ;
 Then free from want and sor - row, Our tears will all be dry,
 Fare-well all earth - ly pleas-ures, The an - gels from on high,



Have mer - cy, here and ev - 'ry-where, And take us bye and bye.
 We'll sing and shine, mid light di-vine, In glo - ry bye and bye.
 Will take me home, no more to roam, 'Tis com - ing bye and bye.

CHORUS.



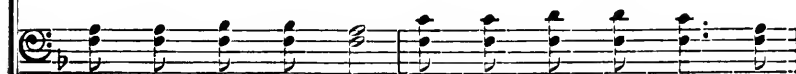
Com - ing bye and bye, Com - ing bye and bye, A



bet - ter day is com - ing on, the time is draw - ing nigh;



Com - ing bye and bye, Com - ing bye and bye, Our



days are few—will soon pass thro', Its com - ing bye and bye.



1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,
 2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shiu - ing,
 3. Say, shall we yield Him in cost - ly de - vo - tion,

Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us Thine aid;
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
 O - - dors of E - dom, and offer - ings di - vine,

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,
 An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re - clin - ing,
 Gems of the mount - ain, and pearls of the o - cean,

Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
 Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav - iour of all.
 Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine,

CHORUS.

Bright - est and best, Bright - est and best; Guide . . . where our
 Guide where our infant Re -

in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
deem-er is laid, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem-er is laid.

BLESSED SAVIOUR.

GEO. M. VICKERS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Bless-ed, bless-ed Sav-iour, Might-y King of love, Look up on Thy
2. Thou hast welcom'd chil-dren To come un-to Thee; Lord, in Thy sight

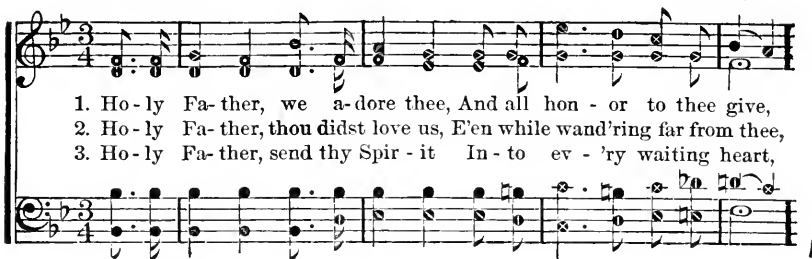
Chil-dren From Thy throne a - bove, Teach them ways of kind - ness,
al - ways Let us chil-dren be; Keep them safe from dan - ger,

Teach them how to give, How to help each oth - er, How to use - ful
Guide us on our way, Let Thy words of prom - ise Cour-age give each

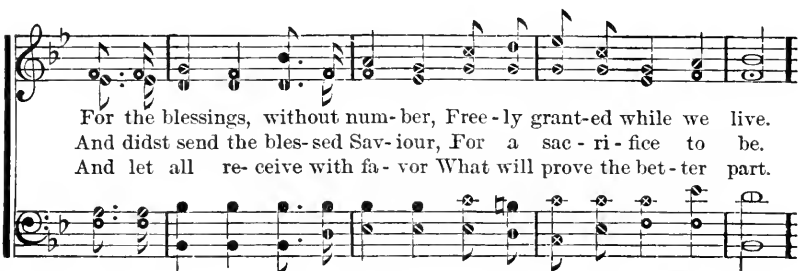
live, How to help each oth - er, How to use - ful live.
day, Let Thy words of prom - ise, Cour - age give each day.

E. F. STEWART.

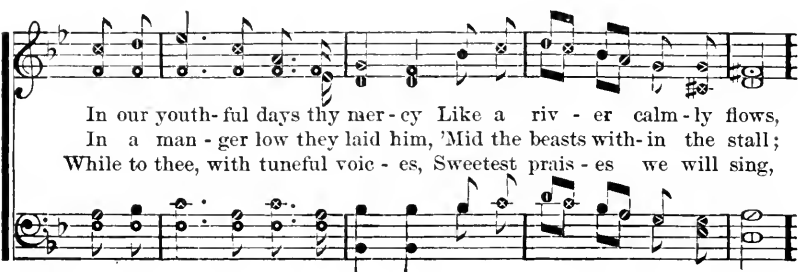
ADAM GEIBEL.



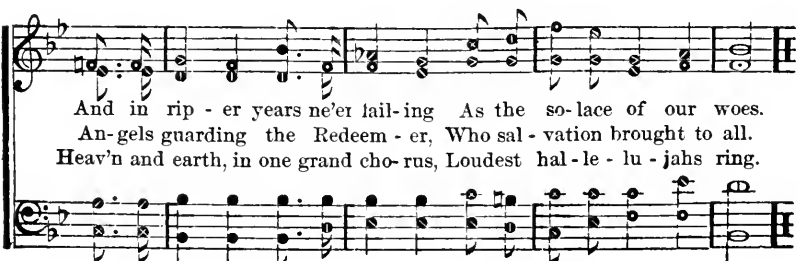
1. Ho-ly Fa-ther, we a-dore thee, And all hon - or to thee give,
 2. Ho-ly Fa-ther, thou didst love us, E'en while wand'ring far from thee,
 3. Ho-ly Fa-ther, send thy Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry waiting heart,



For the blessings, without num-ber, Free-ly grant-ed while we live.
 And didst send the bles-sed Sav-iour, For a sac - ri - fice to be.
 And let all re-ceive with fa - vor What will prove the bet - ter part.



In our youth-ful days thy mer-cy Like a riv - er calm-ly flows,
 In a man - ger low they laid him, 'Mid the beasts with-in the stall;
 While to thee, with tuneful voic - es, Sweetest prais - es we will sing,



And in rip - er years ne'er fail-ing As the so-lace of our woes.
 An-gels guarding the Redeem - er, Who sal - vation brought to all.
 Heav'n and earth, in one grand cho - rus, Loudest hal - le - lu - jahs ring.


BE STRONG IN JEHOVAH.

183


LAURA E. NEWELL.

AUGUST KRAFF.


Joyfully.



1. Be strong in Je - hov - ah, The might - y and grand; The
 2. Je - hov - ah, who part - ed The waves of the sea His
 3. Be strong in Je - hov - ah, Cre - a - tor and Friend, He'll

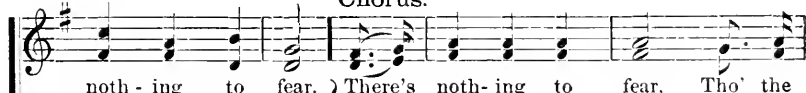


winds and the waves all o - bey His command; O! trust in His
 own to de - liv - er, Pro - vid - eth for thee; His in - fi - nite
 bear thee through sor - row, And when life shall end, An heir to His




promise To com - fort and cheer; With Him to de - fend us, There's
 wis - dom Shall guide thee a - right; O! trust His pro - tec - tion; O!
 kingdom In love to a - bide; Be strong in Je - hov - ah, What -

Chorus.



noth - ing to fear. } There's noth - ing to fear, Tho' the
 lean on His might. }
 - ev - er be - tide. } There's noth - ing to fear, Tho' the



tempest is near; Be strong in Je - hov - ah, There's nothing to fear.

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From "Rays of Sunshine." Used by per.

MARY A. MCKEE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Slowly and with great expression.

1. I come, O Lord, when troubled waves are stir - ring The
 2. I come, O Lord, when mer - cy is ex - tend - ed, And
 3. I come, O Lord, though oth - ers may be hast - ing With

heal - ing fount that cures the touch of sin; I
 an - gel wings are brood - ing soft - ly o'er The
 strong - er steps to seek the way of life; I

come in hope, no faint - ness then de - ter - ring, But
 ways of sin, that I had once de - fend - ed, I
 come in faith, no pre - cious mo - ment wast - ing, While

there are none, O Lord, to help me in.
 leave them all, and I can do no more.
 earth and heav'n with love and peace are rife.

Refrain. Quartette.

Help me in, Help me in!

Help me in, Help me in! I am tir - ed now of *Inst.*

Help me in,..... Help me in!.....

sin; Oh! help me in, Oh! help me in, I may life e - ter - nal win!

TRUSTING.

P. P.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

1. Thou art ho - ly, Thou art just; On Thy name a - lone I trust;
 2. Oh, for grace to love Thee more, And Thy pre - cepts to a - dore;
 3. Be my ref - uge and my strength In my want whilst life pre - vail,
 4. Then, when at Thy throne I stand, With the blood-washed gone before,

All I have to Thee I give; I be - hold Thy face and live.
 Teach me, Lord, to watch and pray, That my soul goes not a - stray.
 Then with Thee, in heav'n at length, I will be when life shall fail.
 In that bright, ce - les - tial land, I will praise Thee ev - er - more.

186 ARE WE MAKING THE MOST OF OUR MOMENTS?

LAURA E. NEWELL.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

Lively.

1. The Mas - ter has lent us a sea - son To
2. The Mas - ter is with those who love Him, And

live and o - bey His com - mands; The fields are all
guides them with ten - der - est hand To fields that are

white for the har - vest, And call - ing for dil - i - gent hands;
fair, and to past - ures, So green in the beau - ti - ful land;

We know that the day is so fleet - ing, We should
But He bids us "be up and do - ing!" For we

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Are we Making the Most of our Moments? 187



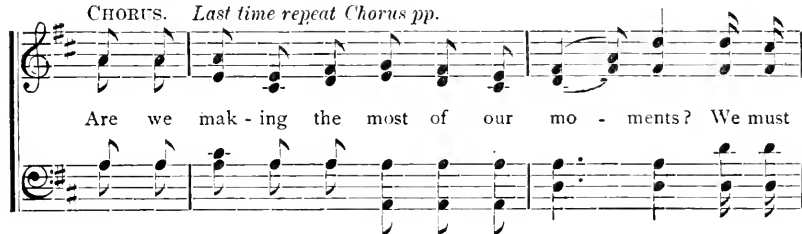
. la - bor be - fore it is late; Are we mak - ing the
know not the hour or day, When we shall be



most of our mo - ments, Or, still do we lin - ger and wait?
called from this la - bor To realms that are far, far a - way.



CHORUS. *Last time repeat Chorus pp.*



Are we mak - ing the most of our mo - ments? We must



give an ac - count by and by; And we know not what

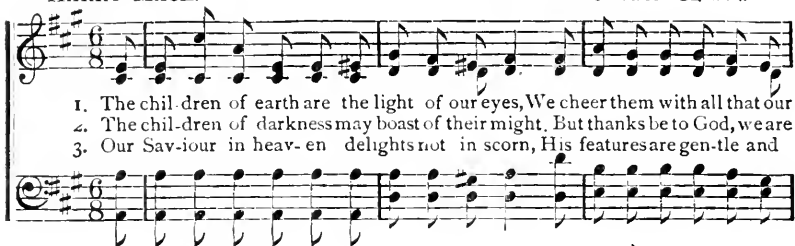


summons a - waits us, To call us to man - sions on high.

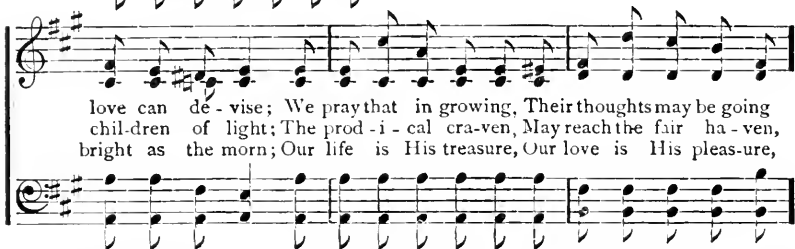
GROWING FOR JESUS.

HARRY MACK.

HOWARD CLARE.

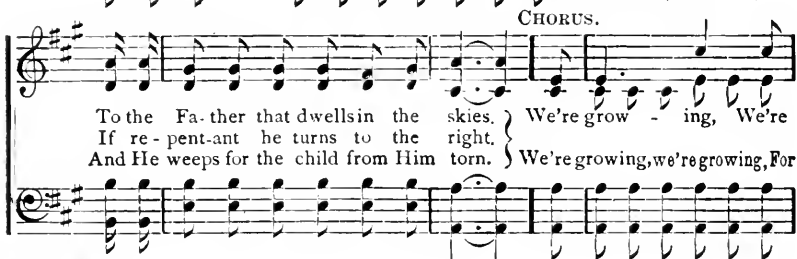


1. The chil-dren of earth are the light of our eyes, We cheer them with all that our
 2. The chil-dren of darkness may boast of their might, But thanks be to God, we are
 3. Our Sav-iour in heav-en delights not in scorn, His features are gen-tle and

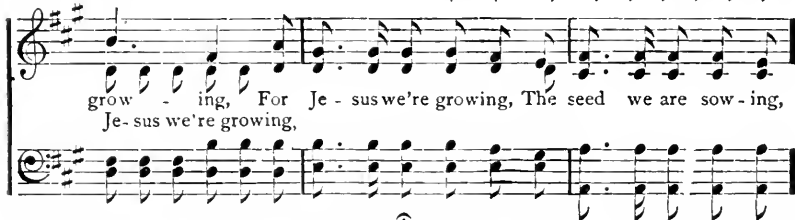


love can de-vise; We pray that in growing, Their thoughts may be going
 chil-dren of light; The prod-i-cal cra-ven, May reach the fair ha-ven,
 bright as the morn; Our life is His treasure, Our love is His pleas-ure,

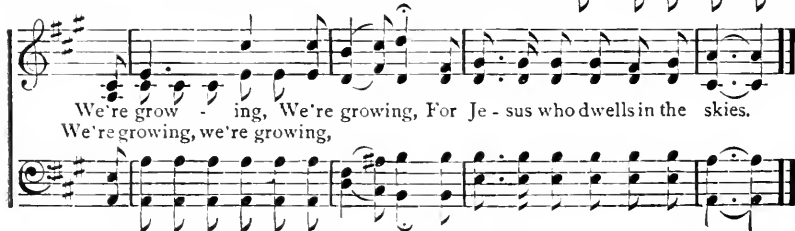
CHORUS.



To the Fa-ther that dwells in the skies, } We're grow - ing, We're
 If re-pen-tant he turns to the right, }
 And He weeps for the child from Him torn. } We're growing, we're growing, For



grow - ing, For Je - sus we're growing, The seed we are sow - ing,
 Je - sus we're growing,




We're grow - ing, We're growing, For Je - sus who dwells in the skies.
 We're growing, we're growing,

WHEN HIS SALVATION BRINGING.



189

JOHN KING.



FRANK M. JEFFERY.





1. When His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth, His love to chil - dren still,
3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing, Our great Re - deem - er's praise,

The chil - dren all stood sing - ing, Ho - san - na to His name;
Though now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n - ly hill;
The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Might well ho - san - nas raise;

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,
We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, Who sits up - on the throne,
But shall we on - ly ren - der, The trib - ute of our words?

He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a - loud, Ho - san - na, To Da - vid's roy - al Son.
No, while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's.



CHORUS. *in Unison.*

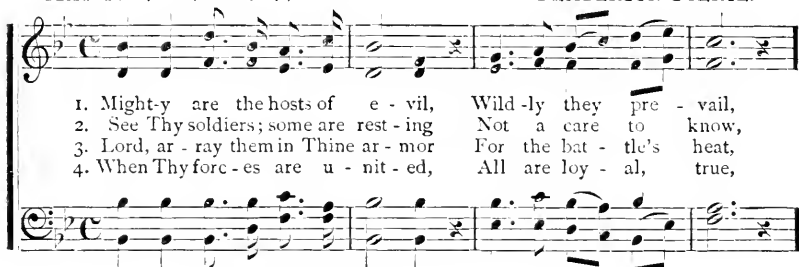


Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, To Je - sus they sang.
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, To Je - sus we'll sing.
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, To Je - sus our King.

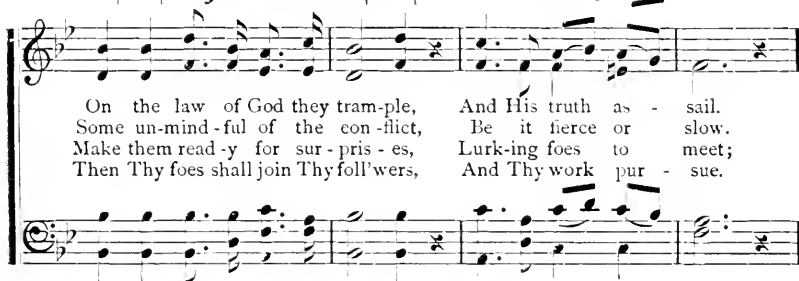


Miss F. E. PETTINGILL.

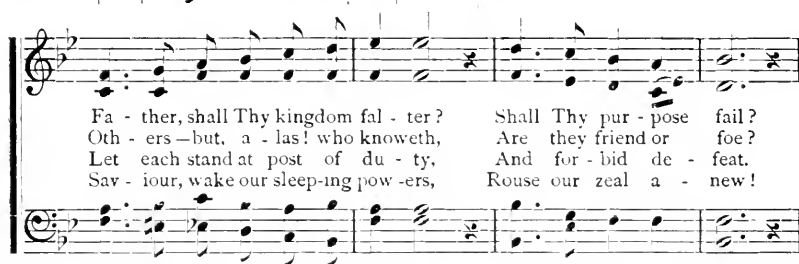
PEMBERTON PIERCE.



1. Might-y are the hosts of e - vil, Wild-ly they pre - vail,
 2. See Thy soldiers; some are rest-ing Not a care to know,
 3. Lord, ar - ray them in Thine ar - mor For the bat - tle's heat,
 4. When Thy forc - es are u - nit - ed, All are loy - al, true,

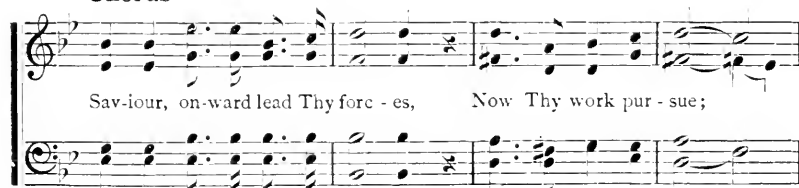


On the law of God they tram-ple, And His truth as - sail.
 Some un-mind - ful of the con-flict, Be it fierce or slow.
 Make them read-y for sur - pris - es, Lurk-ing foes to meet;
 Then Thy foes shall join Thy foll'wers, And Thy work pur - sue.

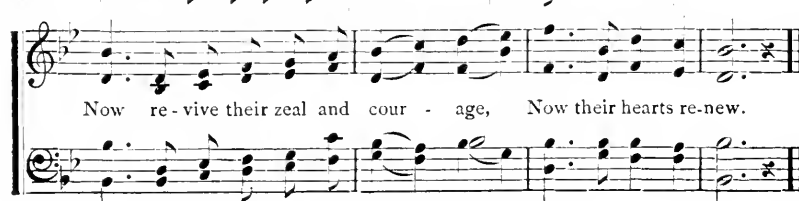


Fa - ther, shall Thy kingdom fal - ter? Shall Thy pur - pose fail?
 Oth - ers—but, a - las! who knoweth, Are they friend or foe?
 Let each stand at post of du - ty, And for - bid de - feat.
 Sav - iour, wake our sleep-ing pow - ers, Rouse our zeal a - new!

Chorus.



Sav-iour, on-ward lead Thy forc - es, Now Thy work pur - sue;



Now re - vive their zeal and cour - age, Now their hearts re-new.

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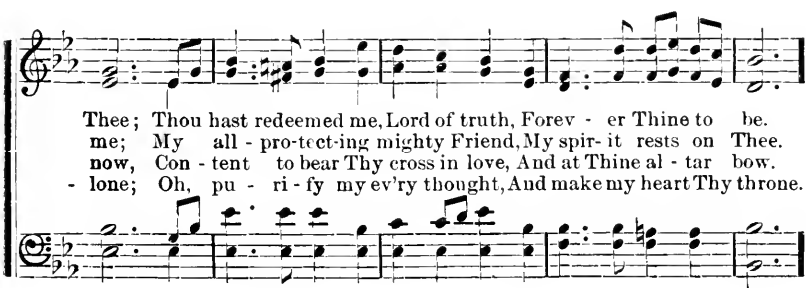
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EMMA PITT.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

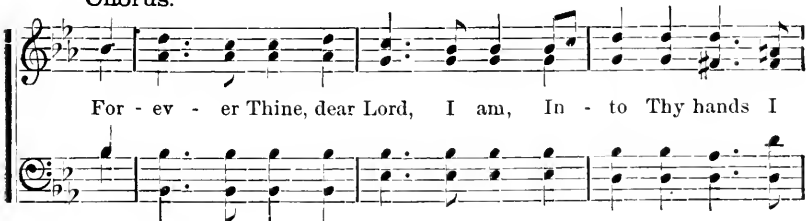


1. All that I have, all that I am, I now com- mit to
 2. Thou hast redeemed me with Thy blood. No fears can com- pass
 3. I con- se- crate to thee my life, Ac- cept my off'- ring
 4. All that I hope for, dear- est Lord, Is to be Thine a -

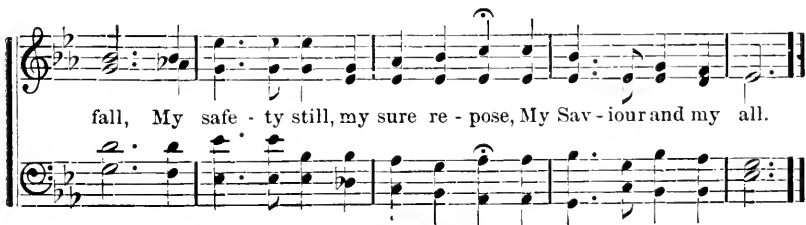


Thee; Thou hast redeemed me, Lord of truth, Forev - er Thine to be.
 me; My all - pro- tect- ing mighty Friend, My spir- it rests on Thee.
 now, Con - tent to bear Thy cross in love, And at Thine al - tar bow.
 - lone; Oh, pu - ri - fy my ev'ry thought, And make my heart Thy throne.

Chorus.



For - ev - er Thine, dear Lord, I am, In - to Thy hands I



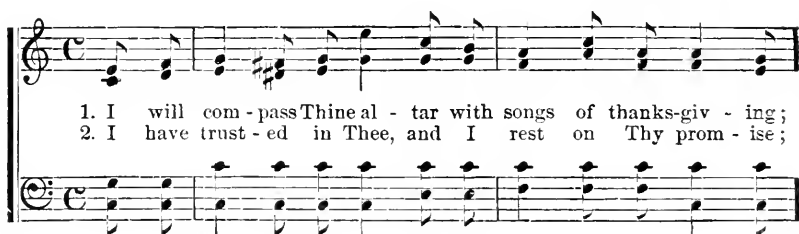
fall, My safe - ty still, my sure re - pose, My Sav - iour and my all.

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EMMA PITT.

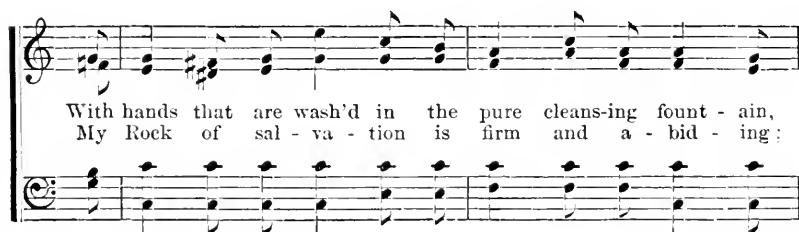
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. I will com - pass Thine al - tar with songs of thanks-giv - ing;
 2. I have trust - ed in Thee, and I rest on Thy prom - ise;



The in - cense of prais - es shall rise un - to Thee;
 I build on Thy pow - er with con - fi - dence sure;



With hands that are wash'd in the pure cleans-ing fount - ain,
 My Rock of sal - va - tion is firm and a - bid - ing;



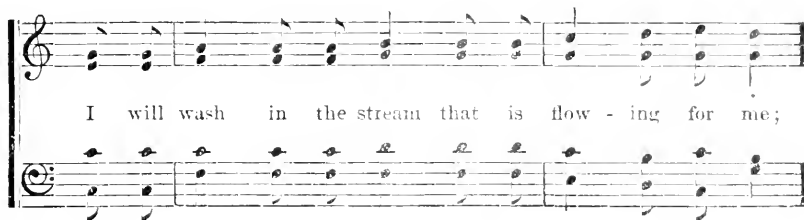
With heart full of love for Thy par - don so free.
 My heart knows no weak - ness Thy strength can - not cure.

Oh, the Pure Cleansing Fountain. Concluded. 193

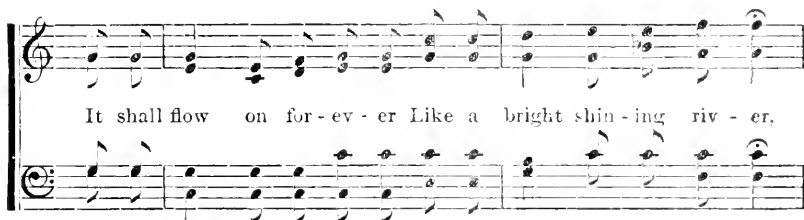
Chorus.



Oh, the pure cleansing fountain. The free flow - ing fount - ain,



I will wash in the stream that is flow - ing for me;



It shall flow on for - ev - er Like a bright shin - ing riv - er,



The fount - ain of mer - cy, so full and so free.

3 I will publish to all the glad news of salvation;
Thy wonderful mercy my heart shall indite;
O refuge, so mighty! O help, that is cheering!
For the hour that is darkest Thy love is the light.

WE HAIL THEE, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

A. S.

ALONZO STONE, Mus. Bac.

With Spirit.

1. We hail Thee bless - ed Sav - iour, Who left Thy loft - y throne;
 2. In Beth - le - hem the bless - ed, Up - on the Vir - gin's breast,
 3. What cost - ly gem, or treas - ure, Can we lay at Thy feet?

And to the earth de - scend - ed, With man - kind made Thy home;
 Thou Prince of earth and heav - en, A lit - tle child did rest;
 What words of love, or prais - es, Our tremb - ling lips re - peat;

O Christ what deg - ra - da - tion, To take on hu - man birth,
 That ten - der form so help - less, Her gen - tle arms en - twine,
 For this great love Thou bear - est, On sin - fel man be - stow;

That from the chains of Sat - an Thou mightst re - lease the earth.
 Had strength to save, far great - er, Than earth - ly pow'r com - bin'd.
 And leave Thy home in heav - en, To live with us be - low.

REFRAIN. *in Unison.*


Sing! sing! sing! sing! While the glad bells ring,

1



Hymns of praise un - to our heav'n ly King;

2 IN PARTS.




To Him whose birth re-deem'd the earth, Your sweet-est an-thems sing.

ANGEL VOICES.

FRANCIS POTT.


ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

6/8



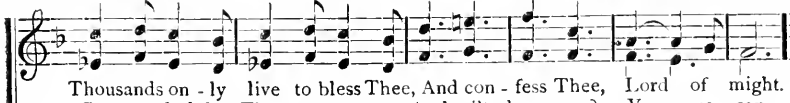
1. An - gel voice - es ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Men - tal eye can scan,
3. Yea, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each work of Thine,
4. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;

6/8



An - gel harps for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
Thou didst ears and hands and voice - es For Thy praise com - bine!
And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - worth - i - ly,

6/8



Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might.
Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Craftsman's art and mu - sic's measure For Thy pleas - ure didst de - sign.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choic - est mel - o - dy.

SING UNTO JESUS.

HARRY MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Sing un - to Je - sus on this hap - py Sab-bath Day ;
 2. Sing un - to Je - sus, for he died to set us free ;
 3. Sing to the Fa - ther, 'tis to Him our wants are known,

Sing of His love for us, that washed our sins a - way,
 Sing un - to Him, who calls us, hum - ble though we be,
 Sing to the Son, for all our sins He can a - tone ;

Sing when the glo - rious light a - wakes in east - ern gray,
 "Suf - fer the lit - tle chil - dren, let them come to me;"
 Sing to the Ho - ly Ghost to change our hearts of stone,

Sing when the west - ern sun in si - lence fades a - way.
 Give to the low - li - est this heav'n - ly lib - er - ty.
 Sing that the err - ing soul to Je - sus may be won.

SING UNTO JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

Sing, all ye peo - ple sing: Sing to the Lord our King:

Sing of the Sav-iour and His love, O sing to God a - bove.

PARTS.

Sing all ye peo - ple sing:

Sing to the Lord our King:

Sing all ye peo - ple sing: Sing to the Lord our King:

Sing of the Sav - iour and His love, O sing to God a - bove.

ANNA MCCLINTOCK.

ADAM GEIBEL.

The author of this beautiful Poem is entirely blind, which makes the theme of these touching lines even more beautiful than if they had been written by one who knew the value of that sight which God has given.

Andante con tenerezza.

1. Fath - er, hold my hand ; For dark - some is the way, And
 2. Fath - er, hold my hand ; For rug - ged is the road, And
 3. Fath - er, hold my hand ; My soul would faint and die If
 4. Fath - er, hold my hand ; And then whate'er shall come, Safe-

through the clouds that veil my path I can - not see the day.
 sin and Sa - tan work - eth hard To keep my soul from God.
 in this des - ert - land of sin Thou, Fa - ther, wert not nigh.
 - ly I'll reach my jour - ney's end, And gain sweet rest at home.

Quartette.
 1, 2 & 3. I can - not walk a - lone by sight, But with thee, Father, all is light.
 4. I would not walk a - lone by sight, For faith in thee makes darkness light.

A GENTLE SHEPHERD IS OUR LORD.

HARRY MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When lit - tle spar - rows, flit - ting by, Are known to Him who
 2. When mill - ion heads of myr - iad hairs, Are not be - neath the
 3. A lit - tle child, tho' dead from pain, Was brought to life and

GIRLS.
 dwells on high, And no - ted when they per - ish; How great a love do
 heav - 'nly cares, And ev - 'ry hair is num - ber'd; How great a care must
 health again, Thro' a fa - ther's mere be - liev - ing; How much the more in

we be - hold, Of watch - ful shep - herd to his fold, —
 God a - bove Be - stow up - on His child of love, —
 Heav - en high, Will Je - sus hear our plead - ing cry,

ALL: 8:
 A love to laud and cher - ish, A love to laud and cher - ish.
 Up - on the soul en - cum - bered, Up - on the soul en cum - bered.
 And spare the heart from griev - ing, And spare the heart from griev - ing.

D.S.—lov - ing eye watch o'er us, And guide the way be - fore us.

CHORUS. GIRLS.

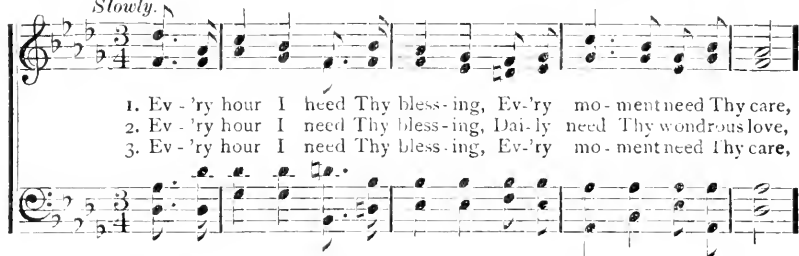
BOYS.

ALL.

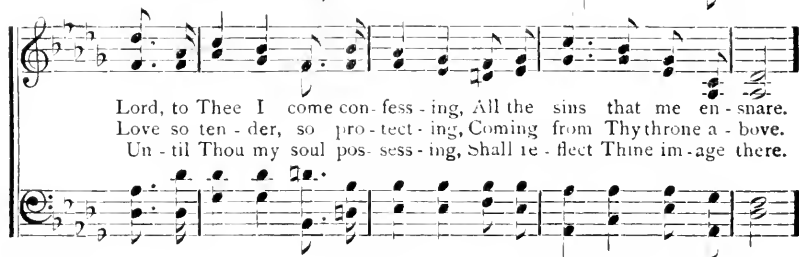
A gen - tle shep - herd is the Lord, A mighty scep - tre is His word, His
 D.S.

ELIZABETH J. T.

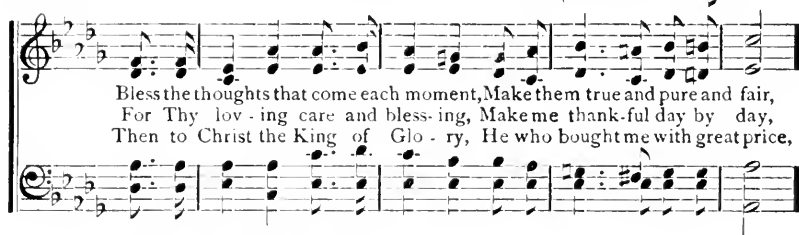
WILL L. THOMPSON.

Slowly.


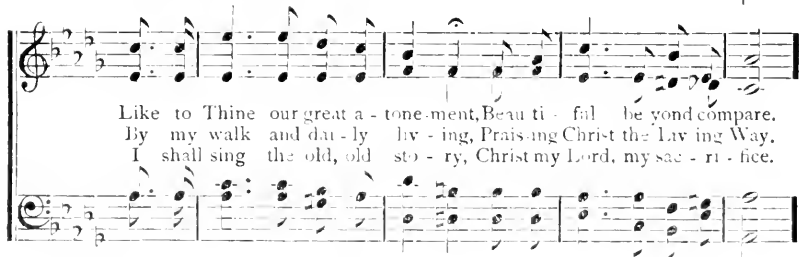
1. Ev-'ry hour I heed Thy bless-ing, Ev-'ry mo-ment need Thy care,
 2. Ev-'ry hour I need Thy bless-ing, Dai-ly need Thy wondrous love,
 3. Ev-'ry hour I need Thy bless-ing, Ev-'ry mo-ment need Thy care,



Lord, to Thee I come con-fess-ing, All the sins that me en-share.
 Love so ten-der, so pro-ject-ing, Coming from Thy throne a-bove.
 Un-til Thou my soul pos-sess-ing, Shall re-flect Thine im-age there.



Bless the thoughts that come each moment, Make them true and pure and fair,
 For Thy lov-ing care and bless-ing, Make me thank-ful day by day,
 Then to Christ the King of Glo-ry, He who bought me with great price,



Like to Thine our great a-tone-ment, Beau-ti-ful be yond com-pare.
 By my walk and dai-ly liv-ing, Prais-ing Christ the Liv-ing Way,
 I shall sing the old, old sto-ry, Christ my Lord, my sac-ri-fice.

CHORUS.



Come, O come Thou lov-ing Sav-iour. Take me
 Come, O come Thou lov-ing Sav-iour come,

in Thy ten-der care, Watch and guide me ev-'ry
 Take me in Thy ten-der care, Watch and guide me

mo-ment, And my soul for Thee pre-pare.
 ev-'ry mo-moment, come, And my soul for Thee pre-pare.

MY SPIRIT ON THY CARE.

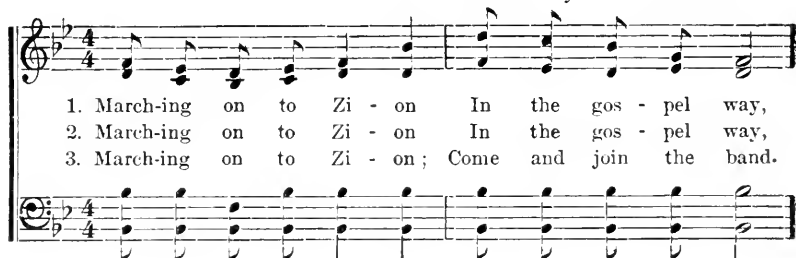
H. W. GREATOREX.

1. My spir-it on Thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re-cline; Thou
 2. In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calmly rest: I
 3. What-e'er e-vents be-tide, Thy will they all per-form; Safe
 4. Let good or ill be-fall, It must be good for me; Se-

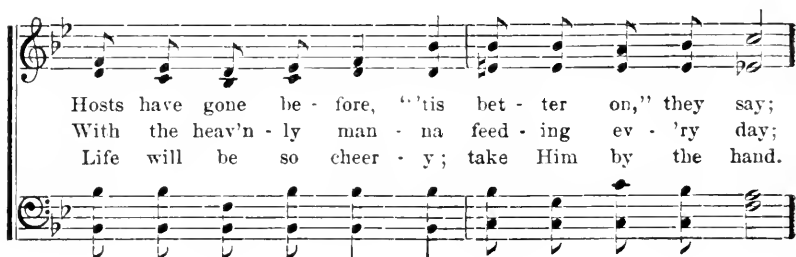
wilt not leave me to de-spair, For Thou art love di-vine.
 know Thee good. I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.
 in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the com-ing storm.
 cure of hav-ing Thee in all, Of hav-ing all in Thee.

WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE KING.

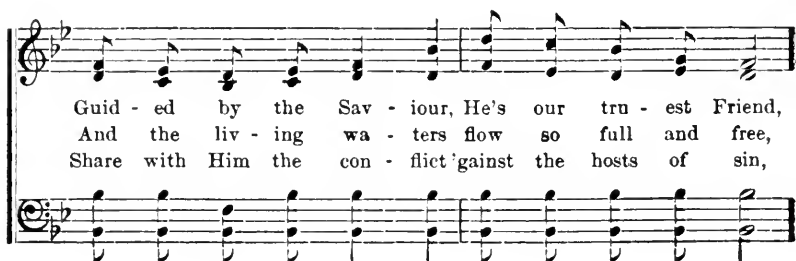
Words and Music by CHAS. BENTLEY.



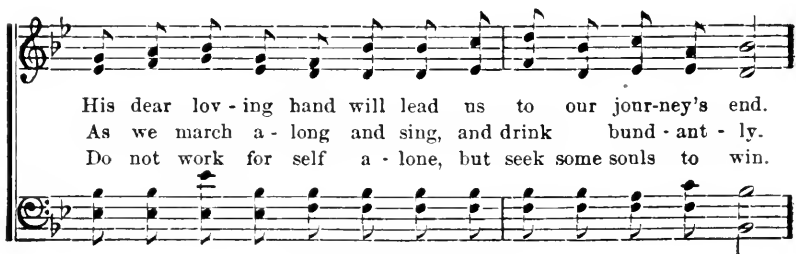
1. March-ing on to Zi - on In the gos - pel way,
 2. March-ing on to Zi - on In the gos - pel way,
 3. March-ing on to Zi - on; Come and join the band.



Hosts have gone be - fore, "'tis bet - ter on," they say;
 With the heav'n - ly man - na feed - ing ev - 'ry day;
 Life will be so cheer - y; take Him by the hand.




Guid - ed by the Sav - iour, He's our tru - est Friend,
 And the liv - ing wa - ters flow so full and free,
 Share with Him the con - flict 'gainst the hosts of sin,





His dear lov - ing hand will lead us to our jour - ney's end.
 As we march a - long and sing, and drink bund - ant - ly.
 Do not work for self a - lone, but seek some souls to win.



WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE KING. Concluded. 203





Faith - ful, true de - pend - ing—on His breast we'll lay;
 Heav'n - ly things we care for, heav'n - ly things we'll trace,
 Read - y for the bat - tle, wretch - ed ones to save,


Tri - als we're ex - spect - ing on this gos - pel way;
 World - ly things will nev - er gain a heav'n - ly place;
 Read - y dy - ing souls to res - cue from the grave;

Help us then, our Fa - ther, while Thy praise we sing,
 Stay with us for - ev - er, souls we'll try to bring,
 March a - long to Zi - on, Ev - 'ry - bod - y sing,

Grant us vic - 'try o'er the foe—we're going to see the King.
 March a - right both day and night—we're bound to see the King.
 Make it known the right a - lone—we're going to see the King.



A SUMMER SONG.

CHORUS.
Lively.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Wel - come hap - py sum - mer, you are wel - come here,

God hath safe - ly brought you through a - noth - er year;

Voices in Unison.

Fl'ow'rs a - gain are bloom - ing, birds do sweet - ly sing,

Voices in parts.

FINE.

Na - ture chants its prais - es to our heav'n - ly King.

SEMI-CHORUS of Girls.

Slower.

1. God hath made the flow - ers, beau - ti - ful and fair,
2. Let us then be thank - ful on this fes - tive day,

How they fill with fra - grance all the sum - mer air;
Je - sus, Thou dost lead us ev - er on our way;

God hath made the sun - shine, and the rain drops too,
As Thy love hath brought us through the year that's past,

D. C. CHORUS.

God hath blest His chil - dren all the a - ges through.
Sav - iour bring Thy chil - dren to Thy home at last.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Some-where the sun is bright-ly beam-ing, Tho' tis hidden from your view,
2. Some-where the Sav-iour stands to greet you, Yon-der in a bright-er land,
3. Some-where there's life and love and glad-ness, Je - sus is not far a - way,
4. Some-where, with-out the fold you're stray-ing, Straying from the Saviour's home,
5. Some-where with in the world you're straying, In a world that's ev - er cold,



Some-where the light of hope is gleam-ing, Gleam-ing bright for you.
 Some-where your loved ones long to meet you, On the Jor-dan's strand.
 Some-where we'll meet, where is no sad-ness, Ev - er there to stay.
 Some-where, a heart for you is pray-ing, Rest, and cease to roam.
 Some-where the prec-ious step de-lay-ing, En - ter now the fold.

CHORUS. *in Unison.*

Then trust in God thro' all thy days, Fear not for He is by thy



PARTS.



side, He'll lead thee thro' life's devious ways, He will guide where no storms betide.

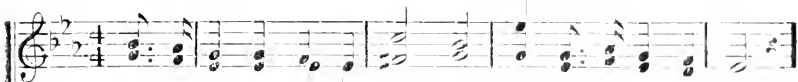


WE ARE TRAVELING HOME TO GLORY.

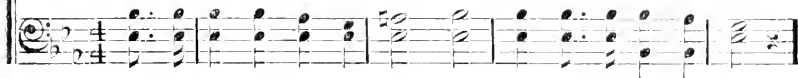
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IRVIN H. MACK.

AUGUSTUS BOTHMANN.



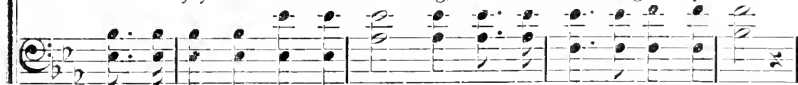
1. We are trav-'ling home to glo - ry Led, in the way, by hope;
2. We are trav-'ling home to glo - ry Led, in the way, by love,
3. We are trav-'ling home to glo - ry, Strong-er, our faith each day,
4. We are trav-'ling home to glo - ry, Soon shall the gates fling wide.



In our hearts we hear the ech - o Of sweet words that Je - sus spoke.
For we feel the dai - ly bless - ings Sent from His bright throne a - bove.
And the path is grow - ing bright - er, All our fears are cast a - way.
Mid the splen - dors of the Fa - ther We will dwell by Je - sus' side.



I'll pre - pare for you a man - sion, Yon - der in my Fa - ther's home;
As we jour - ney on be - liev - ing, How hap - py our lives through grace.
We'll be faith - ful till the end - ing, And fight till the bat - tle's past.
O what joy a - waits our com - ing, Yon - der in the glo - ry land.

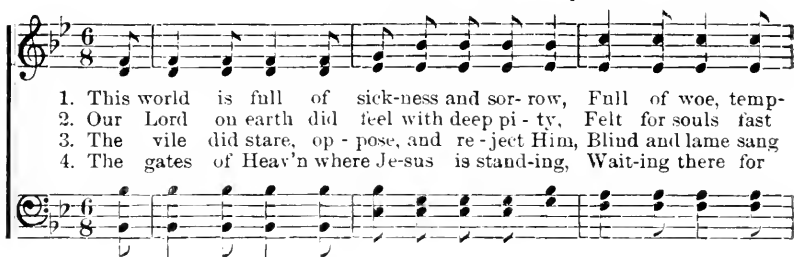


You shall rest from toil and troub - le, Nev - er more from me to roam.
Though His blessings we're re - ceiv - ing, Oft we long to see His face.
All the toil we're now ex - pend - ing, Will bring us re - ward at last.
By the side of Christ our Sav - iour Where our joys shall nev - er end.

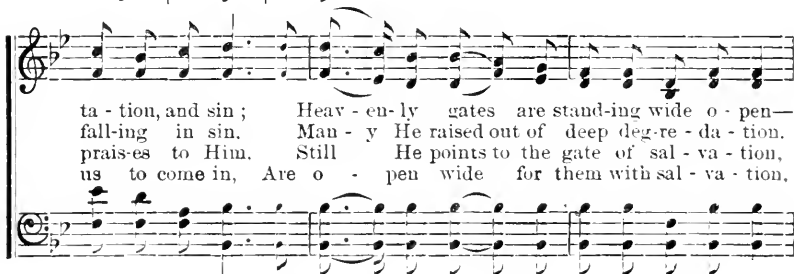


WILL YOU COME IN?

Words and Music by CHAS. BENTLEY.

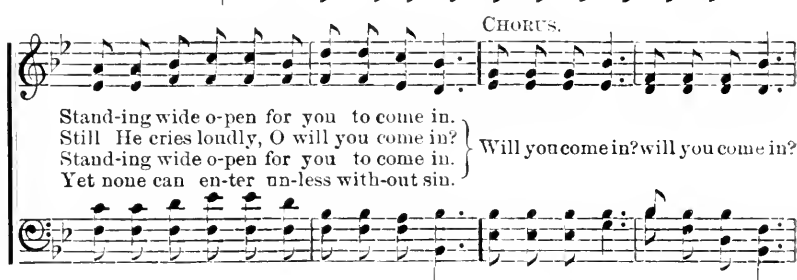


1. This world is full of sick-ness and sor-row, Full of woe, temp-
 2. Our Lord on earth did feel with deep pi-ty, Felt for souls fast
 3. The vile did stare, op-pose, and re-ject Him, Blind and lame sang
 4. The gates of Heav'n where Je-sus is stand-ing, Wait-ing there for

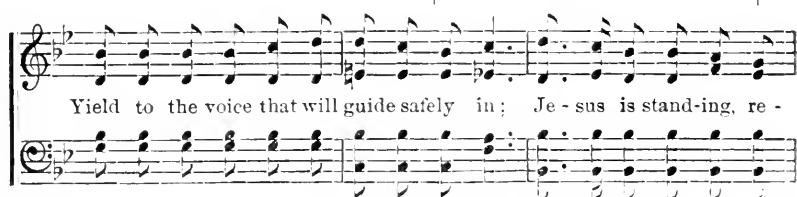


ta-tion, and sin; Heav-en-ly gates are stand-ing wide o-pen—
 fall-ing in sin. Man-y He raised out of deep deg-re-da-tion.
 prais-es to Him. Still He points to the gate of sal-va-tion,
 us to come in, Are o-pen wide for them with sal-va-tion,

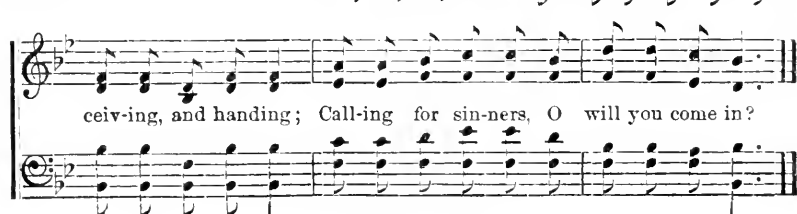
CHORUS.



Stand-ing wide o-pen for you to come in.
 Still He cries loudly, O will you come in?
 Stand-ing wide o-pen for you to come in. } Will you come in? will you come in?
 Yet none can en-ter un-less with-out sin.



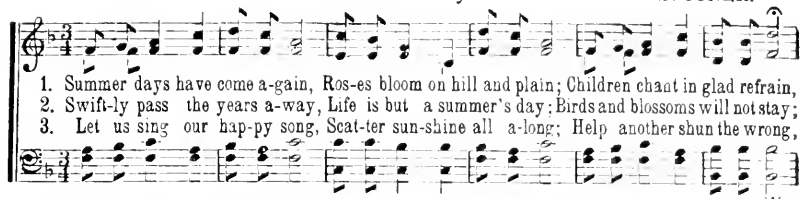
Yield to the voice that will guide safely in; Je-sus is stand-ing, re-



ceiv-ing, and hand-ing; Call-ing for sin-ners, O will you come in?

BIRDS AND BLOSSOMS.

Words and Music by Rev. ARTHUR W. SPOONER.

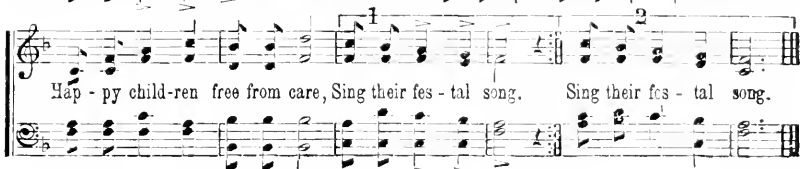


1. Summer days have come a-gain, Ros-es bloom on hill and plain; Children chaunt in glad refrain,
 2. Swift-ly pass the years a-way, Life is but a summer's day; Birds and blossoms will not stay;
 3. Let us sing our hap-py song, Scat-ter sun-shine all a-long; Help another shun the wrong,

CHORUS. *Repeat pp.*




"Hail, this fes - tal day!"
 So we greet them now. } Birds and blossoms ev - 'ry where, Song and fragrance fill the air,
 On this fes - tal day. }



Hap - py child-ren free from care, Sing their fes - tal song. Sing their fes - tal song.

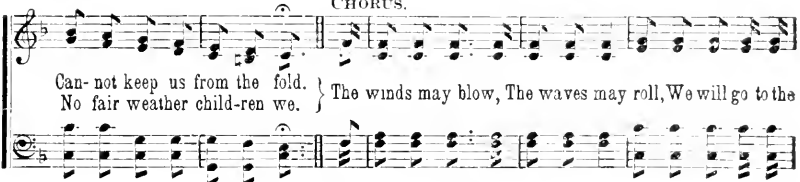
WE WILL GO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Words and Music furnished by Rev. Dr. WM. SWINDELLS.

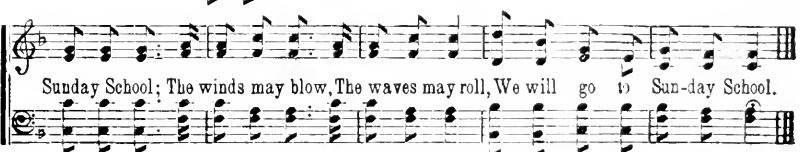


1. Hail or rain or winter's snow, To the Sunday School we go; Summer's heat or winter's cold,
 2. When the bell rings, off we start, Quick of step and light of heart, Hap-py as the birds can be,

CHORUS.



Can-not keep us from the fold. } The winds may blow, The waves may roll, We will go to the
 No fair weather child-ren we. }

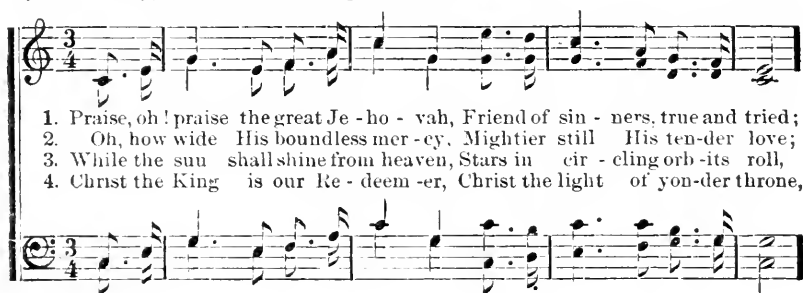


Sunday School; The winds may blow, The waves may roll, We will go to Sun-day School.

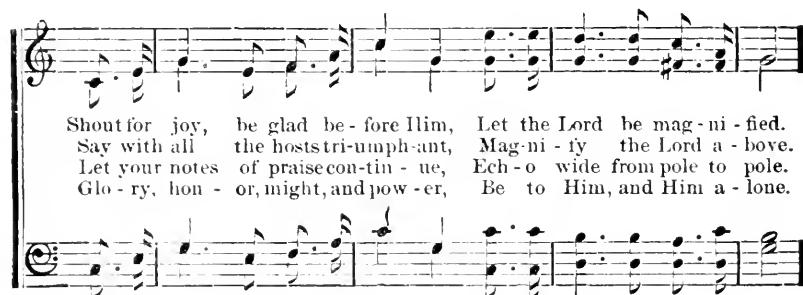
EMMA PITT.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.

"Let them shout for joy, and be glad, that favour my righteous cause: yea, let them say continually, Let the Lord be magnified.—Ps. 35, 27.

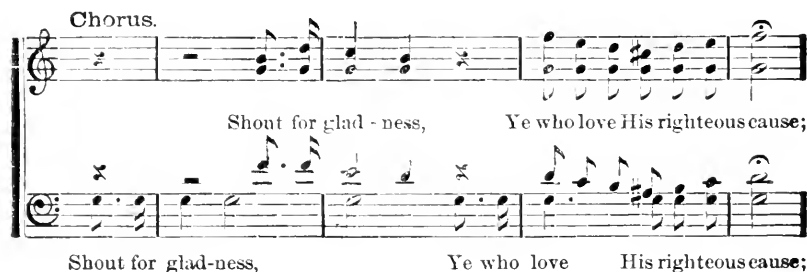


1. Praise, oh! praise the great Je - ho - vah, Friend of sin - ners, true and tried;
 2. Oh, how wide His boundless mer - cy, Mightier still His ten - der love;
 3. While the sun shall shine from heaven, Stars in cir - cling orb - its roll,
 4. Christ the King is our Re - deem - er, Christ the light of yon - der throne,



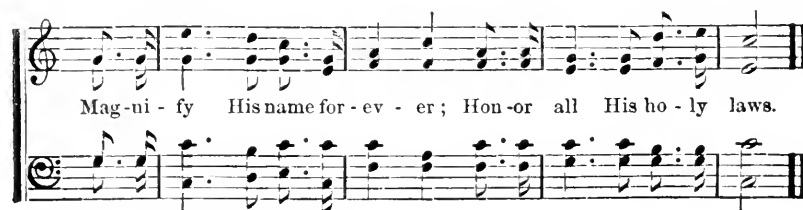
Shout for joy, be glad be - fore Him, Let the Lord be mag - ni - fied.
 Say with all the hosts tri - umph - ant, Mag - ni - fy the Lord a - bove.
 Let your notes of praise con - tin - ue, Ech - o wide from pole to pole.
 Glo - ry, hon - or, might, and pow - er, Be to Him, and Him a - lone.

Chorus.



Shout for glad - ness, Ye who love His righteous cause;

Shout for glad-ness, Ye who love His righteous cause;



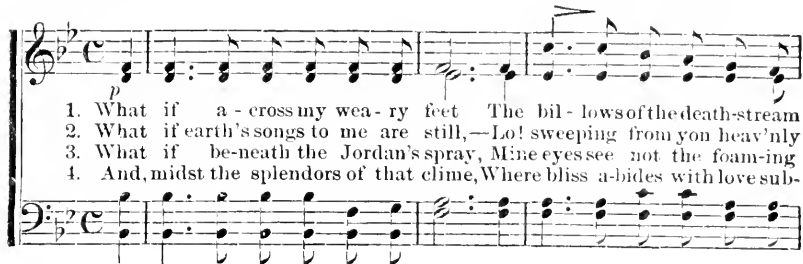
Mag - ni - fy His name for - ev - er; Hon - or all His ho - ly laws.

ALL'S RIGHT! ALL'S RIGHT!

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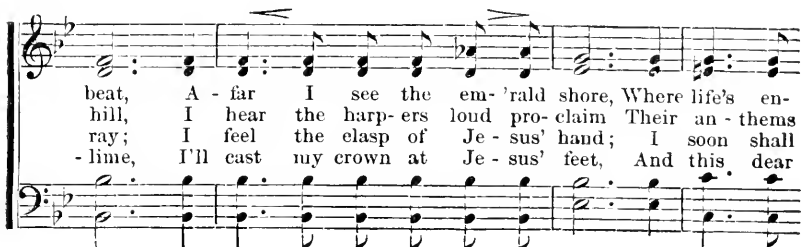
WESLEY STRETCH.

PEMBERTON PIERCE.



p

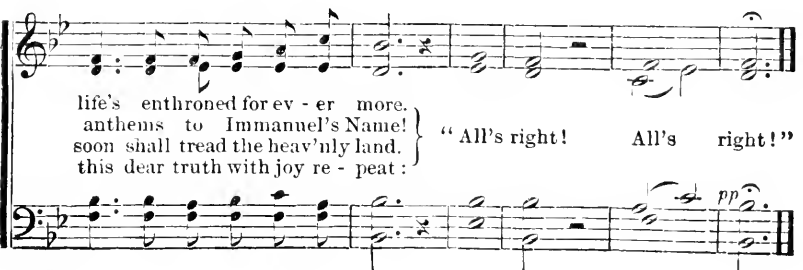
1. What if a - cross my wea - ry feet The bil - lows of the death - stream
2. What if earth's songs to me are still, — Lo! sweeping from yon heav'nly
3. What if be - neath the Jordan's spray, Mine eyes see not the foam - ing
4. And, midst the splendors of that clime, Where bliss a - hides with love sub -



beat, A - far I see the em - 'rald shore, Where life's en -
hill, I hear the harp - ers loud pro - claim Their an - them's
ray; I feel the clasp of Je - sus' hand; I soon shall
- lime, I'll cast my crown at Je - sus' feet, And this dear



- throned for ev - er more; A - far I see the em 'rald shore, Where
to Immanuel's Name! I hear the harpers loud pro - claim Their
tread the heav'nly land; I feel the clasp of Je - sus' hand; I
truth with joy re - peat; I'll cast my crown at Je - sus' feet, And



life's enthroned for ev - er more.
anthems to Immanuel's Name!
soon shall tread the heav'nly land.
this dear truth with joy re - peat:

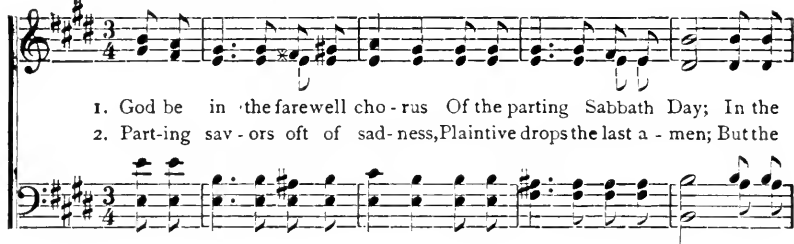
"All's right! All's right!"

pp

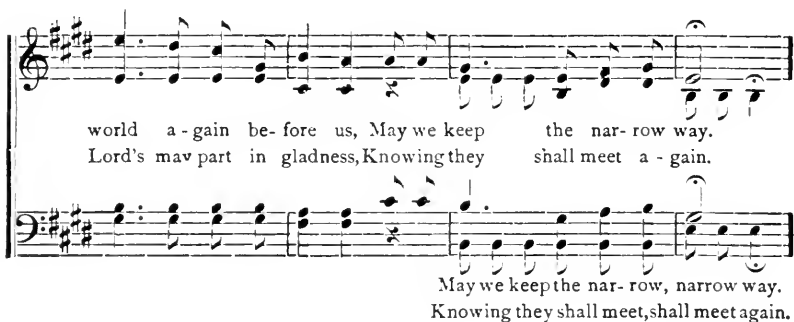
FAREWELL.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

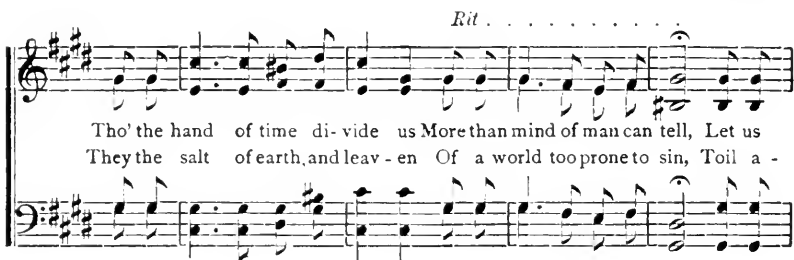
Verse may be sung as Quartette.


1. God be in the farewell cho - rus Of the parting Sabbath Day; In the
2. Part-ing sav - ors oft of sad - ness, Plaintive drops the last a - men; But the

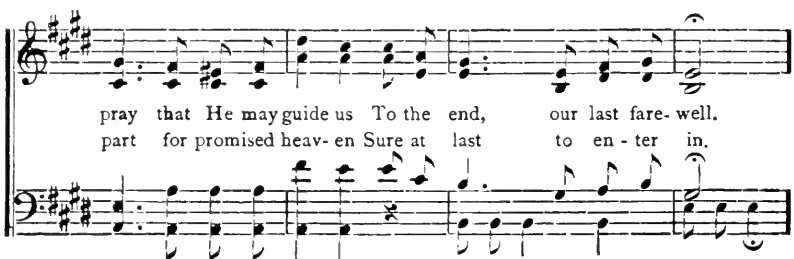


world a - gain be - fore us, May we keep the nar - row way.
Lord's may part in gladness, Knowing they shall meet a - gain.
May we keep the nar - row, narrow way.
Knowing they shall meet, shall meet again.

Rit



Tho' the hand of time di - vide us More than mind of man can tell, Let us
They the salt of earth, and leav - en Of a world too prone to sin, Toil a -



pray that He may guide us To the end, our last fare - well.
part for promised heav - en Sure at last to en - ter in.

FAREWELL.—Concluded.

CHORUS. GIRLS.

BOYS.

Je - sus bless Thy chil-dren's meet - ing, Je - sus bless our fare-well

Fare - well, Fare - well, Fare -
greet - ing:— Fare - well, Fare - well,

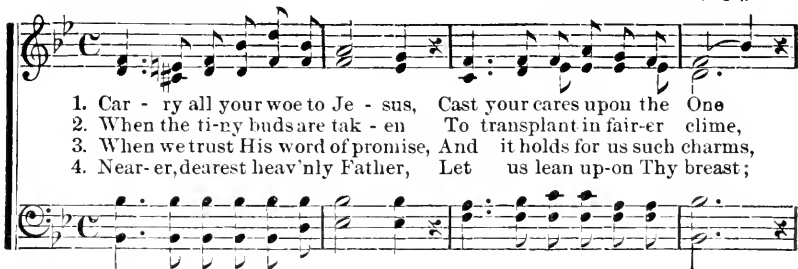
well though none can tell The hour when we meet a - gain, We

pray that all the missing fac - es May shine like stars in heav'nly plac - es.
pray that the fac - es

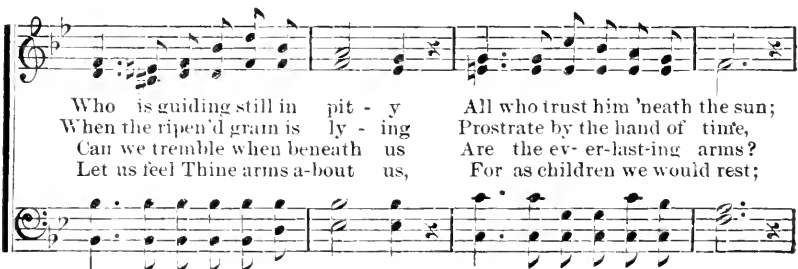
TRUST THE FATHER.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

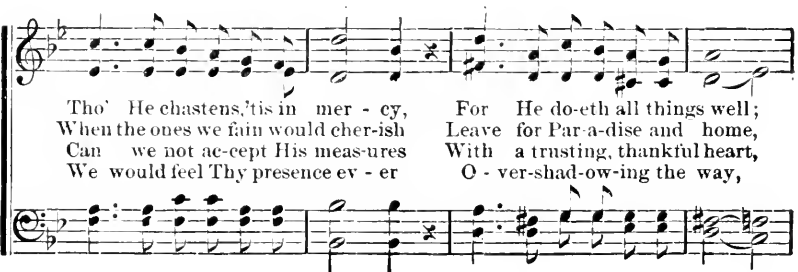
PEMBERTON PIERCE.



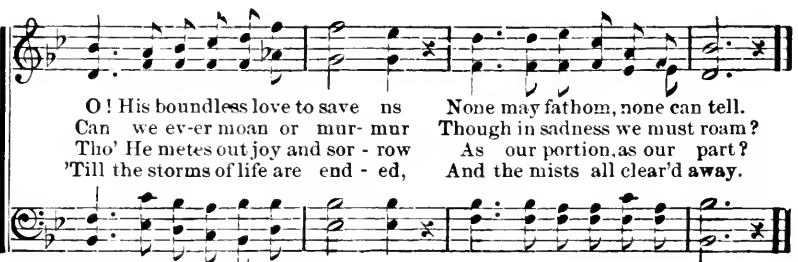
1. Car - ry all your woe to Je - sus, Cast your cares upon the One
 2. When the ti - ny buds are tak - en To transplant in fair - er clime,
 3. When we trust His word of promise, And it holds for us such charms,
 4. Near - er, dearest heav'nly Father, Let us lean up-on Thy breast;



Who is guiding still in pit - y All who trust him 'neath the sun;
 When the ripen'd grain is ly - ing Prostrate by the hand of time,
 Can we tremble when beneath us Are the ev - er-last-ing arms?
 Let us feel Thine arms a-bout us, For as children we would rest;



Tho' He chastens, 'tis in mer - cy, For He do-eth all things well;
 When the ones we fain would cher-ish Leave for Par-a-dise and home,
 Can we not ac-cept His meas-ures With a trusting, thankful heart,
 We would feel Thy presence ev - er O - ver-shad-ow-ing the way,



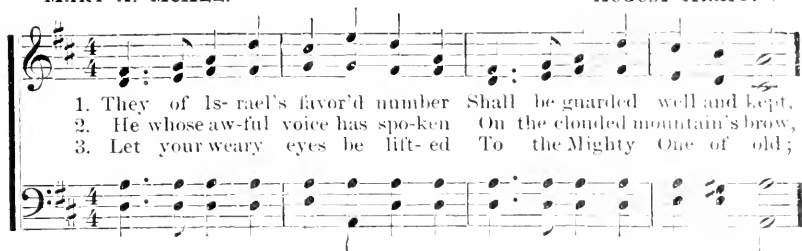
O! His boundless love to save us None may fathom, none can tell.
 Can we ev - er moan or mur - mur Though in sadness we must roam?
 Tho' He metes out joy and sor - row As our portion, as our part?
 'Till the storms of life are end - ed, And the mists all clear'd away.

“HE SLUMBERS NOT.”

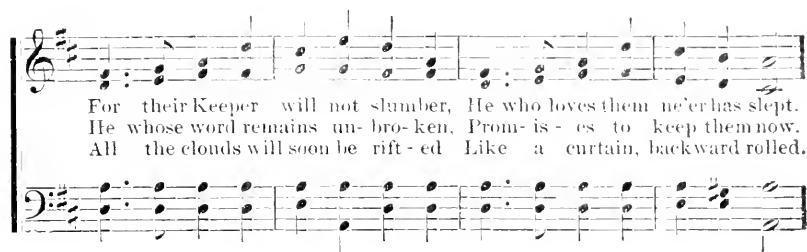
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MARY A. MCKEE.

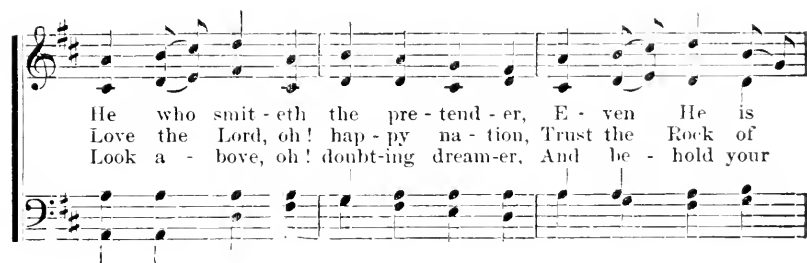
AUGUST KRAFF.



1. They of Is-rael's favor'd number Shall be guarded well and kept,
 2. He whose aw-ful voice has spo-ken On the clouded mountain's brow,
 3. Let your weary eyes be lift-ed To the Mighty One of old;

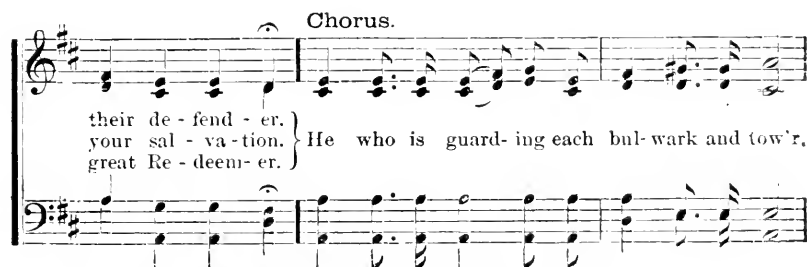


For their Keeper will not slumber, He who loves them ne'er has slept.
 He whose word remains un-bro-ken, Prom-is-es to keep them now.
 All the clouds will soon be rift-ed Like a curtain, backward rolled.



He who smit-eth the pre-tend-er, E-ven He is
 Love the Lord, oh! hap-py na-tion, Trust the Rock of
 Look a-bove, oh! doubt-ing dream-er, And he-hold your

Chorus.



their de-fend-er.
 your sal-va-tion. } He who is guard-ing each bul-wark and tow'r,
 great Re-deem-er. }

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A SONG OF SPRING.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. How grand-ly the re-turn-ing spring Tints mountain, vale and slope;
 2. The o-pen land-scape, bare and drear, Makes win-ter sad and long;
 3. May childhood in the spring of life Learn good with out al-loy,

What days the mer-ry song-sters bring Of beau-ty, life and hope!
 But when the birds and flow'rs ap-pear, Our plaint gives way to song.
 May char-i-ty in all be rife And rip-en in-to joy.

Like growing Crescent in the West That fills an East-ern moon,
 "The win-ter of our dis-con-tent" Is oft-en hard to bear,
 May those whose in hap-py youth From fall-ness of the heart,

So budding spring shall wear the crest Of ma-n-y col-ored June.
 But spring re-veals di-vine in-tent To soothe a-way our care.
 Grow in-to knowledge of the truth And nev-er from it part.

A SONG OF SPRING.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sing cheer - i - ly chil - dren In glo - ri - ous cho - rus,
 Cheer-i ly sing, cheer-i ly sing, Sing children sing, sing children sing,

You will then in - still men, You will then in
 In cho-russing, in cho - rus sing, Men you'll in - stil,

still men, With prais - ing and rais - ing
 men you'll in - still, Sing chil dren sing, in cho russing,

their hearts in an A - men, With prais - ing, and
 Cheer - i - ly sing, in cho - rus sing, With joy - ful rais - ing, and

A - - - men,
 rais - ing their hearts in an Amen, their hearts in A - men, in A men.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

JUST AS I AM.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! [spot,
- 3 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

- 1 Work for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

HE LEADETH ME.

- 1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words, with heavenly comfort fraught?
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

- 1 The morning light is breaking
The darkness disappears;
The sons of men are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay,
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

- 1 I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee !
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

- 2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure ;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.
- 4 All hail, atoning blood !
All hail, redeeming grace !
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness !

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known !
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless :
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine :
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

PRECIOUS PROMISE.

- 1 Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer by.
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REFRAIN.

- I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye ;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye.
- 2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
- 3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
- 4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

O, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

- 1 O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace !
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

- 1 Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

- 2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disclaim,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

- 3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

- 1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds
of kindness, [dewy eve;
Sowing in the noon-tide and the
Waiting for the harvest, and the time
of reaping, [the sheaves.
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in

CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the
sheaves. [sheaves;
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the
sheaves, [sheaves.
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
shadows. [chilling breeze;
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's
By and by the harvest, and the labor
ended: [the sheaves.
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in

WHAT A FRIEND.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

- 1 I love to tell the Story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His Glory,
Of Jesus and His Love!
I love to tell the Story!
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

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